

RELIGION PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY
DEVOTED TO
THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION. IS BOSTON THE BANNER CITY OF DECEPTION?

Mrs. Tyler's Story of the Temple.

It is said to be the "hit bird that flutters," and no! knowing whether the arrow fired from the bow of "H. K." through the *Spiritual Offering* of June 19th was aimed toward me or not, I only wish to be satisfied it was, to exercise my privilege of flitting. I do not know who the author of the article in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to whom "H. K." refers, is, and am not disposed to criticize the spirit—in which it was written, since in this goodly city of Boston there is a deal of righteous indignation, and my neighbor's way of expressing his, might not be my way of expressing mine, and vice versa.

I do, however, believe the writer to have been honest, and pronounce his statement correct in the main, if somewhat inaccurate in detail. If I am the "modern Erostratus" in the mind of H. K., it can be shown to him and any interested that were money or notoriety the prompting motive, a little of both can be guaranteed when I will accept either of two offers to give to the public my last year's experience with phenomena presented under the guise of Modern Spiritualism; and if eventually led to give the esoteric history of the seances of the "inner circle," "the chosen," which is yet unwritten and untold, it will be in the interest of truth as I understand it. H. K. knows that if the half is told of what people have been led to believe and do by "spirits" claiming to be Jesus, Agrippa, Solomon, Zoroaster, Hiram Abiff, the prophets and others familiar to us sitters and inquirers, it would be ridiculous in the extreme, and any righteous judgment upon it, would justify being treated with reproach and ridicule. We are told to "try the spirits"; and for a moment forgetting the medium, I recall the "spirits" as invariably flitting their medium and his sitters just in proportion to their capacity to remunerate him by money or influence; ever on the alert to catch at some prominent trait or quality, some darling project or desire to excel in the mind of the investigator, that they may magnify it and use it as capital in further communications. Profuse in prophecies, they promise without stint or limit. Contradicting their own statements, they are wholly unabashed when questioned regarding it or take refuge in some silly subterfuge. Mixing a little truth with a mountain of error and rubbish, we have swallowed the whole dose, because of the sweet flavoring of truth, or because some revered and sacred name has been associated with it. If on various occasions, the form standing in our midst claiming to be Jesus, urging upon us our acceptance of him in this his "second coming," impressing us in well-chosen words of the honor conferred upon us, and the responsibility incurred by us, in being thus chosen to receive him; if indeed, I have in thought unjustly accused a medium, and it was the veritable Nazarene who blessed us with his presence, I can only account for my revolt upon the theory that "offenses must needs come"; that as a Judas and a Peter were essential in the fulfilling and completing of his first mission, I have been elected to play in this later drama one of these ignoble but nevertheless important parts, and if need be, as penalty for this revolt will gracefully submit to the same as that pronounced upon the ancient Erostratus when to the temple of Diana he had applied the destructive torch, which punishment was, that "never again should his name be mentioned in the temple." There are moral cores upon the otherwise fair face of Spiritualism, which

require heroic treatment, and if ridicule or public reproach will cleanse and heal, let all brave souls honestly welcome it; or, if the method suggested by "H. K." of covering up the ulcer, hiding or denying its existence, will effect a cure, being somewhat of a "metaphysician," I can for a while stand that method of treatment. But if required to call an ulcer a rose, or a mortal arrayed in paint and cheese cloth "a pure spirit," who has been gone five thousand years, my metaphysics fail me. Quoting from "H. K.": "Why endeavor to brand with suspicion, persons against whom nothing has been proved? To invent methods of counterfeiting spiritual manifestations is by no means to prove they are all counterfeit [True, very true!] For instance, it does not demonstrate that spirits have never appeared or did not appear in illuminated garments, because a woman has been smart enough to produce illuminated garments by artificial means." It is purely what did occur, not what might have occurred or could have been brought about by dishonest device.

A DUPLICATION OF SPIRIT GARMENTS.

Now, it is not so much the fact that I did duplicate the garments worn by "spirits" upon various occasions, as that every step of the way I took in my research was itself a link in the chain of evidence—first proving to myself that they were, indeed, material robes, illuminated by material hands, by a material chemical possessing its material odor and effects, that would convict the medium of imposture and trickery before an intelligent public. Briefly, let us test the links for a little way in this chain of evidence.

MINT "FROM THE BANKS OF THE NILE."

One evening in May, 1885, a party of us were at the home of Mr. Caswell for a seance, and there was thought to be a wonderful manifestation of spirit power. The circle was formed in the usual horse-shoe shape, shutting out two corners of the room in the rear, in one of which was a window heavily draped. The carpet in this corner was observed to be luminous with a soft light, which was ascribed to an effort of spirit to materialize outside the cabinet, back of the sitters. I had watched with delight in this corner (my seat being close by the cabinet, I was brought almost facing the rear of the room) a little above the heads a light which I believed to be a spirit light; at the breaking up of the circle, approaching I touched the light which was upon a drapery, and pricking my finger, worked out a pin, and taking the light in my hand, put it in my pocket-book with a lock of the prophet's hair, and a bit of mint said to have been brought from the banks of the river Nile, and which were given to each as a souvenir of the seance. Upon reaching my home I placed the fragrant mint within the leaves of my Bible, and gazed long and earnestly at the spirit light which I found to be a tiny bit of lace, bright, but not as bright as in the seance room. The next morning, and many times thereafter, I examined that bit of lace, but never again did it appear other than ordinary lace. This incident did not especially excite my skepticism; it was the light that was the phenomenal feature and it had vanished as supernatural phenomena are likely to do, when for a moment they have attracted mortal consciousness.

CHEMICALIZED MATERIAL.

It did not dawn upon my unilluminated mind that this bit of lace was by any material means chemicalized, or that by any effort of mine I could recall its luminosity. Weeks and months passed, when in October at a seance given by Mrs. Beste in the city of Hartford, the supposed spirit Apollonius was seized, lights turned on, and the illuminated gauze torn from the form of Mrs. Beste, who tremblingly made a confession which was put into the form of a sworn affidavit by a lawyer present, and signed by Mrs. Beste. In which she said her robes were soaked in a chemical solution and spattered with luminous paint, which gave the beautiful and misleading effect; and further stated that "all the Boston mediums used the same." This confession impressed me, and I resolved to solve the problem of ancient illuminated spirit business, as I had observed this phase of materialization to have cropped out in most of the cabinets and seance rooms at about the same time. That time being close upon the arrival of Mrs. Beste in Boston about two years previous, and for her was claimed the honor of having brought to this city the ancients to do a "mighty work," and it was logical that they should seize upon every avenue, "workshop," or cabinet, to accomplish their purpose. The light they brought with them seemed verily from the heavenly city, giving the most delicate lace the appearance of sunlight, moonshine, sea foam, or a more ethereal mist, as occasion required, and was to me a most charming and convincing feature. If one could only produce this, the rest was not so very wonderful. In the meantime, the Temple seances or those in the interest of the Temple work were being given, some with Mrs. Hatch, others with Mr. Caswell, and still others, with both these mediums—the positive and negative elements in the cabinet at the same time—and wonderfully beautiful robes were shown upon forms claiming to be dark-skinned Orientals, their garments emitting a sometimes faint, and other times stronger odor. At one of these, given in the auditorium of the Temple before a somewhat promiscuous assembly, Mrs. Hatch as medium in the cabinet, twenty-two forms, arrayed each in its peculiar dress,

presented themselves in turn and were introduced as Mary, Martha, Queen of the Inner Temple, the Illuminator, Queen of Sheba, Agrippa's queen, Starlight, Sprite, Crystal, etc., by the control of Mrs. E. R. Dyer, who stood or sat not three feet from them.

A STORM AT LAST AROSE—CONFESSION OF MRS. HATCH.

A somewhat skeptical gentleman at my side whispered, "Observe closely the breadth of these forms, the motions, gestures, the slight hitch in the walk, and tell me if they do not draw wonderfully from the medium." This had been no unusual criticism in all the seances. About this time there was a cloud in the sky, a few days later a storm had arisen, and amid confusion and consternation we learned that the "negative instrument" or element had, from motives hidden within her own breast, confessed that all the phenomena we had witnessed with herself or Mr. Caswell, associated or singly, was fraudulent and of natural and not spiritual origin, explaining the mental tests, etc., that had so wonderfully impressed us—with the power of spirit. One thing, however, she refused to do, without a guarantee that no harm should come to her from the consequences of having obtained money under false pretenses, viz.: to produce and exhibit the suite which she had used in personating spirits, thus failing to prove her confession as her desire for protection, she states, met with a decided refusal. This woman, condemned, ostracized, branded a "liar," I sought, believing it my privilege to hear all, using what judgment and common sense were at my disposal in forming conclusions. I found her perfectly sane, realizing keenly the position in which she had placed herself, adhering firmly to her statement that she had lent herself to a cruel trifling with the most sacred affections; that as she was in advanced years she had decided to unloose the burden of guilt this side of the "river," and that to the above mentioned seance in the Temple, she went fully determined at the close of the exhibition of making her confession, but that her heart failed her, and her lips refused to fulfill its bidding. Many were my queries, and her replies and explanations appeared to me plausible and truthful.

"Tell me, in your experience as a medium these many years, is there no such thing as materialization?" I tremblingly and finally questioned.

"None," she said, "with flesh, bones, muscles, pulse and breath, that you can grasp, kiss and embrace; neither in my own, nor behind the scenes in the seances of three other mediums whom I have from time to time assisted. All that I know of form presentation is of a shadowy, steam or cloud-like appearance, which if you approach would recede, or were you quick enough to grasp, your hand would close on vacancy; it moves with a glide instead of a step, and needs no music to drown the creaking floor or otherwise divert attention. But even these are rare, and do not come at the beck and call of mediums three or four times weekly to satisfy the voracious appetite of people who would keep a magician's cunning and capacity at high pressure in supplying imaginary ghosts for them to swallow. Some of these have lost all relish for the simple truth in their mad chase after the impossible, or as yet unattainable. When they come to our circles they tell us that up at Miss Z.'s or Miss D.'s, the spirits do thus and so, walk, talk, sit in our laps, therefore we make haste that our spirits compete with those of our neighbors, and in the race the genuine is crowded from the stage and forgotten, as for it we have no use. There are two conditions that can be required, and granted by every medium who does not intend to supplement or resort to dishonest device. First, let a majority vote of persons composing a seance about commencing, decide where in the room the portable cabinet shall stand. Again, upon the appearance of a form, let four persons with extended arms surround it with assurances of safety and welcome, then request it; or all that is phenomenal, whether it be the transfiguring or transforming of the medium, or the whole figure, to dissolve into its native or spiritual element. If it be spirit-power, your request is easily granted, but in too many instances, were this tried, and all that is spirit to leave, as solid a corpse would be in your midst as was ever entombed."

These were and to-day are, the expressed sentiments of Mrs. Hatch to me; a "materializing medium" formerly enjoying a fair share of patronage by admiring and enthusiastic followers. From my first interview with her I went to my home a saddened, if not a wiser woman, and lest any think this disclosure was not to me a serious stroke, I would frankly state that for weeks I was totally unfitted for either work or pleasure. Unloosed from my moorings, I was striving to steer straight between the lunacy of an extreme credulity and blind faith on one hand, and the paralysis of an obstinate skepticism on the other, that threatened to strand one upon the rocks of agnosticism or materialism.

ENDOWING THE TEMPLE.

Mr. Caswell, the associate medium, had labelled false this whole statement of Mrs. Hatch, declaring it impossible for human hands to duplicate the garments shown, and spirits controlling himself and Mrs. Dyer, affirmed that the Hatch woman was deranged, insane, and would probably soon pass out of the body. A semi-monthly seance had been instituted in the red room of the Temple which was most beautifully adorned and decorated by sitters at the dictation of "Rose," the familiar of Mr. Caswell, who was to be

the medium for this series of circles continuing until the first of June. At the commencement we were told these were not for the gratification of the curious or wonder-seeking merely, but were for a purpose the import of which far exceeded our human comprehension; that probably but one spirit an evening would be able to materialize, but that the marvellous power with which these ancients were to endow the Temple and all its future, as also each individual, would abundantly repay every one who by their presence and means would thus constitute a battery, making it possible for them to so engage in a work at once spiritual and material. On one of these occasions my seat was by the side of Mr. Ayer, when the "Saturn spirit" was our distinguished visitor. As usual, after perambulating about the cabinet awhile, it drew very near to us and taking up his beautiful robe placed it near my face, saying, "No odor, no odor." This was because I had remarked that the peculiar odor was to me a stumbling block, and this garment emitted it so faintly, the spirit thought there was none. It further stated that I was to be endowed with great healing powers; that at the expiration of the current year I would heal diseased persons at sight. It then said to Mr. Ayer in a coarse whisper, "You did well to offer the woman one hundred dollars to produce the garments, and would have been safe in making it one thousand, for no human hands can duplicate these; this garment I now wear has been five thousand years in the making."

A PASTEBOARD STAR.

Later, on a visit to Mrs. Hatch I told her plainly she could not blame people for hesitating in accepting her statement regarding the garments or spirit robes; they were so very beautiful and unlike any thing seen in actual life; that since she had taken legal advice, her reasons might be good and sufficient for declining to show the "wardrobe still in her possession made by herself and Mr. Caswell," but I desired further proof and must not only see, but handle some article I could identify as having seen in some seance with herself and Mr. Caswell as officiating mediums; that until such proof was afforded I should never be satisfied. After a few weeks delay, she called and giving me a pastebord star covered with muslin, about four inches in diameter, said, "If you wish to test whether it is spirit or mortal, at the seance tonight, hold this star before the form, and I'll warrant it will not again go up the aisle." In her opinion no medium ever went before an audience but with more or less trepidation or fear; this apparent nervousness is often ascribed to the "travailing of mediumship," but she asserted that it was from an unassured safety, and said the medium seeing this star would fear some bolder move, and bidding me throw to the winds all my notions of hurting conditions, said, "It is the medium masquerading every time, with none other than his own individual spirit." She, however, informed me that if I expected the star to be luminous, it must be exposed to the light before I went. This last instruction was of itself an illuminator, for I quickly thought of my speck of lace, and when my visitor had departed, I sought and found it within the folds of the pocket book where all these months it had rested, and placing it for a few moments in the sunlight, I then took it into a dark closet, when lo! my spirit light had returned! Almost faint with astonishment and surprise, recovering I found that the star and that piece of lace were alike illuminated, either by mortal or spirit.

THE SHINING STAR.

Now, whatever one may do in or out of a seance-room, to satisfy one's self whether or not they are being duped, is in the estimation of the devotee an unpardonable sin, and so to the Temple seance I went more like a veritable culprit than an honest, truth-seeking woman. When the spirit—whether Confucius I forget—stepped slowly out from the cabinet and stepped down among us, it stopped at the first row of sitters on the left of the aisle, and lifted its hands as if to give its blessing; then turning to the row opposite blessed them, and returning blessed the second row on the left in which I was the fourth sitter. In the row behind, third row from front, were four empty chairs, and reaching behind the three individuals first in my row, I held in front of these vacant seats this shining star, watching the spirit as it turned to bless that row. Its arms suddenly dropped, and leaving the remainder of the assembly on either side of the aisle "unblessed and unhonored," rather quickly for a spirit it made its way to the cabinet, and soon after "Rose" called out to a gentleman in the audience, saying, "Will you please take your chair and sit close to my medium's cabinet, just as though you were boss of the seance?"

This person, a guest of the evening by invitation of the medium, well known as agent for other materializing mediums, complied with the request, but the results were meagre, and no spirit or mortal personating spirit, on that or any following evening, ever again ventured up the aisle, or down into our midst.

THE ILLUMINATED PAINT USED IN PERSONATING SPIRITS.

Procuring some luminous paint, I found that upon lace it would not produce the desired results, since like other paints it is mixed with oil and would rob delicate lace of its soft, airy effect. Seeking again Mrs. Hatch, she inquired if I thought I could identify a certain article that had been repeatedly used in their circles. Believing I could, she brought and placed before the two

articles, which taken into the dark that the illuminated effect might be visible, I recognized as having seen on former occasions, and believed to be of spirit importation; one of these she gave me, and two other ladies who had been believers in, and followers of, the ancient spirits produced by these mediums, also recognized the article at sight, and will thus testify. No sooner was one wish gratified than it was supplanted by another. I now desired the chemical by which this effect upon lace and cloth could be produced, the effect being such that a pure white handkerchief beside it would look dark; but was told she could obtain it only through Mr. Caswell, and that any name it possessed was carefully withheld from her. From this time forth I was possessed of one idea, impelled as it were to find the chemical and duplicate the phenomena. Next availed myself of several opportunities of conversing with the oldest, most successful, and in my humble opinion most satisfying medium in the city, one whom I have observed and whose seance I have occasionally for the last ten years visited. Telling her I believed there was in my possession positive proof that the forms shown as illuminated spirits were bogus, she admitted the fact, wished me success in revealing it, saying that the secret of the whole matter was a certain powder, giving me directions for its solution and use. Calling at her residence she took a bottle of it, and for a moment exposed it at a window, then invited me into a dark closet where at a glance I saw that it was what I was most in search of, and that moment would have given any price for a teaspoonful, but was informed that at considerable expense and trouble she had secured that vital full, satisfying herself of what was in use among her contemporaries; that its name to her was unknown, or where to obtain it, unless a certain well known medium, whose name I withheld at her own request, could furnish it. To him I went, stating my desire to procure some powder such as was in use among the materializing mediums. He inquired: "Madam, do you possess any powers in this direction?"

"Very faint, if any," I replied.

"I advise you," said he, "to go home an honest woman, and use the gifts heaven has given you, and let this damnable stuff you seek alone; it has brought only wreck and ruin to all who have used it, and for proof of my words I bid you look at Mrs. Beste, Mrs. Hatch, the Temple work!"

He also gave me two other names "equally guilty," but as their names are not on the list as confessors further time is granted them.

"I know," said he, "what you seek and also of what are its results, and I declare I will have nothing to do with it."

ZOROASTER REPRESENTED BY AN ARTFUL VIL-LAIN.

Disappointed, but thanking God for this man's honest resolve, I bade him good morning, with only another medium's testimony to the knowledge of this trickery, added to my list. The next seance given by Mr. Caswell at the Temple I attended, and carried a piece of illusion lace having upon it large chenille spots, the spots being daubed with luminous paint. "Zoroaster" was our "spirit" visitor, his veil of diaphanous material was three yards long, covered with illuminated spots, looking like an ocean of stars as he proudly and gracefully swayed it before our wondering vision. Calling Mrs. Dyer to the front and placing his hand upon her head, she was thus inspired by his wild address us. Cautiously arising, I held in a bunch the lace, with my hat behind to shield it as much as possible from the audience, my motive being the observance of the effect upon the spirit or mediums; but as I thus held it, a part dropped from my hand, while a murmur ran through the audience causing Mr. Ayer (who, sitting in the row front did not see the cause of the ripple to say, "Please do not whisper, especially when a spirit is transmitting through a medium." In resuming my seat I had probably in my nervousness touched an honest elderly gentleman by my side who whispered, "Did you see that?"

"Yes," I answered.

"What did it look like?"

"Like a very bright light."

"How did it appear to you?"

"Like a star that broke into smaller stars," he replied.

Again he whispered, "Didn't you put up your hand?"

Thinking he suspected me, I said "Yes." I tried to hold it, and the poor old gentleman told me it was very wrong, and would probably "backen the work," and on no account ever again attempt to catch or hold what was evidently "an independent spirit" formation outside the cabinet."

HOW EASILY DECEIVED.

Showing how easily we are deceived in the dark, I will say that after the seance in listening to opinions no two persons seemed to have seen this little mysterious phenomenon of mind alike, and one lady close in front whose shoulder the lace in its fall had touched, knelt by the side of Mrs. Dyer, enthusiastically rehearsing what had occurred when the following words dropped from Mrs. D.'s lips: "Yes, I saw it; it was a little child, I saw its arms as plain as could be, and I think it was 'Crystal.' I heard the 'control' tell this lady to rejoice and be encouraged, that the off-repeated promise of the spirits through Mr. Caswell, that she should develop as a materializing medium was even now at its fulfillment, as this little manifestation near her

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PSYCHOGRAPHY AND CONJURING.

With Special Reference to a Paper by Mrs. Sidgwick in the "Journal" of the Psychical Research Society of June, 1886.

BY GEORGE HERSHELL, M. D., LONDON.

As a commencement I may say that I am an amateur conjurer of fourteen years standing, and that for the last few months I have been investigating the slate-writing of Mr. Eglington with the special object of finding out what light the art of prestidigitation could throw upon the phenomenon. I started as a complete skeptic, but am now compelled to admit that they are undoubtedly genuine.

Such being the case, and knowing how easy it is for a great many people to be misled by reading a clever and plausible paper like that of Mrs. Sidgwick, I feel bound in the cause of truth to publicly make known my conclusions, and the way I have arrived at them.

I shall begin by an analysis of Mrs. Sidgwick's paper, and shall endeavor to point out the errors into which she has fallen. After this I shall show to what extent conjuring can imitate slate-writing, and how such imitation differs from the genuine phenomenon.

The perusal of her paper has caused me much amusement, as it is an excellent example of feminine logic. It is, I think, universally admitted that the average woman, however educated and intellectual, will, when given certain premises, invariably draw the opposite conclusion from them to that which the laws of logic point out, and which one of the opposite sex would infer. Woman, as a rule, is unequal to a syllogism. This is not a defect, but a feminine characteristic; women, as a class, are charmingly illogical, and Mrs. Sidgwick by her paper has proved that she is no exception to the rule.

The first part of her paper is taken up by reports of sittings with Eglington by competent observers, extending over forty-five octavo pages. All this evidence is favorable and conclusive as to the genuineness of the phenomena, and nearly all the observers state that they are convinced that Eglington does not himself produce the result. Nevertheless, she coolly says that the conclusion she arrives at by studying these reports is that the writing is produced by Eglington's own muscular action. She, who has never seen herself writing (as nothing happened at the three sittings whilst she was present), sets up her judgment against that of the many credible witnesses who testify in favor of it, and says, in effect, that their evidence is unreliable.

As to the contents of the paper I would take exception to the following passages:

She says: "The juggler's art consists largely in making things appear as they are not. Can we suppose that it has caused facts which did not occur to be imagined, and facts which did occur to be overlooked to the extent required to make the cases before us explicable by ordinary human agency?"

First of all, I would point out that she is wrong in her terms. "The juggler's art" is quite distinct from prestidigitation, or conjuring proper, this latter only being the science of deception. The former deals with balancing, cannon ball feats, et hoc genus omne.

Secondly, I deny the fact that conjuring can influence the imagination to the extent required, and shall prove my assertion presently. She "has no hesitation in attributing the performances to clever conjuring." It is very astonishing the unlimited power of doing impossibilities that people who know nothing about the subject give to conjurers.

The fact is really that the art of prestidigitation consists of only a few broad methods to either cause to vanish, appear, change, or metamorphose an object, and all tricks can be referred to one or other of these heads, although people who are not conjurers have a hazy sort of idea that the possibilities of the art are unlimited. That is why the evidence of conjurers is especially valuable in cases like this, as people like Mrs. Sidgwick do not hesitate in referring things they cannot account for to the agency of an art of the capabilities of which they are entirely ignorant, whilst an expert in the art would see at once that the phenomena were quite different to anything he could do. It would be instructive to learn whether Mrs. Sidgwick's experience of conjuring is equal in amount to her experience of psychography (viz., *not*).

Her next statement is:

"The validity of all the evidence here presented (with one doubtful exception . . .) depends on continuous observation." She goes on to say that she has a very low estimate of the power of exercising continuous observation of herself, and others. What she says about herself may possibly be true; she ought to know best, but men of science, whose whole lives are spent in the continuous observation of intricate phenomena, observation much more continuous and intense than outsiders have any conception of. To take only examples from her own paper, men like Wagner, Professor of Zoology, Bontleor, of Chemistry, and Dobrolov, of the University of St. Petersburg, and Professor Oliver Lodge, are men like these likely to relax their observation during such child's play to them as a sitting of merely an hour's duration. Besides, she has overlooked the important point that there being always more than one present, it is extremely unlikely that the attention of both will be diverted at one and the same moment. Again, when a couple of expert conjurers go to a sitting with Eglington, knowing from their own experience that if slate-writing is a trick their attention has got to be diverted at some critical point (this being in conjuring parlance called making a "tempe"), if the trick is to succeed, it is likely that both of them will allow their attention to be diverted at the proper moment by any of the hackneyed devices that they have themselves been accustomed to use all their lives? Mrs. Sidgwick must, I am afraid, be measuring other people's mental capacities by her own. As regards Mr. Wedgwood's writing in the sealed slate she says "Mr. Eglington saw the slates at the first glance. . . . I cannot perceive that we have any means of knowing that a pair was not prepared in imitation and substituted at the second glance." This is simple nonsense. Apart from the mechanical difficulty of effecting substitution, which I shall fully consider later on, there remains the fact that it is extremely difficult to procure two slates whose frames are exactly alike. There are always some slight differences, as they are cheap slates and made in large quantities. This would lead to detection if the observer had any claim to consider himself an observer. Then there is the almost impossible mental feat of remembering sufficient detail about the method of sealing, the quality of the paper used, the kind of wax, the seal, &c., to give the substitution a chance of deceiving the person who had prepared the original ones.

Mrs. Sidgwick complains: "It is surely significant that there should be but a single instance of writing in securely closed slates, and that a dubious one." Is not Eglington's locked slate a securely closed one; and are there not numbers of cases on record where writing has been obtained in it? Is not my friend's slate, described on p. 151 of "The Two Worlds," and upon which writing was obtained in the presence of two competent observers, a securely closed one? It was made under my own supervision, and the cover secured with brass screws.

We now pass to her statement, "I do not think that writing on a slate produces any vibration perceptible to the touch of ordinary people." The vibration that is communicated to a slate by a piece of slate-pencil depends upon the size of the piece, the surface in contact with the slate, the roughness of the slate's surface, the hardness of the pencil, and the amount of pressure used. So that the crude experiment of Mr. Sidgwick is quite inadequate to set this point at rest. One thing at least is certain, and that is the pressure on the pencil is sometimes very great indeed, sufficient even to reduce the pencil to fragments. Besides which there is the well-known fact that physical effects produced by spirit agency are very frequently accompanied by vibration; to wit, the vibration in a table which accompanies spirit raps, although any one, if he tries, will find it quite impossible to make it vibrate by any amount of raps that he may give to it, with any instrument.

I now pass on to the methods by which it is possible for a conjurer to imitate psychography.

1. First of all we have the classical method by which Mr. Maskelyne helped to secure the conviction of Slade. A metal thimble carrying a small piece of pencil is worn on the third finger, which is underneath the slate. The writing is done on the under surface of the slate, which has to be turned over and a fresh crumb of pencil placed on it to replace the bit which has fallen on the floor during the act of turning over, a feat easier to describe than to accomplish without being detected.

Eglington allows the sitters to initial one side of the slate, marks the crumb of pencil placed on the slate, and allows the corner of the slate to project from the table, so that if any one is not convinced that the slate is not turned over it is his own fault.

2. Thumb-writing. A very great deal has been said about the position of Eglington's thumb. It is possible to get possession of the crumb of pencil on the slate, and getting it under the thumb-nail to write upon the surface of the slate, the slate resting the while upon the performer's knees. Eglington has proved to me that he does not use this method by allowing me to pare his thumb-nail almost to the quick, after which his sances were just as successful as before. This fact is worth any number of observations as to the position of his thumb, which, as it happens, he never moves under the table, but only to the side, where it rests in a hollow cut for that purpose in the edge. This movement will be found necessary to relieve cramp by any one who will try and hold up a slate for an hour under a table.

3. The use of a slate with a false side. At all the shops where conjuring apparatus is sold, a slate can be procured having an extra side which lies loose upon one of the sides of the slate. The inner surface of this flap is covered with blotting paper. When the slate is shown round as clean, this flap is held in position by the thumb, and after it has been shown not to have anything written on either side is placed with the false side downwards upon a piece of blotting paper lying upon the table. The false side falls out upon the blotting paper, from which it cannot be distinguished as its upper surface is covered with similar paper, and the writing which had been previously written upon one of the true sides of the slate is disclosed. This trick was sold after Mr. Eglington's famous sance with Mr. Gladstone, as purporting to be the method used by him. It is not necessary to say any more about this way of producing the writing, as I only insert it for the sake of completeness, it being obviously impossible to work it under the conditions that are observed at his sances. It is in fact merely a stage trick, and could not be worked with people bringing their own slates.

4. Having a pencil fixed to the under surface of the table and moving the slate. I have experimented for a long time with this method. After some hours practice I was able to write a word or two by it, but the necessary movement of the slate is very noticeable, and all my friends detected the maneuver at once. There is also the difficulty of fixing and removing the pencil, and as Eglington allows any one to examine the under surface of the table at any stage of a sitting he would never dare to make use of such a transparent device. Besides, there is no method of fixing a bit of pencil securely enough to the under surface of the table to bear the strain of writing with, that does not leave a mark of some sort. Eglington was courteous enough to allow me to thoroughly examine every part of the table he uses, and I failed to find any such mark.

5. The use of sympathetic ink. It has been suggested that the long messages entirely filling one side of the slate are produced by previously writing the message on a slate with "some chemical" which will come out to resemble slate-pencil writing after a lapse of time, and then changing this slate for the one brought by the sitters. There are several points against this theory.

1. The only chemical which will at all resemble slate-pencil writing is a chloride of calcium, or calcium, in solution. This is invisible, but if wetted with a weak dilution of sulphuric acid, the white sulphate is precipitated on the surface of the slate, and looks on a superficial observation something like slate-pencil writing. But this writing always smudges, and is indelible.

Now the long messages Eglington gets rub out quite easily, proving conclusively that it is not the result of chemical action. I have spent considerable time in experimenting in this direction, and have consulted distinguished chemists and prestidigitators about it. The former assure me that there are no other chemicals to produce a like result, and the latter that they have themselves always used the "slate-pencil" described above in these performances. So that I think we may safely assume that there is no sympathetic ink which will produce a good imitation of slate-pencil writing.

2. Besides, even if Eglington had a slate previously written upon, there is the difficulty of changing it for the other one. It is very easy for people to say, "Oh, but he changes the slate." In order to do this one must first have your written slate concealed. And after the change you must have somewhere to put the one for which you have changed it. I have carefully examined Eglington's room and table, and have no hesitation in asserting that there is no place where this could be done. A slate, moreover, is too bulky to be hidden under one's clothes, and Eglington, as he sits exposed to the view of both sitters, could not attempt anything of

the sort without instant detection. Besides, he allows one to initial the slates to prove that they are not changed.

Besides these methods that I have enumerated, there are none others known to conjurers by which slate-writing can be produced.

I will now draw attention to some investigations of mine, which I hope will dispose of some minor doubts. One afternoon I paid Eglington a visit with the express purpose of ascertaining for myself certain facts about the locked slate. Previously I called at one of our leading manufacturers of conjuring apparatus, and was permitted to examine all the apparatus which opened by a secret method, such as the "Spiritualistic collar and handcuffs." At Nottingham-place Eglington allowed me to subject the locked slate to a most minute examination, extending over some time, and I thoroughly convinced myself that there was no way by which it could be opened without the use of the proper key. I also found that even if it was held under the table unlocked, it was impossible to shut it again without such a loud click as would infallibly betray the fact to anyone in the room.

I then wrote a sentence on one side of it, and holding it open on my knees under the table, found that I was unable to read a single word, as although it was broad daylight there was a very considerable amount of darkness under the table. I also found that I could not read a word in a book placed open upon a slate and held under the table, much less find a page and count a line and a certain word in that line.

I think that these ascertained facts ought to quite convince those people who still have an idea that Eglington manages somehow to read the message written in the locked slate before the answer is written.

I would also draw attention to the fact that even were it possible to imitate the sound of pencil writing, as some observers seem to think that the sound of the writing and the writing itself are not synchronous, it very frequently happens at successful sances that the messages follow each other in such quick succession (as in my first sance reported in "LIGHT") that even if it were possible, as I have proved, I hope, that it is not, there would be no time for a message to be written in the interval which elapses between the time of apparent writing as judged from the sounds of writing.

So that taking all the facts into consideration I think that all conjurers, at least, cannot do otherwise than come to the conclusion that their art has nothing whatever to do with the phenomena of psychography.

In conclusion, I would say that I regret to find in Mrs. Sidgwick's paper an absence of that calm, dispassionate judgment which should always characterize scientific inquiry.

I know that as regards herself my paper will be wasted, as it is quite useless to argue with people possessing the fatal facility for drawing false inferences from given premises to the extent of Mrs. Sidgwick, who I am very much inclined to believe belongs to that class of skeptics about whom it has been said, upon the best authority, that "if they hear not Moses and the prophets neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."—*Light*, London.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Social Position as it Might be.

NO 1.

BY CHARLES DAWHARN.

There have been many republics in the past, which have grown up, matured, and passed out of existence, like every other form of government. Human nature is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. Nature's laws produce inequality; and inequality means discontent with all its consequences. The famous Greek republics, which are quoted as exhibiting true freedom and a grand manhood, were simply slave-holding democracies, considering all labor as servile, and scorning even the freholder who worked for wage.

Away in the distant past we hear Ulysses—king of a realm we should call a county, and ruled by a board of supervisors—we hear him boasting that no man in his realm could out-plow him with oxen, or do a better day's work cutting grass with a scythe. But his descendants reversed all that, and compelled the slave to plow, hoe and toll, while his master should talk sweetly of liberty and exhibit his prowess as a professional fighter.

It is obvious we cannot compare the condition under which we now live, with a social state exactly the opposite; for the personal industry which we place as the crown of civilization and honor of manhood, was to them a sign of degradation and inferiority; yet it is interesting to notice how the same problem of wealth and poverty rushing to extremes, excited the same passions and produced the same results as with us to-day. The orator who sought political power was then as now, proclaiming that the rich were oppressors, and the poor were victims, whilst the remedy was an equal distribution of wealth.

Aristotle, who lived in the days when these republics were dying out, and who in his cool way analyzed the cause, tells us plainly that attacks upon rights of property always proved fatal to the State which permitted it. Coleridge once remarked, "Property! I hate the name, because I have not got any." Nevertheless, every man who has saved five dollars demands that he shall be protected in its possession, for that is the essence of civilization. Otherwise he will return to barbarism and protect his rights with his own strong arm.

We have the old-time disease. The old-time remedies proved failures every time; but rarely if our progress be real and equal to our boast, science and philosophy should discover the cause of social sickness and prescribe the true remedy, and we have more than one problem that cannot be evaded, save as we may refuse to investigate the cause of the deadly fever, and leave it to rot-tine its ravages until our own children become its victims.

In preceding articles I have proved that the same forces that have destroyed kingdoms and republics in the past, are at work in this good land of ours; and that remedies must be discovered, or our present form of government will presently be discarded as too feeble to maintain order, or secure the rights of property. We noticed one fact that need not be further discussed, for I showed that indirect taxation presses 70 per cent. more heavily on the hardworking toiler than upon his millionaire employer. That is a plain fact we should all remember as long as we have a vote and strength enough to carry it to the poll.

But I want now to discuss the question of property from a broader standpoint; that is to say from its relation to the laborer; to the community; and to the owner. What is the relation of property to manhood? Is it servant or master? Is it to be the object of our life, or is there a grander goal to be reached by manly effort?

There are motives that belong to life's ac-

tion that may be either primary or secondary; but count for good or ill according to which comes first. It is impossible for our country to grow into a grander nationality, except by developing first of all a higher manhood amongst its citizens. But manhood advances through conduct, and not by money. So, though money be in itself a blessing, it stands second to conduct. The highest type of manhood of which we can conceive, will place conduct first; and the wealth that flows from honest labor as second in the steps to a nation's happiness.

We thus very quickly establish the distinction between a man himself and his saved up industry which we call wealth. We place the man first, and his money second (every time; although that is not the way of the world around us. So we agree that the object of life should be the development of manhood. Yet we are still face to face with the question of property, since unless there be some approach to equity in its distribution, there will be very little true development of manhood.

Nature does her work through inequalities, just as if she wanted a great variety, that she might choose the best for survival, and let the others die. It is useless our seeking or expecting uniformity, when we find form, shape, talent, taste, health and mental tendencies never alike in any two individuals. Therefore to work for a dead level is nonsensical. But property, like every thing else, has its tendency to run to extremes; and as a practical people we know that those get along best in life, who avoid extremes of every kind.

Here are a million men whose lives are moulding the immediate future of this nation. The more manly they grow, the better the nation. But they can not grow manly unless they have enough of the comforts of life for true manhood. But we find the property produced by their joint labor creeping away to one end of this long line of a million men. That means poverty, suffering and a lessened manhood all down the line. And where the property accumulates that means a lessened manhood there too. It means selfishness, abuse of power, self-glory, and a constant use of this property to make the situation worse instead of better.

Thus, just as property gets out of balance, the nation's happiness and manly growth gets out of balance too. All this is just one truism after another; but now let us see where it will lead us. We see the evil, but is it an evil that actually inheres to civilization, or is it the result of mistakes and ignorance? If we can only find a remedy that question will answer itself.

(To be continued.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
EMPIRICS OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY GEO. F. A. ILLIDGE.

Believes mechanic virtuoso
Can raise them mountains in Potomac
Seek out for plants with signatures
To quack off universal cures.

—Butler.

The impositions practiced in the name of Spiritualism are many, and none realize the fact more keenly and should strive to eradicate them more perseveringly than the intelligent and progressive Spiritualist who has the good of the cause at heart. Every reform movement necessarily attracts a numerous pack of sophisticated bipeds who are distinguished more for noise than knowledge, and Spiritualism is no exception.

Not only with reformatory movements is this the case, but the learned professions have these vamps to contend with, and in business life they are numerous. Turn where we will, go where we will, the ubiquitous fraud abounds and flourishes. In the legal profession we find the "shyster." The clerical profession is not exempt, owing to the necessity of certain outward conformities and the rather slim probability of financial success, they are restricted.

The medical profession is notorious for them. They are pretenders of no particular school, but represent themselves as botanists, eclectics, electricians, hydropaths, analysts, biologists, Indian doctors and doctors of every description, with ability to cure all known diseases, chronic or otherwise. Addition records that at the first appearance a French quack made in Paris, a boy walked before him publishing with a shrill voice: "My father cures all sorts of distempers," to which the "doctor" added in a grave manner: "The child says true." This was a rather novel way of advertising his humbuggery, but still more novel methods have been adopted by his more modern brothers of the craft.

With the advent of modern Spiritualism a new class of mountebanks have made their debut, and claim through clairvoyance or spirit control to work far greater wonders than their less pretentious prototypes. Unlike Hahnemann, the German physician, who renounced the tenets of Esculapius and advocated the truth of the principle *Similia similibus curantur* in the science of medicine, these empirics denounce the methods of regular practitioners and with solemn faces and pretended knowledge from the Spirit-world strive to more effectually prey upon the emotions and sophisticated reasoning of the credulous. It is astounding to contemplate the number of self-dubbed doctors and professors who, under false pretences, ally themselves to the spiritual movement and like the black ants of Australia fatten upon their victims. The uninitiated who after nothing from time to time that these iniquitous chattering are seemingly brought forward as legitimate representatives of Spiritualism—and some of the spiritualistic publications are to blame for it to a great extent—soon become disgusted when, on entering the domain of investigation, they discover that these so-called doctors and professors are as uncultured as the Kubus of Sumatra, and comprise the very *creme de la creme* of scoundrelism, the piousness of truth and honesty. Some of the most ignorant, unscrupulous and fanatical of both sexes I have met in connection with Spiritualism are either "doctors" or "professors" whose lack of all knowledge of medicine, clairvoyance or Spiritualism per se is in striking contrast with their pretentious claims in that direction.

I do not dispute the fact that there are some excellent clairvoyants fully capable of diagnosing and treating disease; neither do I deny the existence of a number of magnetic healers whose God-given powers are unquestioned and should be highly prized as a blessing to suffering humanity. It is not against these I inveigh, although I take the ground they have no right to the appellation of "Dr.," but should be known as medical clairvoyants and magnetic healers in contradistinction to physicians who are educated in the theory and practice of medicine and surgery—but their bitterest enemies, the scoundrels who with pedantic arrogance represent themselves as being what they are not.

Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," states that "many poor country vicars for want of other means, are driven to their

shifts; to turn mountebanks, quack-salvers, empirics"—and thus it is with the ignorant who gull the unthinking under the cloak of spirit control and clairvoyance. The claim is generally made by the "doctor" that he, or she, as the case may be, is controlled by the spirit of an eminent physician or Indian Medicine Man, but in neither case is it substantiated. That it is false is evidenced from the fact that the allopath who in earth-life wrote his prescriptions in Latin and strictly adhered to the tenets and materia medica of his school, is made to prescribe and compound simple remedies, such as roots and herbs, and though capable of writing through the hand of the "doctor" the names and proportion of each, it seems as so rapidly retrograded since his *entree* into the world of spirits as to be unable to pen a Latin prescription or practice his profession as of old; while, on the other hand, the old Indian, whose inability to speak English, write, or call plants and herbs by their proper names when a denizen of this sphere was an admitted fact, has since his debut into the invisible realm, so far advanced as to be capable of doing either through his "medee" and even more, if more be required. Here, then, we come in contact with an antagonizing element which completely sets aside the law of eternal progression as taught by Spiritualism, and in its stead substitutes retrogression for the wise and progress for the unwise. It is also a lamentable fact that notwithstanding so many "eminent physicians" return and seek, for their old-time compensation, to alleviate the ills to which flesh is heir through their material "instruments," not one has ever performed a surgical operation. Now, if the "instrument" can be controlled to examine disease, his speech to give a diagnosis and his hand to write out a list of harmless remedies, why can not he be controlled for the purpose of amputating a leg, performing the operation of ovariotomy or setting a fracture of the femur? Perhaps "Dr." James A. Bliss (recently dubbed by his "band" or Siles J. Chesebrough "M.D.") the great "Confucian instrument," and his "spirits of a high order" can enlighten me. This condition of affairs rather confounds the skeptic, and taken in connection with the frauds of the cabinet and sance room, causes many an honest investigator to turn his back and heap vituperations on the cause.

It seems to me high time that Spiritualists combine for the purpose of crushing out the wrongs heaped upon the shoulders of the greatest reform movement the world has ever seen. The parasites, who are mere representatives of a bastard Spiritualism, should be dealt severely with. The JOURNAL has for years nobly waged war against them and has been the means of much reform, but should not the JOURNAL be seconded in its efforts by other Spiritualist publications, and should not Spiritualists combine and persistently strive to eradicate these evils, or, at any rate, to lessen them? It seems to me that to the want of organization can be attributed many of the evils which choke the avenues of Spiritualism, and redemption from many of them can only be brought about by organization. It is to be regretted that certain Spiritualist publications wink at these grave matters and lend their columns to the "shysters" of Spiritualism, or in other words permit them to advertise therein and publish articles eulogistic of their humbuggery.

Spiritualism is to-day attracting the attention of more eminent men than ever before, and it is to be hoped that every available effort will be made by its adherents to suppress charlatanism and encourage honest mediumship as well as those who are seeking light on the subject.

New Haven, Ct.

Colleges and Ministers.

President Clapp, of Yale, in a tract on "the Religious Constitution of Colleges," published in 1754, said: "Colleges are Societies of Ministers for training up Persons for the Work of the Ministry." A few years later, in his "History of Yale College," he said: "The primary design of all Colleges is to educate Ministers of religion." Little did President Clapp think that out of a Yale class of 140 to be graduated, in 1886, only six would take up the work of the ministry. A pamphlet, published according to custom by the Senior Class at Yale, two or three weeks before Commencement this year, contains statistics, furnished by the students themselves, showing that of the class 57 intend to become lawyers, 27 to go into business, 11 to become physicians, 19 to teach, and 5 to become civil engineers, while only 6 of the 140 members intend to become ministers of the gospel. Ex-President Porter is a Doctor of Divinity—as is his successor—and instruction is given largely by ministers; the college affairs are directed by Congregational ministers who control the corporation; the Theological department has been richly endowed; the students of the Academic department are required to attend religious exercises; and yet but a very small proportion of the students evince any disposition to go into the pulpit. These facts and figures are significant. According to an address by Rev. Dr. Herriek Johnson, given at the Ninety-fifth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, held in Saratoga recently, the supply of ministers from colleges generally is falling off, and the Church is threatened with a famine of ministers. "Our Church," said Dr. Johnson, "number 5,741 congregations; and by no possible figuring can ministers be made to match churches. Take in every stated supply and retired minister, and still 500 churches are pastorless. When the taper burns at both ends, look out for darkness. There are no grounds of hope for relief in the colleges and theological seminaries to supply the demand. The trend is continually the wrong way. Of the students in twelve colleges in the last decade only 19 per cent. entered or proposed to enter the ministry."—*Index*.

A Texas judge, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, has put colored Baptists under bonds to refrain from "shouting, screaming, jumping, and yelling in their religious worship." This knocks the life out of colored religion in the Lone Star State, and it is unconstitutional. Civil and religious liberty goes to the colored man with the chrome of freedom. Hoodlums, of course, can scream and yell and shout and jump without being molested. They have more political influence.—*Ex*.

Nature seems to fight against the people who want water in some parts of the West. In Denver when they bore an artesian well they are almost sure to strike a vein of natural gas or gold, and then they forget all about wanting water, and will recognize nothing but champagne.—*New York Tribune*.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
EXCELLENT RESULTS.
Dr. J. L. WILLS, Hilo, Mo., says: "Horsford's Acid Phosphate gives most excellent results."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(106 West 29th Street, New York.)

AFTER THE STORM.

At night the sky was black with sullen clouds,
In swaying torrents fell the hoarded rain;
The lightning's flash revealed the misty shrouds
Of wind-swept trees writhing as if in pain.

At morn, the blackness vanished from the sky,
O'er the glad meadows golden sunlight poured,
Leaves glanced, flowers bloomed, bright song-birds
Floated by.

And far and fair the infinite heaven soared,
O heart on which the blither blast has blown,
On which at dawn of night the lightning fell;
O human heart, appalled, bereft, and lone,

While waves of anguish darkly surge and swell—
Let the storm rage, nor fear its turbulent roar,
Though sorrow's whirlwind bow thee to the dust,
Round thee are sheltering arms unfeeling before,
And thou shalt rise into diviner trust.

Peace lies in wait for thee, grief-stricken one!
Morning shall dawn, and soft airs fan thy brow;
And rays will reach thee from the Eternal Sun,
Turning to good the ill that pain thee now.

Trust in the Love Divine that circles thee,
And on thy heart will drop its healing balm,
Till sweeter than thy dreams of heaven shall be,
After the storm, the spirit's inner calm.

—Mary Fenn.

IN MEMORIAM.

The mysterious veil which separates this sphere from that above, has lifted, to let the sweetest of all sweet spirits, pass upward into undying life and light. Through indescribable sufferings of body and soul, her character had been sublimated and refined, until, before the end, Mary Fenn Davis was called by many "Saint Mary" the "Mother Mary" of those who came within her influence.

The outward record of her life I shall not dwell upon at length. That will be done, later, by a worthier hand than mine. Suffice it to say that Mary Fenn was born in Clarendon, N. Y., April 17th, 1824. Her father, Chauncey Robinson, a farmer of unusual intelligence and worth, possessed much zeal in the cause of liberty and reform, and his excellent writings upon temperance, anti-slavery, etc., were privately printed for family use. His wife was his fitting companion. Of them it might be said that "the unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties, hardened the character to that temper which will work with honor, if need be, in the tumult or on the scaffold." Of such stock are the true nobles of our land.

There were children on either side by previous marriages of her parents, but Mary was the eldest of this union. Marked from her birth by unusual elevation and sweetness, it seemed as if her spiritual nature was open to Divine sources, even in childhood. The old neighbors remembered that they heard her devout utterances in their conference meetings with a feeling of awe. Having a thirst for knowledge and culture which to the last was a portion of her being, Mary made strenuous exertions to secure scholastic education, and at the age of twenty-one, was graduated with honors at Ingham Institute, at Leroy, N. Y. At this date her name stands on the book as vice-president of the Alumni Association. The following year she became the wife of Gurley Love, then a teacher in Buffalo, N. Y., and at once took up her work with him. In 1854, for reasons which both considered sufficient, she secured a divorce from him in Indiana, and on April 15th, 1855, Mary Fenn became the lawful wife of Andrew Jackson Davis, then at the height of his career as seer and lecturer on the Harmonical Philosophy. According to his statements in the Magic Staff, she had been selected by his "Guides" as his eternal companion. During the next twenty-seven years they lived together in wonderful harmony and oneness of purpose, Mary being denominated "the Angel of the Household." She threw herself into all good works with an ardor and single-mindedness that bore fruit innumerable. Her clear and well trained intellect, her warm and unselfish heart, were always tributary to the remarkable powers of Mr. Davis, which she reinforced and strengthened until, in consequence, her own vital forces were permanently exhausted. Her matchless sympathy for all the suffering and oppressed, her sunny and winsome gentleness, her unselfish love of service for others, created an atmosphere that attracted those, even who could not comprehend the elevation, abnegation and symmetry of a soul whose only faults were too great humility, generosity and trustfulness. Year by year her character broadened and deepened, while multitudes, cherishing her for a marvellous affection, confided in her those sorrows and trials which she made her own, while she gave them of her choicest stores. Like some exquisite exotic, transplanted to the wayside to shed fragrance and beauty over the weary and heavy laden who toiled along life's dusty thoroughfare, Mary was an exhaustless source of comfort and inspiration. How many tender, heroic acts she performed for the humblest and poorest of her kind, none but the angels know. Were it fitting, deeds might be told that show how brave and grand she could be for others. For herself, she was a shrinking, nonassertive woman.

During all these years, Mary was an untiring worker for temperance, woman suffrage, social purity, in fact for all good things. She had a passion for serving others; above all, she had a passion for woman. She understood the womanly soul, she believed in it, trusted it, wrought for its unfolding. She could hardly believe in perverse manifestations, being herself beyond all guile. She was one of the earliest members and active workers in Societies, where she was honored not only with official rank, but as a sainted mother and friend. At the last social meeting in June, she read the poem which heads this column, and which she afterward sent to the *Index*. It was a bit of autobiography. As a speaker, Mary was magnetic and delightful. With a pleasing and graceful delivery, and face fascinating as one through which shines immortal loveliness, a rare spell was cast upon her hearers. But for undue humility and a desire to put another in the foremost place, Mary Fenn might have won fame on the platform or by her pen. With a genuine literary instinct, her taste was classic, refined and discriminating. As editor of the *Herald of Progress* for several years, she did work that would have been creditable to any name among our authors. It is no exaggeration to say that here, almost for the first time, was to be seen a person having superior literary culture, and an equally fine culture of the soul. There was a balance between her *heart* and her *head*; that created a harmony only found in great music. Her rare soul soared into the realm of being; it was a reservoir into which Divine inspiration poured in exquisite measure, that, in turn, became a living fountain for the uplifting of those less gifted or more groveling. They were then touched with a curious electric sympathy, and helped to higher planes of thought and action.

After some years in the arduous work in the lecture field at the West, Mr. and Mrs. Davis purchased a pleasant home in Orange, N. J., and here, after a while, the two children of Mary, by Mr. Love, came to join her. For some years her time was spent either in work in the Children's Progressive Lyceum, on the *Herald of Progress*, with headquarters in Canal street, New York, or in domestic duties at home. Hither came Mr. Davis' widowed sister and her three children, and here lived and died his venerable father. Harmony, serenity and mutual affection, made this home a kind of Mecca to their acquaintances. Their burdens were many, but their faith large and unfailing. Mary's son, Charles G., grew up to be a devoted son, worthy of the mother he revered, and went to Washington where he has ever since filled well a position in a governmental department. Fanny, the softened copy of her mother, was married in 1871, to Frank W. Baldwin, editor and proprietor of the *Orange Journal*, a young man respected by everyone. Mr. Davis' sister and her children made a home of their own, and Mr. and Mrs. Davis went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, afterward all removing to the homestead. Little children came to gladden them, and the warm maternal heart of the grandmother threw its caressing mantle over those new lives. In a few years came the first blow, Fanny departed, leaving four little ones, the eldest scarcely more than a babe. Between mother and daughter existed a love of the spirit rare even in this relationship, and bitter was the separation. But Mary became the loving mother, filling that place for ten years, with the same fidelity and thoroughness which she carried into every relation or work. In these arduous duties she was helped by their father, between whom and herself existed a remarkable relationship. Mr. Baldwin, devoted to the memory of his wife, regarded her mother with a reverence and affection that spoke volumes for his own character as well as hers. Never woman leaned upon a better or truer son.

In the year 1882, an astounding convulsion shook the very ground under the feet of Mary Fenn Davis, and in 1884, the domestic altar, reared twenty-nine years before, and cemented by mutual consecration, crumbled into dust and ashes. The foundations of love and life were shaken, and she withdrew from all old associations into unutterable loneliness and agony. She made every preparation for death which seemed imminent, and was ready to slip away, heart-broken, from a life where the most precious and real possession had proved to be only a shadow. But the grandeur of her nature and the healing power of Divine Love, were stronger than wish or will. The highest triumph of her strange life had yet to be attained. Slowly she came back, with shattered health, purer and more spiritualized than before. A host of friends gave to her their tokens of sympathetic affection, and gradually she took up her lines of work again, serene and patient, with the holy light of one set apart upon her madonna-like features. She held her peace to the world, and the public has never heard the story of her life, though it was fully confided to her friends. It was impossible for one so delicate and sensitive, to pour out her personal affairs for the delectation of the vulgar and the curious. Her life must stand for itself, against every thing. She could not descend to contradiction.

Concluded next Week.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Study of Primitive Christianity.*

Few, it is to be presumed, are aware of the fact that in the City of Brooklyn there has been for several years a society devoted to patient careful study upon a theme very large and difficult, yet profoundly interesting and inspiring, viz.: the early thought and religious history of our race. The members are, I believe, all persons engaged in active life; their days full of the press of affairs, and yet they have found time and strength to give to these pursuits a good measure of the immense labor and research that such themes require. I doubt not some of the best work done anywhere in the country in this direction, has been performed by this little band of laymen and women, the Brooklyn Association for Moral and Spiritual Education. Such results as we here witness, give us new hints of the possibilities

for accomplishment even to the busiest and most preoccupied among us. The plea of want of time is generally a cover to conceal the want of energy to command the time requisite, or the needed inclination to use what we have already in possession.

One of the fruits of this noble industry we have in the volume of Mr. James lately published. It is a production of genuine merit, wise, instructive, and full of enrichment upon a theme on which it imports for us most of all to become informed and well grounded. Mr. James has given us the best results of modern research and scholarship here, in a form well adapted to meet the plane of the popular mind. To many of us it is an emancipation to know that Christianity is a thing thoroughly normal, natural, not an element or a feature marvellous in it; that it belongs not out of but wholly in the line of human development. This story Mr. James tells us much of and very interestingly, gives us the *incunabula*, the cradle of the new faith, its genesis, antecedent conditions, and the formative influences that went to make it what it became.

Mr. James' paragraph upon the apparent presence of remnants of solar myth in some of the relations, particularly in John's account of the logos, and the miracles of Christ, is bright and very suggestive. Viewed in such light, several of the stories of miracles have a significant interpretation. The fact that there is survival, at least reminiscence of mythologic ideas in instances both in the Old Testament and the New, brings Christianity into nearer connection with the other religions of the world, and enhances for us the value of the study of mythology.

It would be interesting to know, if we ever may, how much is of mythic source in the relations we have been taught to believe as veritable, and in instances as sacred history. Important discoveries have been made of late in this realm, taking away on one side much, but giving on another, far more, pouring new beauties into what had become old, faded, effete, imparting life and power to the lifeless. It is safe to say that what has with such degree of success been accomplished in the field of Aryan mythology and the dim historic relations, will yet be done in that of Semitic, and particularly Hebrew, but every step must be taken, with utmost care and caution. Too much pains can not be used thoroughly to test and check every conclusion by wide comparative studies.

No one can read this wise, thoughtful volume without being impressed anew with a sense of the vitality of human nature. It has grown Christianity, all the qualities and worth are in that soul; it has given birth and all the fullness of his endowment to Jesus. It is yet to produce greater and more.

Mr. James sees how partial is all in the past; sees something of what higher, grander realizations are to arrive in the future than any that history has known. The religion of universal humanity is to come down and be established among men, the worship pure and simple of truth and beauty, centering in nothing historic or personal, grounding in no institution or cultus descended from a former age, but living and rejoicing in the privilege, the freedom of the ever progressive soul. Passages, beautiful and inspiring, I might quote in illustration of his broad and generous faith.

This volume is an attempt—and here lies its great interest and value—by a careful, dispassionate scholar and thinker, writing always with balanced judgment, to read a portion of the religious history of the human mind, and that the most near and vital to us, a history that has blossomed out into the various institutions, faiths and usages that now cover the best part of the globe. Of this history we may say that it has exhausted less charm, it is a tale that is being ever more and more told, yet is never told. These books are published and not published, said Aristotle. By it we are carried back to our own childhood and more, to our ancestry and their thoughts, questionings and illusions as well as perceptions, our own religious heritage. Sir G. W. Cox, referring to the stores of popular tradition, the tales, legends, myths, etc., many but one, with the great themes they rest on, speaks of "those old forms, of which mankind, we may boldly say, will never grow weary." It is emphatically so here; of the story of the religious experience, the growth, the struggles, and slow painful ascents of humanity, the mind can never tire.

Whether accepting or rejecting the conclusions of this careful student and interpreter, the reader will invariably find him self stirred to fresh thought and inquiry, a stimulus that is among the best of effects that any book can afford.

Syracuse, N. Y. CHARLES D. B. MILLS.
* A Study of Primitive Christianity. By Lewis G. James. 329 pages. Boston, 1886. Price, \$1.50. For sale at the Religio-Philosophical Journal office.

Partial List of Magazines for August Received.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (St. Louis, Mo.) The usual good reading matter and illustrations are found in this issue.

THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE. (John B. Alden, New York.) A select contents from the leading periodicals fill this month's pages.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. (E. R. Pelton, New York.) Contents: Genius and Insanity; Is Medicine a Progressive Science? Indian Arms; Gustave Dore; International Copyright; In Gustave Dore's Garden; Who wrote Dickens? Goethe and Carlyle; An African Arcadia; The Greek Home according to Homer; A Mystery; Military Campaigns; Mystery and Romance; Literary Notices; Etc.

THE QUIVER. (Cassell & Co., New York.) The Quiver for August has a goodly proportion of light reading for the warm weather.

New Books Received.

EGYPT AND SCYTHIA. Described by Herodotus. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 10 cents.

VOYAGERS' TALES. From the Collections of Richard Hakluyt. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 10 cents.

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO, with a preliminary view of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the Life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortes. By William Prescott. New York: John B. Alden. Price, complete in two vols. \$2.25.

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We especially commend it to all persons of falling memory as the best book obtainable on that subject.—Chicago.

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New England Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association.

Thirteenth Annual Convocation
At Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass.

(On the Hoosier Tunnel Route, midway between Boston and Troy.)
July 21st to September 1st, inclusive.

| Speakers | |
|--------------------|--|
| Sunday, August 1st | HON. A. M. DAILEY, Boston, Mass. |
| Tuesday, 3rd | MRS. SARAH A. BRYNEN, Boston, Mass. |
| Wednesday, 4th | MRS. WALTER HOWELL, Boston, Mass. |
| Thursday, 5th | MRS. FANNIE DAVIS SMITH, Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Friday, 6th | PROF. J. B. BUCHANAN, Boston, Mass. |
| Saturday, 7th | DR. LEAH CLARK, Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Sunday, 8th | MRS. FANNIE DAVIS SMITH, Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Tuesday, 11th | MRS. N. J. T. BISHAM, Elm Grove, Mass. |
| Wednesday, 12th | MRS. JULIETTE TRAY, Leominster, Mass. |
| Thursday, 13th | DR. A. M. DAILEY, Boston, Mass. |
| Friday, 14th | MRS. A. M. BRYNEN, New York, N. Y. |
| Saturday, 15th | MRS. CHARLES DAVEN, New York, N. Y. |
| Sunday, 16th | MRS. CLARA WRIGHT, New York, N. Y. |
| Tuesday, 19th | MRS. EMMA S. PAUL, Morrisville, Vt. |
| Wednesday, 20th | MRS. J. C. WRIGHT, Morrisville, Vt. |
| Thursday, 21st | MRS. K. S. PAUL, Morrisville, Vt. |
| Friday, 22nd | MRS. J. J. MORRIS, New York, N. Y. |
| Saturday, 23rd | MRS. AMANDA A. SPENCE, New York, N. Y. |
| Sunday, 24th | MRS. J. J. MORRIS, New York, N. Y. |
| Tuesday, 27th | MRS. ALBERT E. TIDWELL, New York, N. Y. |
| Wednesday, 28th | MRS. J. J. MORRIS, New York, N. Y. |
| Thursday, 29th | MRS. ALBERT E. TIDWELL, New York, N. Y. |
| Friday, 30th | MRS. J. J. MORRIS, New York, N. Y. |
| Saturday, 31st | MRS. ALBERT E. TIDWELL, New York, N. Y. |

PUBLIC TEST MEDIUMS.

MR. J. FRANK BAXTER and MR. JOHN SLAYEN, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who have created great interest in that city the past winter with his wonderful descriptive tests, hundreds having been cured away from the church for want of room, will give tests after each lecture.

That the Managers of the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting desire to sustain their reputation for furnishing the best of music it is only necessary to say that they have engaged for this time the Fitchburg Military Band of 24 pieces and the Mass. Orchestra of 16 men. Concerts daily at 8:30 A. M. and 1 P. M. (also, on Sunday, 2 P. M.) each evening, from 8:30 to 10:30. The orchestra will play for the dances at the Pavilion. Good dancers will be secured and encouraged. The audience, led by corner, will be one of the features. J. Frank Baxter will also assist in the vocal exercises, the last week of the meeting.

The Hotel Under the management of H. L. Hazard, at Greenfield, will be open for guests July 1st.

Cheap Excursion Rates from the West to Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting. Arrangements have been made with the Central Traffic Association for greatly reduced rates to parties west of Buffalo, as will be seen by the following rates from Mr. Geo. H. Hazen, Assistant Commissioner, Chicago, June 17th, 1886.

JOHN C. BUNDY, Member Transportation Committee, N. E. Spiritism Camp Meeting Association.
DANIEL S. BUNDY, Member Transportation Committee, N. E. Spiritism Camp Meeting Association.
The line of the Chicago & Alton R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & North Western R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Great Northern R. R. between Chicago and Minneapolis, and the line of the Chicago & St. Paul R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Rock Island R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Missouri Pacific R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Illinois Central R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Western Union R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Great Western R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & North Western R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Great Northern R. R. between Chicago and Minneapolis, and the line of the Chicago & St. Paul R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Rock Island R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Missouri Pacific R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Illinois Central R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Western Union R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Great Western R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & North Western R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Great Northern R. R. between Chicago and Minneapolis, and the line of the Chicago & St. Paul R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Rock Island R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Missouri Pacific R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Illinois Central R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Western Union R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Great Western R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & North Western R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Great Northern R. R. between Chicago and Minneapolis, and the line of the Chicago & St. Paul R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Rock Island R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Missouri Pacific R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Illinois Central R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Western Union R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Great Western R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & North Western R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Great Northern R. R. between Chicago and Minneapolis, and the line of the Chicago & St. Paul R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Rock Island R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Missouri Pacific R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Illinois Central R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Western Union R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Great Western R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & North Western R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Great Northern R. R. between Chicago and Minneapolis, and the line of the Chicago & St. Paul R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Rock Island R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Missouri Pacific R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Illinois Central R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Western Union R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Great Western R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & North Western R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Great Northern R. R. between Chicago and Minneapolis, and the line of the Chicago & St. Paul R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Rock Island R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Missouri Pacific R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Illinois Central R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Western Union R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & Great Western R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis, and the line of the Chicago & North Western R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Great Northern R. R. between Chicago and Minneapolis, and the line of the Chicago & St. Paul R. R. between Chicago and St. Paul, and the line of the Chicago & Rock Island R. R. between Chicago and St. Louis

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 7, 1886.

Kiddle's Erostratus—"A Modern Youth."

Some weeks ago the JOURNAL published a series of articles in which the writer attempted to give an exposition of alleged spirit phenomena as exhibited in Boston and in the First Spiritual Temple of that city. The author of those communications has been a Spiritualist and an investigator of the phenomena by scientific methods for many years. He is one of the comparatively few who have the qualifications requisite to make experiments and record them in a manner to render the work of value to the public. He has proven his devotion to Spiritualism by sacrifices from which most men would shrink. He did not volunteer the work or the reports published, but undertook the arduous task at the request of the editor of the JOURNAL. He heard all sides of all stories so far as practicable, conferred with Mr. Ayer, wrote the reports strictly in accordance with the evidence and in a judicial spirit. During their publication the editor of the JOURNAL called upon Mr. Ayer at his place of business in Boston, and had an extended and very pleasant interview. No complaint was made at that time, nor has there been since, by Mr. Ayer of the spirit in which the JOURNAL's representative performed his assignment. It was left for a God-fearing, Christian gentleman who within few years has been, in his own opinion, instrumental in assisting in "illustrating, and confirming the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith" by the publication in book form of spirit messages from Moses, Pontius Pilate, Jim Fisk, St. Paul, Aaron Burr, Boss Tweed, St. Peter, John the Baptist, Napoleon Bonaparte, Pio Nono and a long array of spirits, good, bad and indifferent, it was left for this professed Christian and Spiritualist to attack the reports and malign the motives of the reporter. The name of the meek, charitable and prayerful man who edits spirit messages from Moses down to Jim Fisk and assumes to fill the office left vacant by the enforced retirement from the Spiritualist newspaper field of Jonathan M. Roberts, is Prof. Henry Kiddle. This most worthy gentleman is editorial contributor to a sheet published by a man whose business and social record is such as to cause honest and virtuous men to blush with shame for their sex. In this sheet Prof. Kiddle has for several years persisted in misquoting and misrepresenting the JOURNAL in a way that would be called diabolical if done by other than a professed follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. He stigmatized and vilified the motives of the JOURNAL's editor and in such skillful and learned phrases of indirection as would warrant their being called jesuitical and treacherous were they not the work of one who has held close communion with Pio Nono and Aaron Burr.

Here is a specimen of the mild and truthful style in which this amanuensis of Napoleon Bonaparte and George Washington speaks of the JOURNAL and the reports of its Boston correspondent:

But the plot against him (Mr. Ayer) thickens. We see published conspicuously in a notorious Spiritualist sheet, of noisy and vehement pretensions to superiority of intelligence, virtue and morality in its advocacy of a modified Spiritualism, in which it shows a peculiar kind of zeal, a most flagrant anonymous attack upon Mr. Ayer and his doings in connection with the New Temple.

Both the JOURNAL's editor and its Boston correspondent have the highest regard and kindest feeling for Mr. Ayer and will not hesitate to declare his integrity of purpose and manly character at all times. So far as is known at the JOURNAL office there is none other than the most cordial relations and mutual respect between Mr. Ayer and the parties whom the editor of messages from "unprogressed spirits" attempts to place in the attitude of enemies to the builder of the splendid edifice on the Back Bay. So far as the assertion that the JOURNAL's reports were

anonymous, is concerned, it may be said that one less familiar with dead languages and ancient prophets than is "John the Baptist's" nineteenth century publisher, would be held inexcusably ignorant did he not know that when a newspaper publishes communications in the way those from the JOURNAL's special Boston correspondent appeared, the paper makes them its own, and stands responsible for their authorship.

This editor of messages from "Christopher Columbus," "Mozart" and "Converted Spirits" is a gentleman of versatile talent; he is skilled in clothing preposterous falsehoods and diabolical charges in proper and elegant phrase; there is a gloss, a smoothness to the products of his fanaticism and malice that is really refreshing. The classical touch with which he finally clubs the editor of the JOURNAL, will be pleasing to those who admire literary art. The JOURNAL wrests this brochure from obscurity, and in order not to be accused of garbling, gives the paragraph entire. He closes his attack upon the JOURNAL, its editor and correspondent, thus:

If the penalty be, as it often is, merely the petty pillory of the Spiritualist sheet we have referred to, it is of little account; because the well-known character of this organ among Spiritualists makes the fiction only a cause of sympathy for an important sufferer, not of disgrace to an offender. In the matter to which we have here referred, the case is somewhat altered, as we notice that, coincidentally with the appearance of the *Spiritualist Journalist* in Boston, there has appeared in one of the evening papers of that city, this same anonymous attack, preceded by an extravagant puff of the Spiritualist and his paper, which is pronounced "the ablest Spiritualist newspaper in America." Of course, the publication is headed: "A Bomb for Spiritualists," and we trust that the friends of Spiritualism will not fail to observe, and will not forget, who it is that has concocted this "bomb," and aimed and fired it against the cause which they hold dear. We believe, however, that the terrible "bomb" will, from a deficiency of powder, fall short of its mark, and the missiles will be scattered hither and thither. If they do not, boomerang-like, take a backward course, and leave the aspiring artist "hoist by his own petard." It was a very but strangely, ambitious, youth that to gain notoriety "fired the Ephesian dome;" and we perceive that, in a small way, a modern youth, similarly ambitious, has been desperate enough to engage in an enterprise somewhat like it. And how the enemies of Diana applaud the undertaking!

The editor of the JOURNAL was never in the office of the Boston *Transcript*, the paper referred to above, neither is he, to his knowledge, acquainted with any person connected with that paper, nor did he in any way connive at or procure the notice characterized above as "an extravagant puff of the Spiritualist editor and his paper." On the contrary he spent most of his brief stay in Boston, not in efforts to advance his personal or professional interests, but, as he supposed, in advancing the interests of spiritual research and knowledge of spirit phenomena, by conferring with Prof. Wm. James of Harvard College, and Rev. M. J. Savage, both members of a committee of the American Psychical Research Society, and with others equally interested, including the very man he is accused of assaulting through the JOURNAL—Mr. M. S. Ayer. But these facts are not for the amateur editorial contributor to a newspaper owned and conducted by a dead-beat and free-liver, they are for the great public which in the end will be just in its judgment.

Mr. Kiddle indirectly but very plainly says that the editor of the JOURNAL has fired the Spiritualist Dome. "And how the enemies of Diana (Spiritualism) applaud the undertaking." Let it be seen who some of these "enemies of Spiritualism" are and in what language they "applaud"! First on the roll of these "enemies" come tens of thousands of Spiritualists and they "applaud" thus:

Col. Bundy has made his paper the ablest exponent of the phenomena, philosophy, and ethics of modern Spiritualism to be found in this or any other country. Its integrity is inflexible, and his observations on the spiritual phenomena, in the main, microscopically accurate.—*Dr. N. H. Wood, Cincinnati, in appendices to Starting Facts in Modern Spiritualism, pp. 601-3.*

A grand paper! I am fully in sympathy with its objects and aims; it is a tremendous power for good.—*Dr. Joseph Beale, President New England Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association.*

Your course has made Spiritualism respected by the secular press as it never has been before, and compelled an honorable recognition.—*Hudson Tuttle.*

Its general character, candor, dignity and manifest devotion to truth, are attractive to cultured minds, even though it may cross their prejudices.—*Lymen C. Howe.*

I am entirely satisfied with it.—*Eugene Crowell, M. D.*

I cannot perceive why any man, who has a due regard for the welfare of society, should not support the JOURNAL. Your utility to the world is no problem of different solutions.—*W. K. McAllister, in on the Supreme Bench of the Appellate Court, and now one of the Judges of the Appellate Court.*

As an old subscriber to the JOURNAL I value and appreciate it and am sure it is doing a grand work. Lady Catherine, Duchess de Pomar, Paris, France.

Your paper is one of my great consolations. I feel that you are an earnest and honest seeker of truth.—*Chester Sebastiani Fenu, Florence, Italy.*

God and the angel world will bless you for your noble work. I have long felt to thank the JOURNAL for its careful weighing of facts bearing upon the philosophy of Spiritualism.—*Elizabeth, Love Watson.*

This list might be extended to fill several copies of the JOURNAL, and it would include expressions of confidence and approval from a large majority of the representative Spiritualists, including several hundred mediums and lecturers.

Here is how they "applaud" who are not Spiritualists and whose act is not, therefore, in the eyes of the class whom Prof. Kiddle represents, quite so reprehensible as that of those quoted above:

Of over forty papers which come to my table the JOURNAL is the best.—*E. P. Fossell, Clinton, N. Y.*

I wish you the fullest success in your courageous course.—*R. Heber Newton, D. D.*

I have a most thorough respect for the JOURNAL, and believe its editor and proprietor is disposed to treat the whole subject of Spiritualism fairly.—*Rev. M. J. Savage, (Unitarian) Boston.*

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is a representative of clean Spiritualism. Though I do not admit and believe all Spiritualists claim for their belief, yet I think there is a great deal in Spiritualism to be found out. If a man can manifest himself here, he can under certain conditions, hereafter.—*W. T. Harris, L. L. D.*

In the ablest Spiritualist paper in America, Mr. Bundy has earned the respect of all lovers of the truth, by his sincerity and courage.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Seems disposed to discuss questions in excellent temper.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Mr. Bundy is the best equipped editor in his peculiar line of Journalism in the country.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Col. Bundy is not a fanatic. * * * Exposes all frauds with relentless vigor. * * * There isn't a man in the universe who doesn't want to believe in immortality.—*New York Evening Telegram.*

Eight years ago when the opponents of the JOURNAL were more numerous and vastly more powerful than now, its editor in reply to insinuations and charges akin to those lately made by Prof. Kiddle published an editorial, from which the following extracts are now given:

The editor of the JOURNAL is a firm and steadfast Spiritualist, the assertions of pseudo mediums and their dupes to the contrary notwithstanding.

He has sublime confidence in a future life and in spirit communion. This confidence is based upon absolute knowledge of spirit phenomena. Possessed of this certain knowledge he is enabled to look calmly and serenely upon the downfall of the huge superstructure of fiction which has been reared by illegitimate speculators in Spiritualism and bigoted ex-church members, who have not outgrown the blind superstition of their early training.

In the same mail which brought the letter spoken of at the commencement, there came a short message:

I know very well that the fight in which you are engaged is "the good fight" and I have full faith in your just victory; it will, however, take much time and impose severe trials. But You Must Go Forward.

Go forward he will and in time hopes and believes that many good people who now fall to understand him, or honestly oppose him, will be numbered among his most steadfast friends.

What his correspondent then predicted has come to pass. Every position taken by the JOURNAL has proved the strongest and best for Spiritualism; and this is becoming more and more clear day by day to rational Spiritualists. Large numbers who once honestly and vigorously opposed the JOURNAL are now its staunch friends and the work goes bravely on.

Evangelical Turpitude.

The JOURNAL does not hesitate to mention deceptions practiced under the cloak of Spiritualism, hence it cannot be accused of sectarian antagonism in airing the swindles perpetrated by pious preachers. Some time ago the pulpits of Talmage, delivered a philippic against Spiritualism and sent, as is his custom, printed copies in advance of delivery to various daily papers in different sections of the country, knowing these papers would lie to their readers by claiming the sermon was telegraphed, thus misleading the public and magnifying the importance of Talmage and the impecunious sheets. Judge Dalley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., wrote an able reply to this sermon and had it distributed to Talmage's congregation a few Sundays after; since which the preacher has refrained from his customary attacks on Spiritualism.

Talmage is not the only pulpit palaverer seeking partnership with the daily press in the humbugging business.

The noted Dr. Storrs, whose eminence and Christian zeal have made of him a shining pillar of piety for thirty years, was selected to invoke the grace of his God upon the Decoration Day exercises at Riverside Park, New York City. As the pagant was especially designed to advertise that town, the brokers, railroad thieves and gamblers who engineered it wanted a preacher who was well up in worldly ways. Storrs was equal to the occasion; he wrote out the advice and requests he desired to publicly lay before the God of his clients. He did more, he allowed it to be printed in advance and mailed to distant newspapers, knowing that he was a party to a fraud in doing so. Unfortunately for Storrs, his eloquent printed appeal, to be delivered spontaneously under the deep inspiration of a sublimely solemn occasion, fell into the hands of one honest editor. This is the way the Rochester (N. Y.) *Union* received and treated the strictly orthodox prayer:

We are in receipt of a printed and advance copy of the prayer which Rev. Dr. Storrs is to make at the Riverside Park exercises, New York, to-day, with permission to put it in type and print it "not earlier than four p. m." We shall more than comply with the request by not printing it at all. We have with what Prof. Fitch would call "a nose for news," and through the inspiration, which consists of sixteen paragraphs and would fill a column of our space, and have failed to discover anything but the ringing of the changes, without originality, upon what we have heard or read thousands of times before, as have the pious readers of the *Union*, all of whom say their own prayers.

As a literary production, in the line of cool, calculating address to the Deity, Dr. Storrs' prayer no doubt has merit; just as the patent printed sermon sent out by mail in advance of delivery by Rev. Dr. Talmage and fraudulently palmed off upon the readers of that wicked newspaper, the Rochester *Democrat*, as received by telegraph, has merit of construction. But no real and honest newspaper would give space to Talmage's patent printed sermon as telegraph matter. Every minister of religion in Rochester is the equal of Dr. Storrs in offering genuine, heartfelt prayer, and when occasion requires that prayer shall be published, we shall choose and print the production of some one of our local clergy.

Storrs is the author of a popular series of lectures on "The Conditions of Success in Preaching without Notes," published in 1875. The JOURNAL's library does not contain this valuable text book, hence we are unable to tell whether therein Dr. Storrs explains to young preachers who aspire to "preach without notes," how their glory may be magnified and their audiences increased by first printing their preachments and prayers, and then conning with the press to palm off the product as "preaching and praying without notes, specially telegraphed."

That a poor, half-starved, undisciplined, uneducated medium, who has had no opportunity to cultivate his moral sense, should be weak enough to attempt to deceive the public and wicked enough to persist in it, is not so very strange, but when preachers like Storrs and Talmage descend to co-partnership with fraud, it is astounding—at least to those who

have not been sanctified by the grace of Storrs and Talmage's God.

That defrauders, forgers and thieves should be daily discovered among men holding positions of trust, and who are noted for their pious zeal and prominence in some Evangelical church, is not a matter of surprise when one considers the force of example, and that the same principle which inspires men to deceive after the manner of Storrs and Talmage, will also inspire to almost any crime short of murder.

Mountebankism.

The people of San Francisco and vicinity are having a full supply of mountebankery under the fascinating name of Spiritualism. Here is the style in which a star performer of psycho-intellectual jugglery is announced, in large type and catch lines:

"Colville the world renowned Prodigy and Prophet, the Wonder of the Age. Will be the Speaker Morning and Evening at the Great Convention of Spiritualists in Mammoth Pavilion! Alameda from the 9th to the 13th of August. . . . Free admission to the grounds where the children will be amused with swings, etc. 10 cents admission to each session in the Pavilion or \$1.00 Season Tickets."

At the late Oakland camp some who depend upon commercial Spiritualism for a livelihood, were seriously disgruntled because the Management imported an English What-is-it to be exhibited as the chief attraction, and restricted the facilities for individual advertising usually enjoyed at such places. Discovering that the intellectual monstrosity exhibit was a paying one, for the camp, the side show folks seem to have hit upon the scheme of utilizing him to draw the crowd, with the hope of creating a furor for their less popular but more common wares.

These attempts at sensationalism are sometimes, though rarely, engineered by people with the best of motives, but as a rule they are only thinly disguised mercenary schemes to corral the silly, senseless and ignorant. Such meretricious methods do not belong to Spiritualism and should be discontinued and vigorously denounced by all intelligent, reputable Spiritualists. They are on a level with the devices of the street fakirs, and no more moral or dignified than the tricks of the brass jewelry vendor, or the fancy soap peddler.

Between the promoters and patrons of these demoralizing shows which lead to emotional dissipation and intellectual prostitution, and are no better than an old-fashioned Methodist camp meeting or revival, between these Spiritists and the class who seek spiritual knowledge, to the end that it may aid them to a higher intellectual and spiritual level, show them new channels and better methods for helping the world and finally fit them to enter well prepared the life beyond the mortal, and who are really Spiritualists, between Spiritists and Spiritualists the line should be sharply drawn. This differentiation must be clearly defined by Spiritualists; it will not be done by Spiritists, who do not know it exists; it will not be done by the press, pulpit or pews, for they are justified by appearances in declaring there is no such difference. So long as a large number of Spiritualists holding positions of honor and influence in business, social, professional and political circles hesitate to openly discourage the methods of Spiritists, condone the offences of persistent tricksters and pool interests in camps and public meetings with sensation mongers, just so long is the outside world justified in classing them all in one lot and tarring them with the same stick. Spiritualists have it in their power to remedy all this, promptly and effectually. Will Spiritualists do what is their manifest duty? Time will tell!

Mrs. Tyler's Story of the Temple.

When the JOURNAL published a communication from its special correspondent relating to the Spiritual Temple of Boston, it was supposed to be all that was necessary to say upon the subject. Every detail therein given was a matter of common talk in Boston. Exaggerated stories were traveling over the country, and it was only a matter of kindness to all concerned to give the true history so far as it could be gleaned by a trained newsgatherer. Prof. Henry Kiddle, in a manner perfectly consistent with his erratic course, followed ever since Spiritualism has had the misfortune of his allegiance, attacked the truthfulness of that report. Mrs. Tyler, the leading witness depended upon in the report, feels called upon to tell her story and the JOURNAL accords her space, as it will Mr. Ayer if he desires it. Mrs. Tyler assures the JOURNAL that even now she feels it best to suppress some names, and details of a startling nature.

This narrative is published because (1) the JOURNAL believes Mrs. Tyler tries to tell the exact truth and does tell it so far as relates to matters within her own knowledge; (2) the Spiritualist public and the public at large are entitled to the facts; (3) no superstructure of a permanent nature, no "Dome," can be reared until the foundations of Spiritualism get below the quicksand of delusion, deception and fanaticism.

The JOURNAL's faith, poised on knowledge, is so secure that it fears not to meet and to deal frankly and vigorously with what makes men like Prof. Kiddle quail, shrink from giving to the world, and equivocate about. Shame upon that ghost of Old Theology, which haunts the minds of all who have once been within the orthodox fold, and seeking the unbalanced among these leads them on to untenable grounds and into the quagmire of tergiversation. In defence of their new found faith!

May Shaw.

Our old subscribers will recollect the young and excellent medium, May Shaw, who passed to spirit-life some years since from this city. Her early departure was greatly mourned by a wide circle of friends. Brother Colby, of the *Banner of Light*, sends us an advance proof of a message relating to her and says: "The spirit is anxious that the above be copied into the JOURNAL." Here it is:

We have with us this afternoon one who was a blessed worker for humanity ere she was called from the body; one whose years on earth were few, but who were filled with usefulness for mankind on both sides of life; one who was called upon to spend her vital powers for the world, not for self, and who, in passing away in tender years, bore with her the love of many, many hearts that had been consoled and uplifted through her ministrations. The spirit does not speak thus of herself, but we of the *Banner of Light* Circle are very glad to speak of her in this way as a tribute to her fidelity to truth and her life-work. This spirit comes with a smile upon her face and sunshine in her heart, which she would radiate upon all her friends. She brings much love, and a spirit of peace, and wherever she goes she will dispense this influence, so that no friend can be otherwise than cheered by her presence. While sending her love and her beautiful thoughts of good-will and encouragement to all friends, she especially sends her affectionate tenderness to one who is very dear to her, one who perhaps will not remain on earth many years, whose thoughts turn often to the Spirit-world and its beauties. This soul may feel encouraged, stimulated and uplifted, knowing that it has the presence and the ministrations of bright and beautiful angels from the higher life.

The young spirit of whom we speak was known as May Shaw, a beautiful medium, who has friends in different parts of the West. She sends particular greetings to friends in Chicago, and also to parties in Indianapolis. With her comes her father, Dr. Dyer, whose beautiful life was exercised in good works for others. He, too, joins in the beautiful influences sent forth by his daughter to friends everywhere.

J. Madison Allen's Home School.

Mr. Allen publishes an article in *The Post* of Camden, N. J., in defense of the Home School at Ancora. He says: "The Home School has never been, is not, and never will be, so long as I can prevent it, a free love colony. It has never sanctioned, taught or practiced any other than the purest monogamic relations between man and woman." The Camden *Post* says:

"We have certainly no desire to misrepresent the workings of the Ancora Harmonial Home or any other institution. J. Madison Allen justly exhibits considerable heat in coming to the defense of the work of his hands, and is entitled to the public hearing which we gave him yesterday. It is possible, and may be probable that his statements are more correct than the wild rumors concerning his enterprise, especially as he has stood the test of a legal investigation in which he was 'vindicated.' It is also probable that any thing outside the usual routine in an agricultural community will excite comment and criticism, while the same thing in a city would pass unnoticed. All sides of the question have been sufficiently ventilated, and if J. Madison Allen suffers for conscience sake he should remember that that is the common lot of all who run counter to prevailing sentiment."

The JOURNAL would inquire of Mr. Allen if the "Home School" believes in and practices monogamy as that term is understood by the public and interpreted by the laws of enlightened nations?

GENERAL ITEMS.

S. B. Averill, Canton, Dakota, would like Mrs. Van Duzen's address.

Dr. D. P. Kayner is arranging for a vacation, and expects to be in Chicago within two weeks. All correspondence for him can be directed in care of RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL office till further notice. He will answer calls to lecture, attend funerals or examine patients.

By invitation of the Union Spiritualists' Society, Henry D. Moore will deliver a series of lectures, in their Hall, 115 West Sixth Street, between Vine and Race, Cincinnati, Ohio, commencing Sunday evening, July 18th, 1886, and continuing on successive Sunday evenings.

R. B. Champion writes as follows from Antwerp, Ohio: "The Spiritualists of Paulding county, O., and vicinity, will hold their sixteenth annual grove meeting on Saturday and Sunday, August 21st and 22nd, in the Wentworth grove, three miles south of Hicksville. Walter A. Howell will be one of the speakers, and Chas. H. Brown will give tests from the rostrum. All the friends are cordially invited to attend."

The last number of *Light* is largely devoted to discussions of Mrs. Sidgwick's position concerning independent writing and to evidence in support of the bona fide character of the phenomenon. Mrs. S. may congratulate herself on being the cause of the placing of much valuable evidence before the public, and of stimulating Spiritualists and investigators to greater caution in experimenting.

The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway have made some important changes in the ticket department. Mr. E. St. John, for many years the efficient General Ticket and Passenger Agent, has accepted the position of Assistant General Manager; Mr. E. A. Holbrook takes the vacant chair of the General Ticket and Passenger Agent, and Mr. Geo. H. Smith is installed as Asst. General Ticket and Passenger Agent. All who are acquainted with this road, its officers and fine equipments, must wish them the same success and good will that has attended them since the road was incorporated.

Under the head of "Wicked Funeral Extravagances," the New York *Freeman's Journal* (Catholic) says: "The 'Gates Ajar,' the 'Broken Pillar,' the 'Cross and Crown,' the 'Sheaf of Wheat,' and another hideous invention of the funeral forist, the 'Vacant Chair,' were all there. Enough money had been spent in these useless and ostentatious things to keep the dead man's family for several months. His coffin was piled high with 'floral emblems,' and twenty-five carriages waited around the corner to join the regula-

tion six which were permitted to stand before the church door. This was a pleasing way of 'getting ahead of the priest,' who had wisely forbidden that more carriages than the half dozen should attend any of his parishioners' funerals. The next week the friends of the deceased were engaged in arranging a collection 'for the procuring of a sewing machine for'—so the printed card of appeal said—"a starving family."

Mrs. Hester M. Poole, the talented editor of the JOURNAL'S Woman and the Household column will represent the paper at Lake Pleasant camp the current month. She will occupy the JOURNAL'S headquarters, adjoining the quarters of President Beals. We trust all our readers who attend that camp will make the personal acquaintance of this noble woman who is doing so much for humanity.

A Mrs. Merachon, who is described as the "trance evangelist," is conducting a religious revival in a big tent near Marion, Ind. Sometimes five thousand persons are present, and at the close of the sermon the whole audience is on foot, pressing toward the platform, surging, groaning, praying and shouting till late, then following the revivalist home and pleading for prayers and blessings. The fanaticism is said to be spreading through adjacent counties. "Mrs. Merachon," an account says, "after a terrible day of excitement and work, often goes into a trance, and after being unconscious for three or four hours, comes out thoroughly rested. She believes that her work is nearly ended, that the prophecies and revelation have been all but fulfilled, and that the second coming of Christ is near at hand."—*Index*.

A horrible story comes from Stroudsburg, the county seat of Monroe county, Pa. Hillary Hogsanshelf and Alvin Kemming were farmers and lived on adjoining farms. They had a quarrel about a new fence, went to law, and Mr. Hogsanshelf defeated Mr. Kemming. Hogsanshelf then commanded Kemming never to speak to him and even remain from his funeral. He warned his people, and hoped the lightning would strike his coffin if his wishes were not respected. Finally Hogsanshelf took sick, and again emphasized his wishes about Kemming. Death soon came, but Kemming was invited to be a pallbearer, and he accepted. The funeral took place, and nothing happened until the straps were being removed from under the coffin. Suddenly a black cloud sailed over the heavens and rain fell in torrents. A flash of lightning startled every body, crashed into the grave, and split the coffin. The mourners fled in terror, and the grave was not closed until after the storm.

A Vienna letter in the Paris *Figaro* speaks as follows of lottery gambling in Vienna: Apropos of lotto, which is the rage just now, it has played a very curious role in a recent trial here. An unfortunate woman, nearly stricken to death by long years of starvation and chronic hunger, was suspected of having murdered her aunt, a rich old fortune teller, and sordidly avaricious. The Judge was seeking with all his ingenuity to gather together the threads of proof of the woman's guilt, which he could not succeed in establishing, when he learned that two hours after the murder, at a moment when nobody as yet knew what had happened, the accused had drawn three numbers at the lottery—83, 25, and 47. Now, 83 was the age of the victim, 25 the number of the house in which she lived, and 47 signified in the credo of lotto gamblers life and death. The Judge regarded this coincidence of numbers as the most overwhelming of proofs. The wretched woman was accordingly condemned to death.

NOTES FROM ONSET.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Our meetings are progressing, and the people continue to wend their way to Onset. Every thing seems to indicate a harvest of good for the cause and a step forward in the grand march of truth. Individualization begins to assert itself, and the people are demanding a more honest and satisfactory investigation of so-called spiritual phenomena. It is truly wonderful to see what a change has been brought about in regard to materialization as presented to-day to the investigator. I think it is safe to say that 90 per cent. of the people that attend the materializing seances are bold to assert that the whole thing is a shameful piece of deception and unworthy of the name of Spiritualism. Of course materialization has got its honest defenders and the business will continue until blind credulity is supplanted with demonstrable facts.

The social gatherings are doing a vast amount of good here by the candid interchange of thought, comparing notes, getting each other's ideas, and profiting by the same. There is another good feature in the camp meetings: they bring our kindred teachers together, giving them a chance to interchange thoughts and hear each other's ideas as they are given out to the people. I sometimes think that if there is a class of beings on this planet that demand our sympathy, it is that class composed of our itinerant platform speakers who travel from one end of the country to the other to meet engagements and teach spiritual truths; so I say keep up the camp meetings, bring the speakers together—it is class day for them.

During the past week J. J. Morse, of England; Mrs. R. S. Little, of Boston, and Chas. Dawbarn, of New York, have been the regular speakers here. They have done noble work, presenting thought worthy of close attention for present as well as future use. Joseph D. Stiles, of Weymouth, Mass., has been the platform test medium, reporting hundreds of the spirit friends. At the close of Mr. Stiles' lecture, Sunday, P. M., the 25th, Mr. Stiles reported ninety-six full names with many personal incidents in thirty-three minutes, nearly every one of them being fully recognized. Among the many very agreeable episodes of the past was the following:

VERY PLEASANT RECEPTION.
On Friday evening, July 23d, a very pleasant private ball was given in the Pavilion by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Butler, of Boston, and for which upwards of 400 invitations were

sent out. The pavilion was handsomely decorated with ferns, flowers, flags, Japanese lanterns, banners, and in the full blaze and abundant light it looked a veritable tower of beauty. The company assembled at half past eight P. M., prompt to the time the hall was opened by a grand march headed by the host and hostess, the assembled guests stretching in a long line, all moving round the floor to the inspiring strains of the Middleboro band, especially retained for the occasion.

The dance programme consisted of eighteen numbers, and to judge by the evident zest of the dancers, the various selections were heartily enjoyed. At an early part of the evening, Mr. W. S. Butler desired Mr. J. J. Morse to address the friends present, in words of welcome, which the above gentleman did in his usual admirable and felicitous manner, saying, that on behalf of the genial host and hostess he extended a cordial and hearty welcome to all present, a pleasant and harmless opportunity of enjoyment being thus provided. It was the hope of the providers that all would enjoy it to the fullest extent. The directors of Onset Bay Grove had very generously proffered the use of the Temple for this gathering, but Mr. Neal of the Hotel Onset having been first in the field with the offer of his annex, the other offers were accepted as pleasant proofs of the kindly interest and respect entertained for the met and hostess, as also was the fact that the transfer company had provided free transportation to the guests upon the ground.

The speaker was vigorously applauded as he made the foregoing intimations. He then closed by saying that under the inspiring strains of music, the flashing of bright eyes from the brave men and fair women, there could be no question that a joyous and agreeable evening would be spent, which would undoubtedly cause them to remember the occasion as a noticeable event at Onset. His remaining duty was to present on behalf of Mr. Ford, Onset's florist, a handsome bouquet to Mrs. Butler, which he did in a graceful manner amid the hearty applause of all present.

During the evening a presentation to the members of the New Bedford Yacht Club, of a ship of flowers, was made by Mr. A. A. Wheelock, of Washington, D. C. in a neat and happily turned speech, to which a suitable reply was made. Supper was served at eleven o'clock, after which dancing was resumed until two o'clock Saturday morning. The event was one to be remembered for its pleasurable circumstances, and for the generosity exhibited in all the details pertaining to it and contributing to its success.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO AT EAGLE COTTAGE.
Charles W. Sullivan on the evening of Thursday, the 22nd, entertained his friends with an old fashioned baked bean supper, and a costume representative of "Grandpa," and ye ancient days, at his antiquarian rooms, which was heartily enjoyed. The baked beans were pronounced the best of all the season.

RECEPTION TO J. J. MORSE.

On Monday evening, the 26th, some two hundred of the friends of J. J. Morse convened in the Temple to meet him personally, and bid him God speed in the spiritual vineyard. Mr. Charles Dawbarn, of New York, was chairman and made the opening remarks in his very pleasant and agreeable manner. Singing, followed by the Onset Quartette, Mrs. Capp, Mrs. Tutts, Mr. Packard and Mr. Adams; recitation by Mrs. W. A. Rugg, of Wicket Island; song, Miss Bennett, of New York; recitation, F. L. Union, Onset; song, Mrs. H. L. Jeffers, of Wicket Island; recitation, Miss Fallis. Remarks were made by Mrs. W. S. Butler, of Boston; Charles W. Sullivan, of Onset; Mrs. May Mozart, of Oregon; first test by Mrs. Isa W. Porter, daughter of the late E. V. Wilson. J. J. Morse responded in his hesitating yet befitting style for the occasion. There was a sale of tickets amounting to a financial God speed of \$53.25.

The above was under the guardianship of Mrs. W. D. Crockett, Mrs. W. S. Butler, Mrs. Sadie P. Andrews, and Mr. and Mrs. Mozart, of Portland, Oregon.

Sunday, Aug. 8th, George A. Fuller and Mrs. M. S. Wood will be the speakers.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn spoke on Tuesday P. M., the 27th, taking for his subject, "The Spiritualism of Science," giving his hearers one of the most thorough digests of our philosophy ever delivered at Onset. Mr. Dawbarn intends to make a tour through the West as soon as satisfactory engagement can be perfected.

Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, of Killingly, Ct., has arrived at Glen Cove House.

Onset, Mass., July 29. W. W. CURRIER.

NOTES FROM LAKE PLEASANT.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

This beautiful little sheet of water never better deserved its euphonious name than when we approached the camp on Thursday last. The verdure lining its banks is still in its first freshness, and the reflections of shore and sky were brilliant and changeable as the tints of an opal.

On the ground, all was full of life and the sounds of saw and hammer were heard on every hand. Over a hundred families were already settled in their summer homes, and others constantly arriving. White tents gleam among green trees; cottages shine in new coats of paint; banners hang from balconies, and the tiny yards in front blazon with brilliant flowers on emerald backgrounds. Through looped arch-ways the passer-by sees a pretty parlor with carpeted floor, easy chairs, lounges, tables bearing gay spreads and gayer bouquets, while pictures and hangings adorn the canvas walls. In front of some of the cottages are rare plants arranged with much taste and care, and the whole aspect is greatly improved within two or three years. It is a festive scene; fit for the month when the locust and cicada sound their trumpets of tropic heat, and we long for woods and fields and the boundless canopy of the azure sky.

The night of our arrival witnessed two of the grandest thunder storms that ever passed over the State. Thunder pealed incessantly and the rain fell in torrents, but our tent proved to be impervious, and the morning found us dry and comfortable. A good tent is to be spoken of respectfully in such a storm.

Those who are competent to decide, declare that never have the prospects of Lake Pleasant Camp been more auspicious as to numbers than at the opening of the thirteenth annual meeting. As far as the physical comforts are concerned constant improvements are going on, and the water supply and sanitation are most excellent. Water pumped from springs far out in the lake is distributed through hydrants to every part of the grounds, and the well-water, which is used for drinking purposes, is of crystalline clearness. The auditoriums are clean and shady, and nature never constructed one better adapted to that end. At the foot of the amphitheater and over the stands for speakers and musicians, the silvery waters of the lake

gleam through its fringe of trees, not only preventing any annoyance or discomfort from that direction, but affording a delightful resting place for the eye. Mr. B. M. Budgeon has a new set of bath rooms on Montague street near the hotel, and under the handstand on Lyman street, R. O'Hara of Greenfield keeps a news-stand, where the JOURNAL may always be found. He also has a fine selection of flowering plants into which campers make great inroads.

The genial President of the association, Dr. Joseph Beals, and his excellent wife, are here, ready to aid by word or act any who may need such friendliness. The superintendent, Mr. Henry, is ubiquitous, and the new campers are not likely to let him rest from his labors.

The new bridge to the Highlands is a very great improvement to the camp. It brings that charming suburb very near, and renders it, in many respects, the choicest part of the ground to those who desire occasional quiet and solitude. It is built in a substantial manner. The view from it of the lake, is a picture to be remembered. Mr. Barnard manages the hotel to the satisfaction of his guests of which there are already a goodly and constantly increasing number.

Different portions of the country are already well represented. From Brooklyn there are, beside Judge and Mrs. Dailey, his sister, Mrs. Boardman; Mrs. S. B. Nichols and Miss Blanche Nichols and Mr. and Mrs. Rynus, and most of the Eastern States have their quota. Among them are a number who have been here every year since the camp consisted of a gathering of a few A tents. Some of them, in recalling the names of those who were prominent campers here in years past, but have now gone to join the heavenly host above, recall the names of between seventy and eighty who are no longer in the flesh. It seems a great number, but most of them were well along in middle life before joining the Association.

The arrival of the Fitchburg band on Saturday morning made a pleasant excitement. The principal points are beautifully lighted by electricity.

On Sunday morning a goodly crowd assembled to participate in the opening exercises of the summer session. After music Dr. Beals gave a short address, teeming with retrospect of the past twelve years, and of hope for the future. He mentioned with much feeling five persons, who had been somewhat prominent in these meetings, and who would be missed by all, as they have, within the last year "joined the great majority." They were Mr. S. W. Lincoln, Hartford, Ct., who came here with the expectation of passing away before the close of the gathering, and who went late in August. The others were Mr. M. V. Lincoln of Boston; Mr. N. D. Ross of Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. L. A. Pasco of Hartford and Mrs. E. Severance of Boston.

Of Judge Dailey's address, which followed, I can only give a brief abstract. His theme was "Demonstrated Immortality is Essential to human Progression." After referring to the auspicious opening of the thirteenth convocation of the Association, the speaker said the grounds where they were convened were chosen by the Spirit-world as well adapted to so great a use. The dry and sandy soil was able to bear pine and fir trees which perfumed the air with health-giving odors, while St. Jacob's well was yielding waters impregnated with mineral substances which invigorated and toned the physical man, and from the spiritual side of nature the spiritual wants of men were administered unto. He also said the lakes were reflecting the skies and scenery around. He asked, have you ever thought of the close relations of heaven to earth; that they are ever interchanging; that one seems largely dependent upon the other; that nature in herself is a moral teacher, and the law of rewards and punishments is nature's law, and the doctrine of atonement was older than the creeds of the churches, and that a vicarious atonement of late, was so precarious that good men did not need it and bad ones were afraid of it? The lecturer then proceeded to speak of the spiritual side of nature, and to show that as a study and science it had been neglected because its possibility had been ignored. Persons who wished to attain spiritual knowledge should draw in the kites of their imagination and commence at this, not that, end of the line; that the social condition of people was such the issues raised must be met. These great problems would be more easily regulated by a knowledge of the divine law of our being, and that so long as their existed, in the minds of persons an uncertainty as to the future life, as we all know there is in so many millions, such persons are bound to get all they can of good out of this world, and as there is a great difference in the minds of people as to what is good, there must be over reachings and oppressions, and the unfortunate will be putting an end by their own hands to all they can of their own existence. The speaker then proceeded to elaborate the premises, pointing to the effect of the dissemination of spiritual knowledge when found to have a basis in facts. He referred to the great teachers in all ages having given evidence of spiritual influences, dwelling at considerable length upon the so-called "demon" of Socrates, and of the great work of that philosopher who, like Jesus of Nazareth, left no writings behind. He spoke of the condition the world would be in if it adopted and acted upon true spiritual principles, but said the phenomena was essential as it ever had been and ever would be. He referred to the letter of R. Heber Newton to the editor of the JOURNAL, and of the position of some other leading divines who encouraged the investigation of spirit phenomena from scientific standpoints in order to prevent fraud to the end that Spiritualism should be shown to have an unquestionable basis in fact.

Publisher's Notice.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, thirteen weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

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The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands.

Specimen copies of the JOURNAL will be sent free to any address.

President Cleveland has signed the Oleomargarine bill.

The National debt decreased \$9,049,104 during the month of July.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

It has never fallen to my lot to record a more and because more, or one will, I awakened more intense sorrow and heart-felt sympathy, than that which I now transmit to the JOURNAL.

Some four or five years ago Mr. and Mrs. Budgeon (formerly of the State of Ohio) moved to their new and beautiful cottage, four miles north of Sturgis, Mich., making it their permanent home. Their land is bordered in part by Crouston Lake; a large sheet of humid water, which, in these quiet evenings, looks as though it were a competition of silver and glass, so sweetly it sparkles in the midsummer moonlight. They had one son, Walter, and only one about 20 years of age; a young man of fine promise. He was the pick of the guard over his treasures.

On the evening of Tuesday last, he went down to the lake to bathe, but the waters, treacherous though beautiful, closed over him and he was drowned. Thus Walter Budgeon passed on to spirit-life July 27th, 1886. The funeral services were held at the house. They principally consisted of the reading of a poem by Miss Jessie Bishop of Sturgis; a young lady eloquent who has recently graduated from Boston, Mass.

The bereaved parents and sister have the consolation of Spiritualism to sustain them in this trying hour, and the very soul of sympathy is theirs.

Sturgis, Mich., July 30th, 1886. THOS. HARDING.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York.

The People's Spiritualist Union meets every Sunday evening at 230 and 745 P. M. No vacation for hot weather.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street, Mrs. T. B. Snyder, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Dr. J. Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice-President; Dr. George H. Perce, Secretary; F. S. Maynard, Treasurer.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Grand Army Hall.

W. R. MILLER, President. E. J. HULING, Secretary.

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Among spring preparations, do not neglect that which is most important of all—your own body. During the winter the blood absorbs many impurities, which, if not expelled, are liable to break out in eruptions of other diseases. The best spring medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It expels every impurity from the blood, and gives strength to every function of the body. Sold by all druggists.

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THE WEST SHORE RAILWAY IS THE ONLY ROAD RUNNING THROUGH CARS FROM BUFFALO TO LAKE PLEASANT CAMP.

For Excursion Rates from all Points on this Line Refer to Local Agent or Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting Circular. See Camp Advertisement in another Column of this Paper.

Train Schedule.

Train leaving Buffalo at 4:45 A. M., reaches Lake Pleasant at 6:30 P. M.; Train leaving Buffalo at 4:50 P. M., reaches Lake Pleasant at 6:10 A. M.; Train leaving Buffalo at 9:10 P. M., reaches Lake Pleasant at 12 noon.

The "West Shore Route" has a passenger equipment unsurpassed by any in the world, and does not propose to be outdone in enterprise or facilities by any other line. All visitors to Lake Pleasant from West of Albany and Michigan Central or some other line, they will at an agreeable long trip in the same car provided the change is made at a convenient hour and without worry of annoyance as is the case in this instance.

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Are caused by impurities in the blood, the purification of which eradicates the unhealthy germs from the system and wards off many fatal maladies. At the urgent request of many Catarrh, Bronchitis and Hay Fever patients

AUNT MARY

A Little Picture.

Robert Collier says: "I treasure a little picture by Millais of a woman standing in the sea. She is bound there, and the waters are rising about her. No hope for her; she is doomed to that, and must die. But the face is turned upward, by just a thought, as we should say, and she seems to shine with a great light! It does not occur to you that she feels the waters creeping about her? Her heart is in heaven; but under the picture you read these lines:

"Murdered for owning Christ supreme
Head of the Church; and no more crime,
But for not owning Prelacy,
And not abjuring Prelacy;
Within the sea led to a stake,
She suffered for Christ Jesus' sake."

Paris of one Great Whole.

All creeds and pathies are but parts of one great whole.
Too big for undeveloped minds to grasp, or harbor
in their souls;
And whatever be our present views or just concep-
tion.

A belief in Modern Spiritualism is no exception.
—Daniel White, M. D.

Mrs. E. L. Watson at Santa Cruz.

Unity Church was well filled last evening with an audience who were evidently much interested by the talk given by Mrs. E. L. Watson, the Spiritualist speaker. It had been announced that the exercises would consist of the answering of any questions that might be handed in. After an eloquent invocation to the Divine Spirit, Mrs. Watson took up the questions as they lay on the table before her, and proceeded to reply to them. The answers were to the point, couched in elegant language, given without a moment's hesitation for ideas or for words in which to clothe them, and although much of the subject matter necessarily consisted of assertion without attempt at proof, since the questions were numerous and time pressed, there were many times when her words warmed into positive and glowing eloquence, especially in reply to the last question up, "Is Prayer to the Deity Beneficial?" This was a magnificent tribute to the beneficence of heart-felt, sincere prayer which held the closest attention of the audience. Other questions answered were: "What is the Difference between Congregationalism and Spiritualism?" "Is Theosophy a higher grade of Spiritualism?" "Will other Worlds be added to our Solar System?" "At what time and for what purpose was the Pyramid, now being unearthed, built?" "Is Materialization Possible?" In answering the latter, Mrs. Watson took occasion to denounce in no measured terms, the fraudulent cabinet and other so-called materializations, so largely advertised. She declared that it was an utter impossibility for the spirit to absolutely resemble the earthly form once laid down and that materialization, which has really occurred but very seldom in the world's history, was an occult chemical process requiring utmost science on the spirit side as well as the material. The lady was listened to with closest attention and held the interest of her audience from first to last.

Mrs. Watson spoke in the morning on "The Philosophy of Life," of which she took a wide and comprehensive view, and, possibly, few a little too high for any save the most philosophical thinkers.—Santa Cruz Daily Surf.

Women Preachers.

The installation of a lady as a Congregational clergyman (or clergy woman) in Iowa, says a Chicagoan, suggests another new field for the employment of women. Hitherto, women as pastors have been recognized only among the Universalists and Unitarians, although there may have been now and again an unnoticed exception to this general rule. Congregationalists, as a body, are more conservative than either of these denominations—more conservative, indeed, than many of the so-called evangelists. But a woman pastor and preacher is, in any case, a startling innovation. Such a one would be certain to upset most of our long-settled ideas of what a priest, clergyman, or pastor should be. Formerly it was said that there were but three sources of income for single women outside of domestic service—teaching, bookkeeping, and novel-writing. The pulpit will open a new field of employment. It will be likely to absorb the literary element. In some respects, this is a consummation devoutly to be wished. We may admit that the best novels are written by women; but there are too many novels written. The weak, wishy-washy, everlasting food must be checked somehow, no matter what is responsible for its character or its volume. And, since women write more than one-half the novels of the time, a new turn for their employment would be a boon to the race. Let nobody suppose that men want a monopoly of novel-writing. They cannot have it if the women write the most entertaining stories; but it is only desirable that there shall be a diminution of the supply.

Mr. Colville's Classes in California.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Consequent upon the publication, in the JOURNAL of July 17th, of my remarks concerning Mr. Colville's classes in "Metaphysical Healing" at the Oakland camp meeting, I am credibly informed that, of the \$500 or thereabouts realized from the said classes, Mr. Colville received only \$100, the remainder falling to the camp meeting association. To this, it appears, contracted with Mr. Colville to teach the class during the sessions of the camp meeting for \$100. Public announcement being made that a class of about a hundred were receiving instruction from Mr. Colville, at \$5 per head, and the private agreement between the association and Mr. C. not being public property, the unavoidable conclusion was that Mr. C. was the recipient of the entire amount realized.

I learn that Mr. Colville has two large classes at present in San Francisco. The funds therefrom derived accrue, I am told, to Mr. Colville's lady business manager, who accompanied him hither from the East.

Mr. Colville is speaking three times per Sunday in Tempe, to large audiences—his evening lectures attracting from 1,200 to 1,500 auditors. I am glad to hear that Mrs. Watson's health has improved somewhat.

WM. KIMMERT COLEMAN.

The largest rattlesnakes are in Texas, on the lower Rio Grande, where they sometimes attain the length of twelve feet and are heavy in proportion. The smallest are the "horned" rattlesnakes of Arizona, New Mexico and southern California, which reach a length of two feet. They have two little excrescences over their eyes, and are full of devilment. They have rattles but seldom use them, preferring to lie half hidden in the sand until stepped on, when they remember. The sand or desert rattlesnake is also small and pretends to be on neighborhood with the prairie dog, whose burrows he occupies. I have to believe that when the rattlesnake inserts himself in the boom of a prairie dog's family he does so on fraudulent grounds and is unwittingly entertained. The prairie dog carries life insurance and cannot afford a quarrel, and the snake is mean enough to take advantage of him.—Texas Siftings.

Around the shapely twenty-eight-inch waist was a pink satin belt supporting a red-white-and-blue sash. From right shoulder to left hip was a garland of marigolds twisted with green ribbon ending in an elaborate bow largely mixed with lavender silk. Around the back was a cascade of black feathers, while the hat, swathed in pink mull, had four red feathers, drooping limply in the 90 degrees of weather. Coarse brown-and-white stockings and clumsy slippers with red bows and gilt buckles graced her not diminutive feet. This is the way a California country girl was rigged out when her bean took her to the Fourth of July celebration on the fifth.

While May Walsh was walking on Sixth avenue near Forty-seventh street, New York, on Friday, she was suddenly whirled into the air to the height of the elevated railroad track and then thrown against an awning, and from that to the sidewalk. The cause of this remarkable accident was a telegraph wire which was strung across the avenue. The fastening on the east side was against a house, on the west on a pole on the northwest corner of the avenue and Forty-sixth street. The house fastening had broken and let the wire fall across the track and on the pavement. A southward-bound train caught it and carried it along till it caught the woman and swept her into the air.

A man's kick is not as certain to hurt as N. K. Brown's. See Jamaica Ginger is certain to cure pain.

AYER'S PILLS.

AYER'S act directly on the digestive APILLS organs, promoting a healthful action, imparting strength, and eradicating disease. These Pills contain no mercury, or other dangerous drug. **For the past two years I was troubled, constantly, with pain in the side and back. My stomach was also in a disordered condition. After taking many remedies, without relief, I tried Ayer's Pills, by the use of which, for only a few weeks, I was cured.—T. T. Sampson, Winona, Minn.

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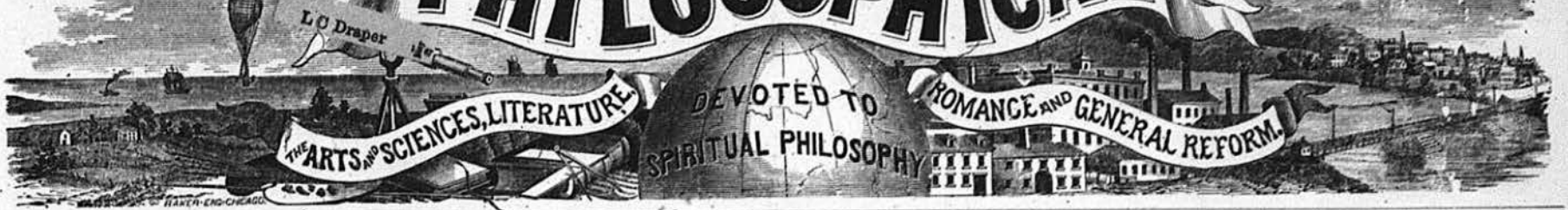
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VOL. XL.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 14, 1886.

No. 25

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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WHAT IS IT TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Pastor of All Souls (Unitarian) Church, Chicago.

CHRISTIANITY VAST, COMPLEX, GROWING.

I well realize that this question which I have taken for my subject is, as yet, not only an unanswered but an unanswerable one. It is a question nearly nineteen hundred years old; one over which scholars have toiled and generations have quarrelled. For the solution of this question sects have been formed, denominations have been organized, and an uncounted wealth of money, blood and life has been invested, and still we are perhaps farther from a conclusive and unanimously accepted answer now than ever before. This is not because the word "Christian" stands for so little, but because it stands for so much; not because of its emptiness, but because of its fullness. The words "Christian" and "Christianity" are no exceptions to the other great words of literature and life. Who will give us a final definition of the words culture, civilization, art, music, poetry, or that word that represents the awakening of Europe known as the Renaissance? These words are difficult to define because they stand for great, growing and complex realities. They stand for any of your definitions with a plus. Only children are satisfied with simple answers. Childish minds alone are content with easy definitions. The dictionary always leaves out more than it includes. Clear-cut and exact classifications are possible only to the ignorant. The primary text-books in science are nicely diagrammed, and the various departments are clearly classed; but more mature study discloses to the student that these classifications in geology, botany, and kindred sciences conceal more than they reveal. More thought shows that even the stone leaves of geology melt, become fluid and plastic; they flow the one into the other; they interlock and overlap; and the true biologist knows that his classifications represent no final or conclusive lines. Small minds alone are certain of their own definitions. By the time we have defined to our own satisfaction the words love, soul, Christianity, God, we have very likely missed that which we tried to put into our dictionaries. Analyze your flower, separate it into component parts; whatever the result may be, one thing is sure—you have spoiled your flower.

No simple definition of Christianity can long obtain, because Christianity is not a simple thing. It is one of the most complex outcomes of human nature. It is a great river flowing through the fields of human history. Its origin can be traced not to one single spring, but in it have converged living streams that have flowed from Egyptian, Grecian, Roman and Gothic sources, as well as that stream which sprang from the Judean fountain. And the liturgical elements from Egypt, the organizing instincts from Rome, the metaphysical and theological tendencies of the Greek thought that came into it through Alexandria, are, historically speaking, as much an organic part of Christianity as the ethical and spiritual contribution of Judea. These former elements were as necessary to its success. They have been an essential part of Christianity. Without them Christianity could not have been, or being, it would have fallen short of its great work. Jesus himself is as much a complexity as that movement which bears his name. In his veins the blood of prophet and priest combined. Spiritually he was a product of the discipline of the one as much as of the insight of the other. Bills of thought from Babylon, Assyria, Phoenicia and Egypt had joined to form the stream we call the Hebrew religion, a product of which was Jesus. Any attempt to understand or adequately define this implies a knowledge of those. Any definition, then, of Christianity that leaves out any of these legitimate and potent factors

is open to challenge and liable to be disputed.

Jesus was born at a time when Judea stood on the picket line of a new order of things. When Jesus walked the streets of Jerusalem there fell upon his ears the varied notes of diverse and antagonistic races and languages. Hebrew was the language of the church; Greek and Latin was the language of the state; Aramaic was the language of scholarship, and Aramaic was the dialect of the street. Out of these seething elements was born the new prophet to interpret the deeper life of a great mind-opening age.

What wonder, then, that this great stream, still rolling on, baffles all attempt to measure, define or limit it? It is not now, and never was, a definable, measurable quantity. Subject to exact scientific description. Small things, secondary things, dead things, are subject to scientific manipulation and definition, but primary things, growing things, great things, defy your catalogue; they baffle your dictionary maker and distract your theological surveyor. Your oak will crack the flower-pot in which you planted your acorn. You can't raise your apple in a green-house, an eagle will not survive in a cage, and the river will not stay within your dikes and dams.

TESTS OF CHRISTIANITY.—THE RACE-TEST.

See how this is exemplified in the history of Christianity. Every age has tried its hand at defining "Christianity" and specifying the requirements of a "Christian," but every such attempt has been disappointed. Popes, councils and synods have repeatedly flattered themselves with the idea that they had perfected the definition and settled the question, but inevitably life and principles that claimed with reason the name Christian jumped their fences and appeared outside of their inclosures.

Look at some of these ineffectual attempts to bound that which has not yet reached its boundaries, to circumscribe that which is changing and growing. The rudest and most superficial as well as the earliest attempt was the Race-line, the class-distinction. Christian fellowship and privileges were available "only to those who belonged to the Chosen People," a special caste. The true church is "our church." "To be a member of Christ's kingdom you must belong to our people." Paul stood alone among the early disciples against this race-line. Peter had backed in the sunshine of the generous love of the Master, he had seen his righteous indignation against formal pretension and his indifference to tradition, he knew that Jesus had found fellowship with publicans, he had seen him converse with the despised Samaritan at the well, he had heard him rebuke the pretensions lawyer by the example of another Samaritan, he must have felt that enthusiasm for the pure heart and consecrated spirit, wherever found; and yet, when the quickening presence was withdrawn, and the few uninfluential representatives of a new movement were left shivering in the neglect and contempt of a confident orthodoxy, all prophecy seemed uncertain, the inspiration of the present and his faith in the future faded, and his old narrowness closed in on him. "It would not do to let go the time-honored lines. The customs of the fathers were more real, after all, than these great unformulated principles of the spiritual life," thought he. The unlettered and narrow-minded fisherman came to the front and crowded the disciple back. Peter knew very well the narrowness of his own race, the bitter opposition of his church officials. He had also heard of the Gentile eagerness, the readiness of the Roman to listen, but he did not dare trust the blessed gospel of love and good life by itself. He was alarmed at the breadth of this radical Paul, who had already begun to declare his gospel fit for Jew or Gentile, bond or free. "This new thought must be bolstered up by a little ritualism, a Jewish ceremony or two. If the Chosen People did not accept this great light-bearer as their Messiah, God-commissioned, better perhaps that his name be forgotten, his name die out, than that the Jew should come down from his sacred position and mingle with the motley crowd and meddle with things unclean." It was while his head was full and his heart was torn by some such theological questionings as these that the vision came to him—a hungry man's dream of plenty. There was offered him to eat what his religious convictions had pronounced unholily. "He would not eat that which was common and unclean," and the voice said, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." Soon Peter had an opportunity to apply the principle taught him in the vision. He was summoned to visit a Roman soldier, the unclean officer of an unclean people, according to his theology. He finds to his surprise an Italian who is a just man, a God-fearing man, of good repute even among the Jews; a man of prayer and helpfulness, who is anxious to hear more about this new gospel. Then came the words of my text that broke over the narrow barriers. They opened the door for Judean Christianity that it might pass out into the broad field of the world: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is acceptable to him." These words reach out for the inclusive brotherhood of goodness. They will ever break through any exclusive partitions men may try to build in the name of religion. For the infinite Father is no "respecter of persons." Rich or poor, learned or ignorant, high or low, black or white, he who worketh righteousness is accepted of him. No distinctions which divide men will ever

run parallel with the love and the righteousness which Jesus taught and practised. They cannot be made the inclusive lines of such a religion. No people ever tried so hard or came so near to succeeding in this direction as the Jews, but even through the legends and history of the Bible we see how futile is the attempt. Abraham meets Melchisedec, a priest to the true God, among the idolaters of Canaan; Jethro comes to counsel Moses from the wilds of Arabia; the Zidonian widow sweeps her meal box for the hungry Elijah; Job, from the land of Uz, holds fast to his integrity; Jesus points approvingly to the despised Samaritan, and Peter, to his astonishment, finds the devout Cornelius.

THE RITUAL TEST.

The second attempt to describe and bound Christianity was the sacramental one. The test was to be an Ordinance, the right to the Christian title to be won by an ecclesiastical rite. Without this, religion seemed bare and unreal. Men were afraid to trust it in the simplicity of Jesus. Peter's statement in the text was too intangible a test. It was too vague. Doubtless some who believed in it said, "It will not do for common people. They want something tangible, definite." And so they began to limit Christianity with penances, indulgences, baptisms, and sacraments, until it came to pass that holy water was a more distinctive feature of Christianity than justice, mercy and truth. Constantine, reputed the first Christian emperor, deferred his baptism as late as possible that it might expiate the more sins, that there might be fewer uncancelled accounts upon the books of the recording angel. Lest death should take him unawares, he kept a priest near for an emergency. This test is not simply one of the "Catholic superstitions" that Protestants like to talk about. Many a mother in Protestantism has trembled lest her child should die ere the consecrating rite should be performed. The Christian name is withheld from many to-day if their names are not enrolled in the church-book, if they are not communicants at a so-called "Lord's table," if they have not passed through some peculiar phase of religious feeling and excitement. Indeed, many hearts are in a state of trepidation to-day to know whether they are Christian or not, or what they must do in order to become such. I speak not against any of these rites and ceremonies. I recognize their helpfulness. To me some of them are available, all of them have a beauty which I can understand; but as a test of Christianity or a measure of a Christian they have proved to be inadequate, superficial, mischievous and false. Who cares to know whether John Howard, Florence Nightingale, Dorothea Dix, George Peabody or Abraham Lincoln were ever baptized? Who stops to inquire whether they were communicants at any church table before ascribing to them Christian graces? Any one has a right to interpret Christianity sacramentally in this way, but there is certainly a larger Christianity than this. By this test Jesus himself was no Christian. He declared the Sabbath was for man, not man for the Sabbath; that not so much the outside, but the inside, of the platter was to be kept clean. He condemned the religion that was strict concerning the tithes of mint, anise and cummin, but neglectful of the weightier matters, judgment, mercy and faith. This attempt to fix the boundaries of Christianity violates the moral perspective of life. It fails to discriminate between form and essence, substance and appearance. These tests made a Christian of the man who would not touch upon the food found upon the person of the man he had murdered, because there was meat in it and it was Friday. His Christianity did not prohibit the murder, but it would not allow him to scandalize his Savior by eating meat on his crucifixion day.

THE CREED TEST.

Protestantism attempted a larger definition than either of these two, but it could not trust the Cornelian standard of righteousness. It did not dare rest it upon the foundations of Jesus's own faith. It said, "All this, but something more." It was love and duty plus a creed. Some intellectual conceptions must be insisted upon, some man-worded statement must be the final test of Christian discipleship. The ultimate measure was to be a logical, not a spiritual one. It was to be an attitude of mind and not a quality of life. It was to be a dogmatic conclusion and not a temper of heart. The difference between sound saint and heretic was made one of soundness of belief rather than of devotion to goodness. Oh, what sad havoc has this attempt to define the indefinite, to bound the boundless, wrought in the centuries gone! What so pathetic in history as the story of the Christ-like who have been branded as anti-Christ? Those whom the world now honors as prophets of the higher life went down into their graves with the fingers of these dictionary-making Christians pointed at them while voices were hissing "Atheist," "Heretic." Age after age the inadequacy of these logical enclosures has been felt, test-lines have been re-arranged and fence-boundaries enlarged, but the inclusiveness of to-day becomes the exclusiveness of to-morrow; and it will always prove so as long as the test of excellence is made a dogmatic one, or, if that is an ambiguous term, let us say an intellectual one. For religion is larger than reason, as God is greater than man, as spirit is more than logic, and as life is more than the words of life. In connection with this thought we recall the long line of creeds—the so-called Apostles, the Nicene, the Athanasian, the Five Points of Calvinism, the Thirty-Nine Articles, the Longer Catechism,

the Shorter Catechism, and articles of belief, confessions of faith, statements and test-words without number, forged for the confusion and the exclusion of many of the tenderest lovers of Jesus and helpers of men. Of these no more than of the rites and ceremonies would I be an unsympathetic critic. I recognize a truth in all of them and a beauty in some of them. They have put bone and sinew into the moral and religious life of nations, but as measures of that historic religious stream which has taken the name Christianity, they have proved doubtful failures. Still less are they an adequate measure of that goodness and peace which deserve the name Religion, and which find statement in the Beatitudes. Thousands of felons have ended their lives upon the gallows who never doubted the truth of a single one of the Thirty-Nine Articles, while on the other hand these creeds are gory with the blood of the innocent. They led to the torturing inquisition, they devastated the homes of the gentle and God-loving Albigenes, they anathematized Galileo for his devotion to God's truth as written in his own book of nature, they burned Servetus, they drove the Puritans across the seas and led them, in turn, to burn witches, hang Quakers, and hunt the Baptists into the wilderness beyond their borders. They to-day divide communities into narrow, jealous sects, more suspicious of each other's theology than they are emulous of each other's virtues. This hunger for something more tangible than goodness, more definite than love, more godly than God-likeness, is still at work trying to divide that which is indivisible, to separate those who ought to stand together. Thus the race-line, the ritual-line, and the creed-line have proved themselves inadequate to define Christianity, much less to define Religion, of which Christianity is an expression.

THE LIFE TEST.

One more test is to be considered,—that most emphasized by Jesus himself. "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." This is the Life-test. It recognizes, what I believe is true, that Jesus did not try to propound a theology; but to realize and exemplify religion. He taught not logic, but life. He sought not names, but things. He emphasized not words, but feelings, which alone make words valuable; not truth even in the abstract, but goodness in the concrete. He came not to ask men to subscribe, or to bind themselves to words. He came to proclaim liberty, not bondage. This life-interpretation of religion recognizes the fact that man's intellectual freedom, his right and duty to think for himself, is so important that the Almighty does not tamper with it, even though a man use it to his own disgrace and the dishonor of his Creator. Where then is the right of querulous bishops, noisy prelates, icy-hearted theologians, to mark the lines upon which the intellectual life of a man must run? Councils and conferences have no ability to circumscribe the fellowship of the heart by prescribing the words, which the head must use. Any interpretation of Christianity which excludes anything that is excellent in religion, or anybody whom the Lord of life loveth, simply belittles Christianity and makes it too small to cover the higher life of man and the broader reach of the soul. As long as there are any to go through a community with you and, with complacent and unconscious impudence, point to those as Christian and these as anti-Christian or non-Christian, those having no holier deeds, no greater saintliness, no purer lives, no warmer hearts, no deeper faith than these; as long as the hand of Christian fellowship is extended by many only to those who use the same religious vocabulary as themselves, go to the same church, and wear the same theological badges, rather than to all those who are seeking truth for truth's sake, who are heroically staggering under a common load of temptations toward righteousness,—there will be men who will challenge the definition, or else beg the privilege of doing without the name. This life-interpretation of Christianity makes belief secondary and love primary; obedience, not observances, essential; moral courage, transcendent heroism, a Christ-like faith in the verities of the spiritual life, its ideals. This would make Christianity identical with goodness, with virtue and disinterestedness, with truth, righteousness and love. It is life with God. It is harmony with his will. This is planting Christianity upon that about which there is little dispute. This makes it identical with universal religion, or at least an organized effort to realize universal ethics and universal religion; keeps it ever open to receive every good thing, every noble truth, every true man that the world affords. This Christianity will call nothing common or unclean that God has made holy. With Jesus it places every man on his own responsibility, and says, "Why do you yourselves judge ye not what is right?" I think I see in the whole history of Christianity a growth towards this development. I believe that to a large portion of the world the words Christian and Christianity will come to be interpreted by this life-test alone. But let us frankly admit, it has not come to this yet. There never has been a time when such a definition of Christianity or such a measure of a Christian would obtain, even with the smallest sect of Christendom,—and no one has given me authority to now make the dictionary. If votes shall settle it, then far the Methodist has a better right than the Unitarian to define Christianity as it is; and the Catholic has a far better right than the

Methodist, for the one represents the burden and triumph of seventeen centuries, while the other voices but the joy and glory of a little more than one century.

AM I A CHRISTIAN?

So I come back to where I started and say that no one has the power to make simple that which is complex. No single definition can monopolize that which carries in its bosom so much diversity. And when you ask me, Am I a Christian? I must stop and ask for your definition of the word before I answer. In religion, as in science and philosophy, the first duty of the student is to define his vocabulary, to understand the meaning he puts into his words.

"Am I a Christian?" I answer: If that means to believe in a supernatural Christ, a vicarious atonement, an infallible Bible, and a dual division of humanity at death, one section doomed to eternal pain, the other to eternal joy,—as it does to millions of souls who have as much right to define it as I have,—then I am no Christian! If to believe in the infallibility of the Pope, the essential importance of rites and sacraments, which have been an inseparable part of Christianity to the largest number of its adherents, then I am no Christian! If to believe with Paul in his speedy second advent of Jesus on the clouds to judge a world that is to be renovated by fire, and to accept the gospel stories of immanent conception, marvellous birth and miraculous power, as essential to the Christian faith, then I am no Christian! If to believe that the world was made six thousand years ago out of nothing; that, soon after, man became an alien and a rebel in the world; and that he has been floundering in the darkness ever since except where he has come into the light of the God Christ Jesus, through whose name alone comes salvation, then I am no Christian, then I am no Christian! And further, if to make any word or form of words whatsoever test-words and boundary lines, of fellowship and sympathy, is Christianity, then again I say, I am no Christian! Let me bring the debate down to date. If to be a Christian necessitates my denying that the word Religion carries broader suggestions than the word Christianity; if to deny that Jesus of Nazareth has kindred, that the word of God has revealed itself outside of Judea, that the kingdom of God has been sought and found by those who have never heard of Jesus, is a necessary part of a Christian's thought, then I willingly resign the name, which I have always honored and always aspired to merit. If to refuse to belong to any organization that withholds freest fellowship to any good man, if to decline to belong to any organization, sect or denomination that will exclude any one for opinion's sake alone, incapacitates me from being a Christian, then once more I decline the name I so much respect, and concerning which no man has ever heard me speak a contemptuous word.

I believe in worship as much as I do believe in thinking; and prayer, largely understood, is to me as natural, inevitable and beautiful as smiles and tears. I am nearer in my attitude of soul to the simplest Sister of Charity who devoutly tells her beads at the feet of the Virgin Mary than I am to him who regards all form of worship superstitious, or considers prayer a useless expenditure of moral force. But, on account of this difference from him, I rejoice to seek and find a fellowship with my "ethical culture" brother; and that church-door is too narrow for me which is not broad enough to let him in, and the pulpit is too small for me that is not wide enough to hold him in fraternal exchange. And if this disqualifies me from being a Christian, I will still hold on to my communion with all earnest souls and let the word Christian go.

I believe so much in God that I believe in scarcely in anything else. To me he is the totality of which all other things are but fragments. Without this unity in Him all is discord. But if, for reasons that, perhaps, it is not for me to understand, certainly not to judge, a brother hesitates where I venture, is silent when I speak, and doubts when I believe, but still is one of whom it may be said, as Theodore Parker said over the grave of one who called himself atheist, "O Father, though he denied Thine existence, he obeyed Thy laws," he belongs to my church, and any exclusion of him excludes me. Deny me the name Christian for that, if you will. I will not on that account lessen my fellowship nor cheapen my faith. He who said, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of the Father" is on my side. I hold to the thing, even if the name must go. Now again, I am bound to recognize the fact that, historically speaking, those who dissent from me and do make essential those things which I declare essential, cardinal those things which I regard accidental, have a far better right to interpret the word Christian than I have: that is, they have time past and the present majority on their side.

But if, on the other hand, to believe that we live in a universe spirited by law, that we are part of an infinite order, children of a tender Providence, heirs of an incalculable history that has been unfolding, evolving, from lower and simpler conditions than we can understand, up through crude and harsh forms, towards a refinement of mind and power of spirit immeasurably higher than anything yet reached; if to believe that man is there's religious being just as truly as he is a thinking or loving being; if to believe in God as the sum of all excellence, the totality of all power, the essence of all that is, the

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

GOD AND IMMORTALITY.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

Some days ago I received a letter from Mr. Wake, of England, a man somewhat known in the world of letters, in which was this acknowledgment: "I have read your lecture upon Immortality (or rather Life Eternal) (published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL) which you kindly sent me, with great interest and general agreement in its conclusions, if I cannot accept the philosophical basis of the argument." This last exception may not seem quite flattering, but that is a small matter. The harmony of sentiment upon a matter transcending every such minor consideration in its importance, is most gratifying. He has come to the same conclusion by a mental process better suited to his conditions. We have no controversy with the river because of its disregard of our straight lines, and its interminable deviations in every direction, because we are certain that its waters will yet reach the ocean. Human thought and aspiration ascend, and because they ascend are certain to find their fruition in the divine.

A worthy Dutch farmer living in the "Mohawk Country" in a former generation when religious sectarianism was more bitter than it is now, was asked which denomination he supposed was most certain to attain heaven, replied: "When I take my wheat to Albany, some say to me that this is the best road, and others that it is the best. I do not know which is the best; but this I do know: When I get to Albany nobody asks me what road I came, but whether I have good wheat." When a man's conclusions are sound, we can get along with his way of arriving at them. I respect and esteem every man that has this candor. It makes every experience precious, every mode of inquiry valuable. There is no need for cavil over the process, but every reason for satisfaction with the motive which inspires the person. The flowing stream is seeking an outlet, and so blessed as it flows; only the pool or the lake which has no outlet will stagnate and render the atmosphere around it mephitic with noxious vapor. The reasoning that exists above philosophy, the notions of cause and operation that sedulously exclude the Supreme Being from the thought, appear to me to be of this character, and therefore evil, only evil, and that continually.

Yet there is abundant reason for patience with those of diverse sentiment. There is seldom much ability of compelling argument, however. It is well to compare views with every one who may aid or be aided, for such is the highest use. We thus hear one another's burdens and fulfill the perfect law. But a struggle for mastery in an argument is little else than a waste of time and temper and energy. No one is ever convinced by these wordy disputes, but generally comes from them more fixed than ever in his peculiar notion. The experience of one does not fit the moral conditions of another. It would be as ill to adapt one's language and conduct to another's, as to wear garments at second hand—a thing neither neat, cleanly nor wholesome. The mental vision of no two individuals is quite alike. Great discrepancies often exist. When the sun shines the man perceives light, colors, and innumerable forms of beauty; the owl crows angrily over the darkness of the atmosphere and the visual obliquity of those around him. The color-blind are curiously conscious of the seemingly fanciful notions of others about various hues and shades. They are on different planes of sensibility, and their attempts to convince each other would generally be unsuccessful.

When philosophemes are the matter under consideration a like logic applies: It is well that it is so. Now, that we have no infallible church to limit the right of thought or conscience, no secular arm at its beck to maim or burn the dissenter, no Jacobin tribunal to cut the head from every one who believes or knows what the rabble do not, every one may walk in his own chosen path. Very fortunately the world is wide enough for each; and doubtless so is eternity.

Greatly to be admired and beloved are they who "look from nature up to nature's God." They are of the salt of the earth. Those that devour the mast and acorns, not bestowing a thought on the one threshing them down, are swine. But those who, having veneration, the highest of faculties in full exercise, look reverently God-ward, are divine men. They are truly blessed, and I would do them honor, yet I may not be bound to their method or shut up to their way. Though the low suggest the high, the external shape indicates the internal formative principle, yet the high and the interior are first and superior in rank and origin. The reasoning of the apostle holds good; that as no human being can know or apprehend things human save only by the spirit of man that is in him, so no one knows the things that are divine except by virtue of being inspired and possessed by the spirit of God. Although Professor Abbott and others like him may ably and even learnedly, as did Spinoza, deduce and elaborate a scheme of theism from science, and I praise their achievement as glorious, nevertheless I insist to myself that this could not and would not be done, except for having been previously endowed with that sacred ken which enabled them to perceive from their own interior selfhood the informing principle—that which is. Logic and reasoning which have no other element to elaborate except what is learned by observation, analysis and inference, can never be exalted above the material and phenomenal, nor become capable of arriving at or in any way cognizing the real truth. To know the truth one must himself be of its very nature—must himself be true, and so inspire it.

"As operating alike on all ages," says Francis William Newman, "perhaps the instinct which seeks after God and the infinite is the most powerful in man; let us follow out this great and glorious tendency." Every one will have just as vivid and perfect a conception of the divinity as he has the capacity in himself. To have a higher and completer concept, he must become a better and truer man. Superficially speaking, this is the man creating God after his own image, and there are scientists who have endeavored with much tediousness of speech to show that this is the all of God, that there is no God beyond each individual's notion of him. It would be as reasonable to argue that there is no ocean beyond each man's view of it. In each instance the mind grasps all that can be included in its circumscribed periphery, while the intelligence acknowledges the infinite beyond. We can find out God, but hardly to perfection.

Immortality has been alike the faith and consciousness of sage and scribe. Yet I do not like the way of speaking which treats it as a future life. It is the "not-dying"; and the "not-dying" has no such change as present and future. It lives now, not beginning in time, but always being above and beyond

it. The mission of the true divine teacher is not to communicate it, but to bring it to light; in other words, to open to human contemplation the life in eternity, imminent in time yet beyond it. What to our senses is apparent as future, to our real entity is present now. The nomenclature of our being—its essential selfhood is in and of the eternal world. Hence God and immortality are included by all thinkers and by all true seers in the same concept.

Memorial Day of Spiritualism.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

The subject has recently been agitated of holding an annual commemoration day for the friends of the cause who have passed into the higher life, and the initial movement was recently made by some New York Spiritualists. Pursuant to a call, they met on the 12th July at the Perine Mountain Home, near Summit, N. J., about twenty miles out of the city, and organized an association whose purpose was set forth as follows:

"The object of this association is to encourage the observance annually of one day in the flowery month of June as a day of pleasant and grateful remembrance of those Spiritualists, endeared to us from their prominence as pioneers in the cause, who have passed over to the other shore."

The following officers were elected for one year: Henry J. Newton, President; Geo. D. Carroll, Vice-President; F. S. Maynard, Treasurer; Samuel H. Terry, Secretary.

We give a short summary of the proceedings: Music—"Fide as a bird," solo by Mrs. Nora Weil of Chicago. The President, after thanking them for the honor, remarked: "This is a kind of Decoration Day in memory of those who have done the pioneer work. It is a large army that has gone from the mortal to the immortal to commemorate whom we are gathered here to-day. We do not propose to decorate their graves with material emblems, but to cull from the gardens of our hearts the flowers with which to strew the memories of the beloved that have passed away."

"Those who have not lived for the past thirty-eight years, know little of what those pioneers encountered. Some of them came up before me. I will name one—a Universalist minister—S. B. Brittan, who sacrificed more, perhaps, than any other man I know, for the cause of Spiritualism. He was offered the place Dr. Chapin filled, if he would take it without preaching Spiritualism; but he said, 'No.' For a man of such brilliant prospects it was a sacrifice few can comprehend. He is only one of thousands who fill our ranks that have battled with the foes within as well as without. We are called to-day to the same work."

Rev. Jacob H. Harter of Auburn, N. Y., who styles himself "Pastor of the Church of the Divine Fragments," was then introduced, who, among other things, remarked: "I was baptized in the Presbyterian faith, but they fed me on food I could not digest, so I went over to the whole-souled, free grace Methodists, but even there I soon had spiritual dyspepsia, and found what I thought a better faith with the Universalists; but I wanted to add to my faith knowledge, and went to the Spiritualists where I found that what we call death is only a pleasant change; only a thin veil exists between us and the dear ones just on the other side, whom we commemorate to-day on this beautiful mountain side."

After giving an account of his life as a working Spiritualist, his church being wherever divine fragments of humanity were cast aside by other churches as wayward, and it was his work to preach to them. He went on to say: "Believing that the Spiritualists have the best doctrine, they ought to be the best men and women, and do what they can to make the world better. 'The tree is known by its fruits,' and this work is a personal work. I once asked a man, 'Are you a Christian?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'but I don't work at it now.' 'We want working Spiritualists. Let us receive a more glorious baptism from the Holy Ghost, and then we will close with a loud amen!'"

Mr. John Slater, the test medium, then sang as a solo, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," rendering it in a very affecting manner, that moistened the eyes of many in the audience.

Mr. G. W. Kates, of Atlanta, Ga., editor of *Light for Thinkers*, then addressed the assemblage. We can give but a synopsis of his remarks:

"I rejoice always to be among Spiritualists, and especially so to speak here on this mountain top to-day in the interests of an occasion like this. We have met not to strew flowers on the graves of those friends of ours who have gone from this sphere of existence to a higher one—not to weep for their memories, but rather to ask for their further help. We live at a time when the windows of the spirit-world are open, and streaming down like the sunlight come the spirits of our loved ones to help-humankind. It is right to commemorate the example of those who have worked to attain the results we now enjoy, and I rejoice that here on this mountain top, there has been organized a society to meet from year to year to offer their honor and homage. Nor must we forget those who are working for us now. We need to be joined heart and hand in this work for the cause of humanity. I believe the work of the past can only be perpetuated and made useful to humanity, by a concentration of our efforts in organization. This is necessary to achieve results. As Spiritualists you are not to bow down and worship the phenomena, but you are to embody in your daily lives the living truths you are taught, and believing epitomes of these great truths. Have we reached this height? Are we ruled by the best desires? Do we live properly? Spiritualism must come home to our daily lives; if we expect to ascend to the great souls who dwell upon the spiritual mountains. You can not tell the glories of this mountain peak unless you come here and see, and I rejoice that this association has been born here. Let us endeavor to climb the mountain peak in our own hearts."

The Rev. Mr. T. B. Stryker of the Metropolitan Church of Humanity of New York, an inspirational speaker, then followed, saying in part:

"From the realms of spirit-life we would add our tribute to the memory of the vanguard who, having scaled the walls of bigotry and superstition, remained not in the mortal form to see the walls crumble and fall, but left on the annals of time a clear record of work well and nobly done. All honor and praise to the memory of those workers who suffered persecution for the truth's sake. All grand movements have required sacrifice. Spiritualists to-day, sitting in the sweet communion of the angelic world little know of the suffering and anguish paid as a penalty for the blessing. All honor to the memory of those who fought nobly in the heat of the day and gained the victory. They are worthy of the most fragrant flowers of our affection."

"We appreciate this movement to commemorate the memory of those workers who were worthy of your affection and sympathy."

From the emanations of your lives may you provide a rich floral gift to offer as a fit tribute to the workers who are watching over and working with you. Round and about you are gathered an innumerable host of invisible witnesses who join in this celebration. To those peculiarly organized individuals called mediums we have a word to say. You are the standard bearers of truth. You are rifts in the clouds through which the angel world peep. Keep your vessels clean and pure. Remember that the pure crystal water partakes of the vessel through which it passes. Seek the assistance of the angelic host bending over you."

Mr. John Slater next gave the audience some remarkable tests, prefacing them with a few remarks in which he prophesied success to the association.

Mrs. Milton Rathburn being called on responded also with a few remarks, as did Mr. Geo. D. Carroll, after which the meeting adjourned to meet together again next June, at the exact date and place decided on by the officers.

Personal Reminiscences of the Most Wonderful and Wonderful of Mediums.

The death of the most wonderful of Spiritualist mediums, Daniel D. Home, has awakened considerable interest in him and his astonishing powers and career, and some curiosity as to the facts of his sojourn in Springfield—for he made several visits here in the earlier period of his development, when as yet Spiritualism itself was but in embryo, and he was only one of the most remarkable possessors of the new gifts. The Rochester rappings, which made the Fox family famous, began in 1848, and yet they had become a more than national sensation in 1852, when Home came here a slender, gentle lad in his 19th year. There were already mediums here and there, and "manifestations" of the elementary, table tipping and rapping sort, were very abundant; in this city, as elsewhere, such things were awakening a great deal of interest, and a number of men and women were investigating the matter in the hope of getting some evidence of a life beyond death. There were in various parts of the country many cases of great excitement, sometimes running into insanity and resulting in death—as in the instance of Baylies Staples, of Boston, a young man who seemed to be taken possession of against his will, and who one evening entered a friend's house where a circle was forming, with the remark, "I broke two tables to-day and I have come to break yours"; and shortly after, as the table was moving, rose to his feet in a wild way, staggered and fell dead. Some of the most noted performances of this vicinity occurred at the house of Dr. Barron, of Palmer. There were many circles in Hartford; and among those greatly interested in the matter here were the late Rufus Elmer, John D. Lord, now living in Maine, the late Dea. Dickinson, and F. C. Andrus, a native of Minnora, who has for some years past been a resident in Spain and *The Republican's* correspondent from that country.

Home, who then wrote his name Home, and is still so called by those who knew him in his youth, has given in his first book, "Incidents of My Life," a brief account of his experiences here, or rather of the experiences of others through his strange gifts. The book is singularly modest and simple in tone, as it accords with what is said of his appearance and character. He was born in Edinburgh in 1833, and came to this country with an aunt who had adopted him when he was nine years old, and her husband. This aunt told him stories of peculiar influences around his childhood, and particularly of a vision he had when he was about four years old, "of the passage from earth of a little cousin, I being at Portobello, near Edinburgh, and she at Linnithgow," which proved correct. The first vision he remembered, however, was when he was about thirteen; in it another boy, with whom he had read tales of ghostly apparitions, appeared as a spirit three days after his death, and several days before the news of that event reached Daniel through the post. Home's mother had the second sight, and predicted her own death four months before it occurred, even to circumstances which seemed impossible when she made the prediction. It was shortly after her death, in 1850, that the rappings began to attend the youth, especially at night. Home describes the anger of his aunt, a good Kirk of Scotland woman, and the praying over him of the Baptist minister of Norwich, Ct. He says that the Congregational minister would not enter into the conflict, "saying that he saw no reason why a pure-minded boy should be persecuted for what he was not responsible to prevent or to cause"; but he does not mention that he was a member of that minister's church, as we learn he was, and that he was subsequently dismissed from membership on account of his mediumistic endowments. The minister was Rev. J. P. Gulliver, now a professor at Andover theological seminary. Home was forced to leave his home, also, and at eighteen was thrown upon the world, with three younger children of his parents dependent on him for support. The manifestations of rapping, moving of furniture, and conversations with spirits, occurred at Williamstown and Lebanon, at the houses of friends, and at Brooklyn, N. Y., where his case greatly interested the noted oriental scholar, Prof. George Bush, who was a Swedenborgian. So that Daniel was not without reputation when he came to this city in February, 1852.

At that time Henry Gordon was well known in this locality as a medium, and the youth went to his house. Rufus Elmer became interested in him on the first evening of his stay here, when he took part in a séance at Mr. Gordon's house, and in a trance told Mr. Elmer the names of all her family and of her children who had died, repeating the last words of two of them. While he staid in Springfield at this time, Mr. Elmer's house was his home, and he is remembered with friendly feelings by all who met him personally. He was a slight youth of medium stature, with a sensitive face, an abundance of loose, light-colored hair, and a just dawning mustache—not a noticeable person unless one observed him particularly. His manners were devoid of pretension, and whoever knew him intimately found him of a singularly sweet and winning disposition. The manifestations, at his séances were of a sort then extraordinary, though they have since become common. Tables were moved with great and irresistible force, often rising clear off the floor and floating in the air for several seconds at a time, sometimes turning entirely over. A statement was published concerning one of his séances February 6, 1852, where a great number of those phenomena were witnessed, which was signed by William Bryant, B. K. Bliss, William Edwards and David A. Wells. The last sentence of this statement was printed in Italian: "We know that we were not imposed upon nor deceived."

There is no need to quote from Mr. Home's

own account of the things witnessed in this city. Several incidents are recalled by others that he does not mention. One occasion is remembered on which two tables were placed together, nearly touching, the spaces between being covered by a cloth; lights were burning overhead; and hands appeared at this opening of various character, for the several persons in the circle. Mrs. L. C. Smith, Mr. Elmer's sister, recalls one sitting where hands appeared, and touched the members of the circle, and her own infant, then recently lost, seemed to come into her lap. Many who attended Home's sittings, had no experiences of the sort when they were near; Maj. Edward Ingersoll was one of these; as he says, he was fairly turned out, although he was conscious of no attitude of opposition.

Home's séances were not all at the house of Mr. Elmer, but many occurred at the house of John D. Lord, "Boss" Lord of the army, on the Hill, and there were others held in what is now Beacon hall. His gift of levitation, afterwards so frequent a phenomenon, was displayed here to some extent, and another thing peculiar to his presence in those days was the sudden mysterious illumination of darkened rooms, up to the degree of twilight half an hour after dark. This light was sometimes almost instantly quenched and darkness restored at the mental request of persons in the company. Home also possessed at that time the power of healing to a degree quite equal to that of the faith cures or Christian scientists of to-day. Robert Bannon described a sitting at which a brass dinner bell was rung under a table, and afterwards was brought up against the under side of the top with such force as to lift it from its legs. One of the strangest stories of Home in Springfield is of a séance at the house of a night spent with him at Mr. Elmer's on his visit in 1854, which is narrated in the "Incidents of My Life." This book, by the way, met with comparatively small attention in this country when it came out, in 1863. Mr. Home paid visits to his friends in this city when he returned after some years of marvelous success in Europe. In the spring of 1857, he was as simple and charming as in his manners, and felt a naive delight in the distinguished honors he had received from the princes, nobles and sovereigns of Europe. He brought out his jewels and showed them to his friends at Mr. Elmer's, spreading them over a small parlor table. There are two photographs of him in Mrs. L. C. Smith's possession, one taken near this time in Foughkeasle; another at Nice, on the Mediterranean, which represent him with quite a heavy mustache, and his light hair tossed back from his forehead; an amiable, interesting, but not strong face. One of these pictures bears his autograph, "D. D. Home," and in the corner the nickname "Dan."—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican*.

Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I was prompted by Dr. J. R. Buchanan's keen criticism of the mind cure, to look through a book entitled "Science and Health" by Mrs. Mary B. Eddy, President of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, a solid volume of 500 pages, the 19th edition revised, indicating a large sale. It is full of assertion and assumption; not without value, yet marked by strange absurdities. The verdict of some witty reviewer on a book brought to his notice may well apply to this: "What is true in it is not new; what is new in it is not true." Its truths are those of the power of mind over body, the healing virtue of healthy magnetism, the psychological laws and influences familiar to students in that department, which really make up all that is of value in the mind cure, and which are far better stated and set forth in older and better volumes than this. Of its new sayings on page 171, a few examples may suffice. On page 171 we are told:

"Physiology is anti-Christian. It teaches us to have other rulers beside Jehovah. Truth is not the basis of physiology. Putting on the full armor of physiology and obeying to the letter the so-called laws of health (as statistics show) have neither diminished sickness nor lengthened life. Diseases have multiplied and become more obstinate. The best interpreter of man's needs said: 'Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink.'"

Statistics, which she does not give, do not show what she asserts, but they do show better health with more physiological knowledge and obedience. This very Christian woman would make Jesus the teacher of thoughtless ignorance as to eating and drinking!

Magnetism is next served up on page 212 as follows:

"My own observation of the workings of animal magnetism in the past sixteen years, not only convinces me that it is not a remedial agent, but that its pernicious effects upon the human mind and system exceed those of all other remedial agents. It is literally a demerology."

clairvoyance is "illusion," so we are told. How thankful we ought to be to this queen of Christian Science, who thus tells us what servants of demerology our magnetic healers are, and how clairvoyants follow an illusion. She brings no proof, it is true, but the mere word of such a woman is enough, and she further asserts and assumes: "Magnetism (manipulation) injures the sick, and must always prevent a scientific result."

Spiritualism shares the fate of the rest, and in like manner. It is demolished by assertion. She says: "I gave up a respectable profession, and heard the soft impeachment that I had lost my wits, or become a Spiritualist, which seems to me much the same thing. Even if our departed friends are beside us, and are in as conscious a state of existence as before the change, still their state is different from ours. Communion between them and us is prevented by this difference."

This settles the whole question. No disproof of the facts of spirit presence is needed. No proof of the correctness of her statements is given. It would be superfluous. The mere unsupported word of the President of a Massachusetts Metaphysical College is enough, and so Spiritualism is ended. It disappears with physiology, magnetism and clairvoyance. They melt away like the morning dew, before the rays of the rising sun of Christian science!

We are told that "A Christian scientist never gives medicine, never recommends hygiene, never manipulates, never consults spirits."

What a blessing it will be when we ignore hygienic laws! But the most valuable information is also given as follows: "The Christian scientist requires 'Science and Health' for his text-book, and so do all his students and patients." When this book is well distributed the world will be safe. Nineteen editions is very well, so far as they go, but think of the untold millions, even in our Christian land, who never even heard of it! One more commendation of ignorance, em-

phasized by an assertion which cannot be proved, must be given, from page 178: "It was the ignorance of our forefathers concerning the knowledge (physiology, etc.) which to-day walks to and fro in the earth that made them more hardy than our trained physiologists."

No comments are needed to make more apparent the assurance and assumption in which this volume abounds. Its truths might make a brief chapter, but one need not go to this volume to find them.

The aim and effort of the writer to cast contempt on magnetic healing and Spiritualism and thus gain favor with the popular religious world are plainly seen. As an effort to set forth any philosophy of healing, the new and large part which is not true, so dims and confuses the lesser part, made up of opinions taken from others and which are true, as to make it of little worth.

Detroit, Mich. G. R. STEBBINS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Social Position as it Might be.

NO. 2.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

What is the relation of the nation to property? It is first that of protector, for without protection no one will produce more than he can eat, drink and wear. But protection to property costs money, therefore the nation calls for a portion of the property that it may use in protecting the rest. Our first thought here is that some need a great deal of protection and some but very little; and that in equity those who need most should pay most. So we see at once that it is the men who have most to lose who should pay the most for protection. But we must notice the distinction between protection to life and protection to property. The government cannot assess life to dollars and cents; but it demands that every life shall be held subject to the nation's need, and at its call a million soldiers die face to the foe. So it is to property that we look for means to support government and secure protection. But property is of two kinds; that which is being used for the purpose of active life, to earn a living, and make the surplus and gain of the year; and the other kind of property which is the surplus of past years, all stored away, and called wealth. It is this big accumulated surplus that is rapidly finding its way into the hands of a few millionaires.

The nation does not need to tax life just now, for it is in no danger; but it must tax property. As a matter of common sense which should tax the property in every day use which we call capital, or the property stored away, which we call wealth? Every dollar drawn from capital is so much taken from the very power to support life and earn a surplus; whereas the contribution from wealth is the collection of tax from the very source where it is practically unfelt; and from which, whether it be felt or not, it is good for the nation that it should be taken. So I now make my first proposition, which is that the money needed by governments of nations and states, should be as far as possible, drawn from property which is not needed for the support of its owner. I wish to state here that I have always been impatient of the study of "political economy," which has seemed to me to be based upon individual selfishness. I make no claim to originality, but hope to voice the thoughts familiar to thousands who realize national peril; and by so much point the way to united action.

We have already seen that under our present system the millionaire contributes but 2 per cent. of his savings to government expense; whereas the poor wage-toiler has to pay over 70 per cent. of what it might be possible for him to put by for a rainy day. This must be changed, or it means ruin to all alike. Take the man with an income of a million dollars. He does not need it, and cannot spend it, though that would be no legitimate argument for my present purpose. He now gets ten dollars out of every eighteen saved by the people, and he should contribute in similar proportion to the expenses of the nation. Tax him 25 or 50 per cent. of his income every year. Then grade the percentage of income tax lower and lower, till no tax at all shall rest upon the men of small incomes.

As for the possible objection, that a man will evade taxation by hiding his property, that is of little force. It is a law that all property not declared for assessment belongs to the State as being without an owner. I trust there will be no evasion then. I believe that would be good for the people to tax income until they become unprofitable to the owner, who is an accumulator run mad to the injury of his neighbors. That proposition covers all the nation's claim against property; but it leaves other ills untouched, so we will now take another step forward. The possibility of these huge financial monsters would be lessened if we compel justice as between father and children. Notice, that I am almost entirely what I am, by inheritance from my father and more remote ancestors. If he beget me after his glass of wine, or whisky, or beer, and sends life into the latent tendency that makes me dissipated, has he a right to ask society to support me, and thus father his mistakes? If he misjudge my character and bring me up so that I count as a social failure, is he to throw me on to the public—on to you for support?

Being a man he has his likes and dislikes; his preferences and favorites; and like almost every successful man, a tendency to bully and dictate to those at his mercy, so he says: "My son William shall have \$100,000,000 of my \$100,000,000, and the other heirs may divide so much of the remaining \$10,000,000 as the lawyers permit."

Yes! but a man has other heirs than those of his body. All society has an interest in his property, that it should be left so as to do no injury. In the first place it is a great injury to a community when wealth becomes concentrated; and secondly the foundation of true property is justice to all. In justice to the children all should share alike; and that is justice to society too.

So my second proposition is to prohibit a man from leaving his property away from his heirs; and compel him to distribute it equally. This will prevent any permanent accumulation of large estates, as nature's law of reproduction will operate upon the million, as upon other men. And see to it that the bastard child whose paternity is proved, counts dollar for dollar with the children of marriage. No law for the rich and against the poor; for the pope and the church against the fruit of a man's loins; but in justice to all alike point your effort to the highest standard possible to humanity.

(To be continued.)

Hersford's Acid Phosphate,

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 14, 1886.

A New Church View of Mind-Cure.

We extract the following from a late sermon delivered by Rev. L. P. Mercer (Swedenborgian), at the New Church Temple, this city:

A few months ago I called attention to the evidence of a popular reaction from materialism to idealism. It seems but yesterday that the wave of materialism carried all before it. Only matter is real. Thought is mere cerebration. The supernatural is imaginary. In the eyes of the present age, the power of all life, the atom and motion, behold the universal New Idealism, supernaturalism, occultism, are in the very air. Matter is only a shadow. Mind is all. Mind is God. God is good; there is no evil except error. Mind abstracted from sense is out of time and space, in communion with all mind and one with God. Disease and death are only sensuous appearances; a right mind denies them and so destroys them.

God will have a new church and a new religion. The time is come, and the forces are set in motion. They press upon all minds, upon all systems, upon all institutions, to unsettle and readjust and prepare them for the revelation that is to bring in the new day for mankind. The world feels a new impulse, and knows not what to do with it. There is much first to be done in the etheric realm and excess of unguided effort to think. There are old ideas to be broken up, and slumbering interests to be awakened.

Of the New Church, to which he belongs, he speaks with that complacency which marks the Swedenborgian:

Here the new church stands unmoved in the midst of all these fluctuations of thought. She has divine revelation from the Lord. She expects these movements before they occur. She knows the meaning of them when they appear. She can tell them as they come while yet they are beginning. This, from the guiding light of great principles, and the commanding stand-point of divine ends. All real knowledge of higher things comes from without, and is an instruction. Man can not think these things out for himself. Naturally he is averse to them, although he thinks he wants to know them. And when not aware of his faculties of themselves by no means reach them. The spiritual world in all its beautiful things God has made known. Heaven and hell are known. The relation of nature to the spiritual universe is known. All these things are matters of instruction, and must be taught or they cannot be attained. Spiritualism is somewhat old now, and of tarnished reputation through low associations and detected deceptions, but none the less it is the high places of society and the church and making disciples by the thousands. Christian science and mind-cure in its various schools, affirming that all cause and effect are mental and not physical; that matter is a manifestation of mind; that evil and pain are manifestations of wrong beliefs, and that when the thought of the immortal mind is brought into harmony with truth, which is divine mind, at evil and disease are overcome. Moreover, that the instructed mind may overcome wrong beliefs in another and thus remove evils and sickness.

Throughout the world, while the advocates of these mysteries push their propaganda, societies of psychical research are investigating the alleged marvels and discussing the theories. What says the TRUTHFUL DIVINE REVELATION that puts in a question?

As to matters of possible fact I answer: Can spirits communicate with man? Yes, certainly, though little to his profit. Man, while he lives in this world, is as to his spirit in the spiritual world in unconscious association with spirits there, and by the consent of his will under suitable conditions they may enter into all things of his memory and speak with him. Can one mind influence another while in the body? Can one thus affect the health of another mind, and thus the health of the body? Yes; it is the common law of social and spiritual intercourse. Mind is always acting on other minds, for good or evil. The body is only an effect and a means. The spirit is the real man, and spirit affects spirit.

The true spiritual life is to be attained, not by invasion into the spiritual world, not by spirits speaking with man and leading him by his ruling love, not by the omnipotent power of God's will over man's will, or by the help of good men and women acting against man's will, but by regeneration through faith in Jesus Christ, and obedience to what he teaches. As man contains his evil, which the word forbids as against God, the inflowing life of divine love unites itself with man's effort, removes evil, renews his mind and heart into the image and likeness of God. When man by faith and obedience comes to love what God loves, and think as he thinks, the power of his divine life flows into his spirit, and through it into his body. The effect of regeneration is spiritual health, which produces bodily health as far as hereditary conditions will permit. The effect of a redeemed and regenerated church will be a healthy humanity. In the meantime there is no short cut, no exemption from the effects of disorder, more direct than the maxim of our Christian religion, to love God and keep his commandments.

According to Brother Mercer, man has no adequate power of thought; spirit communication, outside of Swedenborg, is little to man's profit; mind-cure is of small moment; the world is really in a bad way, or would be had not Swedenborg given his revelations touching the spiritual world. He talked with angels, but only evil spirits come to

others. No Catholic holds more stoutly to Papal infallibility, no Protestant more firmly to Biblical infallibility, than do new churchmen to the infallibility of Swedenborg. By so doing they narrow themselves and belittle a great spiritual seer. Swedenborgianism is the most quietly complacent bigotry in the world, and has some of the most excellent people among its followers.

Religion in Public Schools.

Mr. E. C. Spencer, of Milwaukee, who is a member of the Visiting Board of the Wisconsin State Normal School, at a recent visit to that institution, addressed the school, and referred to the mooted question of religious exercises in educational institutions established and regulated by the State, and supported by general taxation. There was a special emphasis in the reference, inasmuch as such exercises in this school just prior to the address. After speaking of the great importance of religion to mankind, he proceeded to say:

"Doubtless seems ungracious to some of you that these ceremonies should be criticized by your presence and in the presence of your President. This is not a private institution. The Normal School is a State institution, and its purpose is to prepare teachers for the State, and to rear them to usefulness and honor in the State. Under the provisions of the Constitution of the State, this school can have no religious purpose. The State has no religious purpose to perform. Therefore, this institution has none. Teachers of public schools and in public institutions have, as such, no religious duties. On the contrary, the moment the teacher, in his capacity as such, begins to exercise religious functions whatever, to exert any religious influence upon the minds of those under his instruction, that moment he infringes the reserved rights of the people."

This is a strong and vigorous statement of the doctrine which the Independent bell-voes to be true, and for years has been advocated. The proper business of the State, a civil and political one, and the proper business of the individual, is not to propagate religion in any form, considered in its relations to God, or to pay the expenses of such propagation. This belongs to the individual conscience and to such voluntary efforts as the individual makes for the propagation of religion. We believe it to be best, alike for religion itself and for the State, that the two should be thoroughly divorced from each other, and that the latter should in no way attempt to regulate, control or propagate the former. It cannot do so without passing out of its proper sphere, and invading the religious rights of some portion of the body politic. Protection the State may and should afford; when it goes beyond this it is sure to become an oppressor, and may, as has often been the fact, become an outrageous persecutor.—The Independent, New York.

We are glad to see the Independent coming boldly to the front and uniting its efforts with those of Liberalists and Spiritualists to maintain our public schools untrammelled by sectarian teachings or religious instructions. There is no connection whatever existing between religion, and mathematics, astronomy, geometry and geology. The boy who learns the multiplication table, or studies the stern realities of the spelling book, or directs his attention in turn to the intricacies of grammar, acquires nothing that should be counterbalanced by religious instruction. Religious bigots, however, think otherwise. Archbishop Purcell has said: "The entire government of public schools in which Catholic youth are educated, cannot be given over to the civil power. We, as Catholics, cannot approve of that system of education for youth which is apart from instruction in the Catholic faith, and the teaching of the church." The Catholic said, some years ago: "It [the government] must either leave the whole question of education, as it does religion, to the voluntary principle, or it must divide the schools, as it does in most European nations, into two classes, the one for Catholics and the other for Protestants." The Freeman's Journal has said: "Let the public school go to where it came from—the devil."

Nearly all the Protestant churches at the present time favor the views set forth by Mr. Spencer, and even the advanced thinkers among American Catholics begin to entertain the position that it would be unwise to introduce religious instruction in our common schools. Another century will so illuminate the world generally, that mankind will wonder why their forefathers were so bigoted and foolish as to wish to mix religious instruction with the ordinary branches of a common school education.

Rev. E. L. Rexford's Protest.

On another page is a communication from Rev. E. L. Rexford, of Detroit, touching an editorial in the JOURNAL of July 24th, in which he was quoted and his language criticized under the heading of "Liberal Preachers Doubting Immortality." We spoke of the tendency toward dim and uncertain expressions, and an agnostic chill touching personal immortality among some of this class, and quoted from a report of a sermon by Dr. Rexford. We gave our understanding of his words, and he now gives his own interpretation in our columns. Can anything be more fair than this? Why need he talk of "a shabby sort of advantage," and of "the old trick of the theological habit?" That theological habit is to interpret a man's views and give their author no chance to reply. We have a different and a better way, and in accord with that way, Dr. Rexford is heard through our columns and all can judge for themselves.

We only know of his sermons by such reports as come to us in occasional newspapers, but we have never seen in such reports any clear and direct affirmation of individual and personal life beyond the grave, nor do we find any such affirmation in his reply which we publish. A Hindoo mystic believes "in the immortality of all life," but he believes in the absorption of life into the infinite whole, the cessation of man's personal identity which is lost in the all-embracing Brahman as the drop is lost in the ocean. But we leave all to infer what they please from his own statement.

The need of our day is clear and triumphant affirmation, born of faith and knowledge, that man's personal and individual life cannot cease, that what we call death is but a natural event, a gateway opening to a higher life; and the lack of such affirmation, showing, as it seems to us, a dim faith and almost inextinguishable ignorance of great spiritual realities, led to our frank but friendly criticism, and to the quoting from the discourse of the Detroit clergyman as a representative of a class. We have published parts of other discourses from him, and have held him as a

leading preacher of liberal and progressive opinions, broad views and catholic spirit, but in the closing sentence of his article are weak and pitiful words, which, allegiance to a great truth will not allow us to pass by in silence.

We are flippantly told of "evidences" produced by the "dexterity of piano legs or the tones that fall from peripatetic guitars in the blackness of the séance chamber," as though such things were the all of Spiritualism, while he "hopes still to cherish a measurable faith by virtue of other considerations."

This contemptuous fling at the sacred and cherished experiences and careful researches of a large body of spiritual-minded and intelligent people, and, indeed, at the whole spiritual movement is as unjust as it is absurd. Proofs of power in the dark are well enough so far as they go, but proofs of personal intelligence given in the light and accepted with conscientious care, of intelligence beyond that of any person present, show the real presence of people from the life beyond to the satisfaction of men and women richly gifted in mind and soul, eminent as scholars, jurists, reformers, scientists and thinkers, and bring joy and peace and higher thoughts to a host unknown to fame. Has this Christian preacher no higher thought or larger view than to suggest that dexterous piano legs and peripatetic guitars are the basis of faith held by Victor Hugo, Alfred R. Wallace, William Denton, Epes Sargent, and the large body of intelligent Spiritualists on both continents?

Died Cursing God.

A brakeman on the Pan-Handle Railroad told the following story the evening of July 21st, being unable to give names, but saying the occurrence was the only topic of conversation among people who were cognizant of the facts:

Yesterday a farmer living some miles beyond Steubenville cut a field of corn. The corn was very fine in quality and promised a large yield, but a sudden wind and rain storm prostrated it, and it was only good for fodder. This threw the farmer into a fearful passion, and he poured out a torrent of the most terrible profanity. "You ought not to talk that way," remarked one of the workmen; "it's that way," retorted the farmer, "if Jesus Christ was here in the cornfield I'd cut him up the same way I cut this corn." The man stood up erect as he spoke, and remained motionless. His companion, who was a quiet, church-going countryman, was greatly shocked at the speech, and continued his work without paying particular attention to his employer's movements. At the end of a few moments he turned to see why the farmer had stopped work, and he saw that he was still standing erect, and looked rigid and white. Receiving no answer to a question as to what was the matter, the workman approached the farmer, and found to his horror that he was dead, his eyes glaring fixedly upward. At first the workmen refused to touch the body, as they regarded the sudden death as a judgment inflicted by an offended deity, but some of the neighbors finally removed it to the house and a physician was sent for, who said that death had resulted from heart disease.

That the man died while cursing God is quite probably true. People die suddenly from a variety of causes. Two Roman matrons, whose affectional natures were developed to an extraordinary degree, had two sons in the army, and on recognizing their safe return from a battle fought near lake Thrasymenus, their joy became so intense that they died. History records that Sophocles at an advanced age, and in full possession of his intellectual power, composed a tragedy which was crowned with such success that he died through joy. Chilon of Lacedaemon died from joy while embracing his son, who had borne away a prize at the Olympic games. People sometimes die when cursing, when praying, when affected with great grief or unrestrained with joy, the excitement being so great that the functions of life are immediately suspended or paralyzed. Such deaths are not caused by a special act of Providence, but by the infringement of a natural law.

The Broad Church.

"The broad church," says Rev. James Freeman Clarke in a recent sermon, "will include all good men and women of every religion. It will be broad enough to include Socrates and Plato, Confucius and Buddha, Garibaldi and Abraham Lincoln—though some of them never heard of Jesus, and others never claimed to be his disciples. Its test of membership will at last be the words of the Master himself: 'Not everyone that sayeth unto Me, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.' The broad church will include in its fellowship not only the good people; but also those who would like to be good. It will have a broad Bible. It will find much more in the Bible than has ever been found before, and will make it much more the book of books than it has ever before been made; for it will see in it the current of spiritual life flowing through the ages; gradually unfolding from a seed into a stalk and a bud into a blossom; a history of man in every stage of his moral progress; a picture of humanity, and a balm of the soul. The broad church will take broad views of prayer, and its worship will be vastly more free and vital. Such will be the broad church, emancipated from ritualism, dogmatism, and sectarianism; having more of the mind and heart of Christ; leaving behind its old egotisms and vanities, its small ambitions and petty controversies. Instead of formal worship, insight; instead of formal worship, the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

Owing to the loss of time involved in establishing herself in the JOURNAL's headquarters at Lake Pleasant, Mrs. Poole's second and concluding instalment of the biographical sketch of Mrs. Mary F. Davis will not appear until next week.

The Faith Healers.

The faith healers are distinguished rivals of those designated as metaphysicians. In fact they claim to be the exclusive owners of the only divine method of cure. Relying on God with the simplicity and tenderness of innocent children, they assert that he responds to their urgent supplications for relief, and causes their numerous pains to vanish and their wounds to heal. The faith healers, we are frank to confess, do perform, apparently, some remarkable cures, and the metaphysicians, also, are not without their laurels, while many persons who are sorely afflicted get well without any apparent assistance from any source.

It is reported that the faith healers at 15 Washington st., are still at work successfully in curing disease by faith and prayer. At a late meeting an old woman testified to an answer to prayer received from God. Her daughter was bathing at the seashore, and with the utter recklessness of youth, she swam a considerable distance from shore. The breakers were high, and, although a good swimmer, she was overwhelmed by them. She finally gave up all hope and ceased her struggles, but murmured a silent prayer. She was immediately lifted on the crest of a high wave and tossed on the beach.

A man present said that a short time ago he visited a little girl who lay dying, who being asked if she wanted anything done for her, asked that those present pray for her. This was done, and to the surprise of every one the child recovered.

Boldly Proclaim Your Convictions.

The late Cincinnati Conference of Western Unitarians, has called out a good deal of wholesome thought and frank speech, and those of varying opinion agree to disagree in good faith and good spirit. Here is a refreshing word from W. R. Cole of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, in Unity of June 3rd:

"Two of our dissenting brethren believe in Spiritualism in its best sense, as does the writer of this, and it is our firm conviction that if those able men, in their conspicuous positions, would use the great freedom now extended to them by the Western Conference, and make a full statement to the world of their faith in the future life, and give the grounds of their faith in light of facts they have seen, and known, and felt, they would do more to advance far more than they could by preaching half a lifetime from a creed-bound pulpit, in a conservative church which always has stoned the prophets, and always will. And this is true of all other ideas that are precious to us. We can trust the free soul of man in its earnest search for truth. If we would have the prophets of the Lord in our ranks we must agree not to slay them."

True gospel this; a rebuke to the timid and bigoted in pulpit and in pews. Let all the clergy and laity in our churches who "believe in Spiritualism in its best sense," speak out and the wide air would ring with earnest words, gladly heard by timid and waiting souls. He who has a truth and keeps it wrongs the world and betrays himself. Let the waiting host of silent Spiritualists wait no longer, but utter boldly and frankly their good reasons for the faith that is in them, and so conquer the world.

Retrograding.

Herbert Spencer well says in an article on "The Factors of Organic Evolution in the Nineteenth Century."

At the unveiling of the statue of Mr. Darwin in the museum at South Kensington, Professor Huxley deprecated the supposition that an authoritative sanction was given by the ceremony to the current ideas concerning organic evolution—he said, "Science commits suicide when it adopts a creed." Already among biologists the beliefs concerning the origin of species have assumed too much the character of a creed, and while becoming settled they have been narrowed. So far from further broadening that broader view which Mr. Darwin reached as he grew older, his followers appear to have retrograded toward a more restricted view than he expressed. Thus there seems occasion for recognizing the warning uttered by Professor Huxley as not unapplicable.

This narrowness and intolerance among professional scientists, especially those of the agnostic and materialistic school, has grown absurd as well as offensive. The Popular Science Monthly, a journal of eminent merit in some respects, is as bigoted and contemptuous toward Spiritualism as any creed-bound priest toward the vilest heretic, and the scientific persecutors of some of our best mediums have been as cruel and unfair as any clerical bigots. This is not the true scientific spirit and we credit Herbert Spencer for his word of warning.

What is it to be a Christian?

How many times has this question been asked! How many times have definitions been attempted! Dogmatic assumptions have at periods times held sway; but theological dogma has had its day. The exceedingly warm discussion which has led up to the separation of leaders in the West heretofore co-operating under the Unitarian banner, has been repeatedly mentioned by the JOURNAL. On the first page of this number, an esteemed friend and one of the leaders of the radical wing of this movement is given space to tell what sort of a Christian he is not, and what kind of one he aspires to be. As Unitarian societies hold large numbers of Spiritualists, this is a matter of interest to the Spiritualist public.

Philosophy of Religion.

A series of articles on the "Philosophy of Religion from the Standpoint of the Mystics," prepared for the JOURNAL by C. H. A. Bjerggaard of the Astor Library, will be published forthwith. Although the "heated term" may not be the most propitious in which to publish such matter, the JOURNAL hopes these important contributions will receive the attention they merit.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. R. B. Anderson of Concordia, Kan., has added another photograph to our collection by sending one of himself, for which he has our thanks.

Dr. D. P. Kayner has just arrived from Colorado, and proposes to commence business in this city. He will answer calls to lecture, attend funerals, and give clairvoyant examinations. He can be addressed in care of this office.

Miss Minnie A. Barney of Syracuse, N. Y., won the first prize of ten dollars at the quotation contest at Chautauqua last Thursday. Miss Barney has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Chautauquan, published at Meadville, Pa.

We are told on unquestioned authority that the fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much. It is evident to the most ordinary understanding that very few really righteous men have been praying for rain this summer.—Tribune.

James Methven, a devoted Spiritualist, passed to spirit life on the 31st ult. Only a few days prior to his transition he called at this office. His remains were carried to Pana, Ill., for interment by the side of his wife who died six years ago.

A certain Pilgrim is putting out feelers to get the gauge of Spiritualist sentiment concerning himself. For the sake of his family and his own welfare, it were better that he quietly remain in obscurity. Dynamite will be mild compared with the bomb that is liable to explode if he does not. At least so the JOURNAL has reason to think.

Mrs. Emma Hopkins and Mrs. Mary H. Plunkett, after a season of brilliant success in teaching, "Metaphysics," "Christian Science," "Mental Science," or whatever name one chooses to call the system of healing and happily now so popular, have gone to Minneapolis. They have a class of sixty in that city and are creating much enthusiasm. Mr. H. and P. return to Chicago and open their hall season on Sept. 9th at the Sherman House.

Maj. MacRay, who "points with pride" to himself as a leading physician of Portland, Me., announces that he has located the Capt. Kidd treasure, and proposes shortly to unearth \$700,000 of it. The value of his discovery is somewhat damaged, by the fact, as he asserts, that whenever he begins to dig for it the treasure is surreptitiously shifted by the malign influence of the spirit of the defunct pirate.

The allusions by California correspondents to Mrs. E. L. Watson's impaired health seem to have created an impression among her eastern friends that she is seriously ill. On the contrary, the JOURNAL is happy to say she is gradually but surely recovering her old-time vital strength, and will be in good condition to resume speaking when her vacation closes. In the meantime her friends at a distance will do well not to tax her time and strength by expecting personal letters in reply to their kind and thankfully received messages of inquiry and friendship.

A New York correspondent writes:

"If societies in the West, or elsewhere, desire to secure lectures from Mr. J. Clegg Wright during the coming fall and winter, they will have to take early action or find themselves too late. I learn his engagement book is fast filling up and am anxious that the Spiritualists of Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis and other points at which I annually visit in the line of my business, and where I know many Spiritualists, should hear this able lecturer."

Mr. Wright's address is Newfield, New Jersey.

Rue P. Lamb writes: "There will be held at the fair grounds at Lake City, Michigan, under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists of Missaukee county, a camp meeting, commencing on Saturday, August 20th, 1886. Mr. Giles B. Stebbins of Detroit, has promised to be with us. A cordial welcome is hereby extended to all who believe in the pure principles of Spiritualism to attend. This society would be particularly pleased if Col. Bundy could be with us during the meeting. Rev. C. S. Lamb deserves great credit for bringing order out of chaos, as it were, and creating something like enthusiasm in the ranks of Spiritualists of Northern Michigan. We should be glad to have a genuine state writing medium visit us, yet for the present our society is not financially able to pay the expense. Several new names have been added to our society of late."

In an article on "The By-ways of Infidelity," by John T. Perry of Exeter, N. H., in the July number of the Bibliotheca Sacra, an orthodox quarterly, published at Oberlin, O., is found the following reference to the JOURNAL, and to its contributor, Mr. William E. Coleman. After speaking of the writings of Dupuis, Volney, Robert Taylor, the author of "Bible Myths," "Antichrist," and Kersey Graves, to some or all of whom is attributed unfairness and misrepresentation in their attacks upon Christianity, Mr. Perry continues thus: "It is a remarkable and honorable exception to this dishonest tendency of unbelievers, that Professor W. E. Coleman of San Francisco, an accomplished Orientalist, though far from orthodox believer, fearlessly exposed and sternly arraigned the deceptions practiced by Graves, and several others of his school, and that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL freely opened its columns for this much needed work. The writer and the paper have brought upon themselves a flood of bitter denunciations from the detected criminals, and the books are still circulated, just as if they were as unanswerable as their authors pretended."

Surviving Superstitions.

The many occasions where thirteen have died together and no one of the number has died within the time prescribed (and how often does this not occur in lines and other public places, and no one gives the matter a thought), these instances are of course completely ignored. A patient, who may have consulted several physicians without experiencing relief, finally turns to one of the many patent medicines advertised in the papers. After a time he feels better; perhaps the improvement is but temporary, as is so often the case in troubles of long standing, but then, oftentimes urged thereto by the proprietors of the wonderful medicine, he writes a letter of thanks, and anon the papers will herald the announcement. "Sure cure of all unfortunate by the famous cure-all," and then come some pompous names. Other patients think a great deal of the so-called "sympathetic" cures. When the moon is on the wane they go to a graveyard, taking care to speak to no one on the way; or they throw barley-grains over their head, backward into the water, meantime muttering some incantation. If the believers in these cures be questioned as to how they can place faith in such wondrous arts, they will refer to certain instances where such means have been successfully employed; but of course they can trace absolutely no connection whatever between the remedy and its supposed effects.

Prophecies of a similar kind, that do not, however, exactly refer to natural phenomena, can only be mentioned here. Thus, a northern light or a comet is said to be the forerunner of war. The relative position of certain stars at the birth of a child is by the superstitious said to bode good or evil. If a new place of work be commenced while the moon is on the wane, or on a Friday, the undertaking is doomed to fail. The belief in good and evil omens has survived thousands of years, and has come down to the present day; in fact, the influence which this belief has on the mind can only be shaken off by calm reasoning and self-training. Many other instances of superstition, still in vogue in our enlightened times, might readily be given.

All of these are false conclusions derived in the same manner: *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* (after it, therefore because of it). A careful comparison of different cases is not undertaken, no close scrutiny or investigation is attempted, no distinction is made between essential and non-essential conditions. From "The Prediction of Natural Phenomena," by Dr. Arnold Schaff, in Popular Science Monthly for August.

Matter Made Visible and Invisible at Will

You say "every material atom is enveloped by a spirit atom," I believe it. I would express the idea in this way: All is spiritual substance, so fine and attenuated that the physical eye can not see it until it is clothed upon by the material, the matter being merely the infusion of a force that impregnates and changes the texture of the spiritual. [We suggest the transposition of terms. All force is spiritual.] By will force a spirit may remove the material condition. In this way I have had small articles brought to the all, distances, up to two thousand miles, and I can prove it by living witnesses. I have also had the material atoms removed from and returned to a substance while I was holding it in my hand. In 1867, at the house of George Priestly, three miles south of Calamus, in Clinton County, Iowa, Mr. Priestly then and now a fine medium, was controlled by my father, and through him he asked me to read. I said I could not, as I had left my spectacles at Dewitt, twenty-four miles away. "They are not far away," he said, "go and get them;" and then the medium jumped up and led me out into the front-yard, Mr. Priestly, my wife, and two or three children following. Stopping at a large and isolated house of grass, he said, "there they are; stoop down and get them; put your hands in that grass; do as I tell you." With the palms pressed together I thrust my hands into the midst of the grass and drew them apart to separate it, when, behold! in one of my hands were the glasses, and there was not a speck of grass about them!

I give the above as one of many such instances. I have had things thrown through the side of my window without making a hole. A fish-line wound around a stick was thrown through the glass of my window, falling inside three feet from the window, and the glass was not cracked. Captain Von Hagan had left the fish-line down on the old farm, here in Milwaukee, and he and my wife were sitting beside me at home. "I then went under an 'influence' and said, 'something else has been brought.' The Captain says, 'Yes, and there it is,' pointing to his hat. Myself and wife then took a roll of brown paper from the rim of his hat, and in it was a fish-line the Captain had lost two weeks before.

Captain Von Hagan is now living in Brownsville, Oregon, and he will testify to the truth of what I write.—E. W. Cressley, in The World's Advanced Thought.

HINDU RELIGION.

The Mistake European Observers Make in Relation to It.

It is rather sad, writes Edwin Arnold, to perceive how completely some European observers mistake and misinterpret the Indian people on the question of their religion. They style them "idolaters"—imagine that Hindus attribute divine qualities to the uncouth figures, the red stones, the lingams, carved snakes, and grim Bhogas which they worship. Because they find Mahadeo adored in one place, Gopputi in another, Kali elsewhere, and trees, rivers, and cows objects of prayer, they suppose the Hindus, one and all, polytheists. Yet it would be almost as unjust to ascribe polytheism to Londoners because one church is dedicated to St. Matthew, another to the Holy Trinity, a third to St. Bridget. All these various gods and sacred objects are for the educated Indian mere "aids to faith," manifestations—more or less appropriate and elevated—of the all-pervading and undivided Brahman. Even the poor peasant of the fields, and the gentle Hindu wife, perambulating a peepul-tree smeared with red, will tell you that the symbol they reverence is not a symbol. There is hardly one of them so ignorant as not to know that cosmopolitan of Vedantism. "Every prayer which is uttered finds its way to the ears of Kishava."

Some of my readers may have missed in infancy an ancient tale, which I cite for its moral. A choir leader—it was in the days of Watts's unbridled—called on his pastor to suggest an improvement in the familiar lines of Psalm 92:

"O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!"
"Now," said he, "the harp is no longer used here; but every one knows this instrument on which I play every Sunday. Had we not better sing it thus?"
"O may my heart be tuned within,
Like David's solemn violin!"
"Yes," said the pastor, "but we can make it more familiar yet. How is this?"
"O may my heart go diddle-diddle,
Like Uncle David's solemn fiddle!"
—Prof. F. M. Bird in New York Independent.

Practical Christianity.

Rev. Charles H. A. Dall, whose death (in his seventy-second year) is announced from Calcutta, was graduated from Harvard in 1836, and had been preaching Unitarianism to the Hindus for thirty-one years. A story is told of the deceased which illustrates how he carried Christian precepts into practice. When he went to Calcutta as a preacher he took a house where there was a good opportunity for a garden, and better food of flowers, and devoted much leisure time to the cultivation of the Hindu spot. A woman lived next door who, for some reason conceived an intense dislike for her neighbor, and missed no opportunity to annoy him. Among other things, she persisted in throwing refuse over the fence into Mr. Dall's garden, greatly to his detriment. Despite his repeated protestations, couched in the friendliest words, Mr. Dall's garden, however, flourished, and finally blossomed. Gathering the first flowers, which were exceptionally beautiful, the minister made a bouquet, went to his neighbor's door, and asked for the lady. She came with an astonished countenance, but when he, with a friendly smile, extended his hand with the flowers, begging her to accept the first products of her garden, she was taken aback. After that she was one of Mr. Dall's most devoted friends.

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Chronic

Catarrh destroys the sense of smell and taste, consumes the cartilages of the nose, and, unless properly treated, hastens its victim into Consumption. It usually indicates a scrofulous condition of the system, and should be treated, like chronic ulcers and eruptions, through the blood. The most obstinate and dangerous forms of this disagreeable disease

Can be

cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "I have always been more or less troubled with Scrofula, but never seriously until the spring of 1882. At that time I took a severe cold in my head, which, notwithstanding all efforts to cure grew worse, and finally became a chronic Catarrh. It was accompanied with terrible headaches, deafness, a continual coughing, and with great soreness of the lungs. My throat and stomach were so polluted with the mass of corruption from my head that Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and Emaciation totally unfitted me for business. I tried many of the so-called specifics for this disease, but obtained no relief until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using two bottles of this medicine, I noticed an improvement in my condition. When I had taken six bottles all traces of Catarrh disappeared, and my health was completely restored."

A. B. Cornell, Fairfield, Iowa.

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Catarrh

is usually the result of a neglected "cold in the head," which causes an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose. Unless arrested, this inflammation produces Catarrh which, when chronic, becomes very offensive. It is impossible to be otherwise healthy, and, at the same time, afflicted with Catarrh. When promptly treated, this disease may be

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Susan L. W. Cook, 909 Albany street, Boston Highlands, Mass.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
"FORCE AND MATTER."

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

A copy of the work bearing the somewhat significant title above quoted was recently placed in my hands. I had heard of it before, but without any profound curiosity. I have been wearied out again and again with tedious discourses on the matter, till I became perfectly willing to relegate the whole subject to the everlasting dark where it naturally belongs. The individuals were generally garrulous, impatient of contradiction, not able to control their temper well, and apparently very unwilling to let any one speak except themselves. Presently they made me conscious of great waste of time that I could ill afford. There must be an end made of such things at some time; a life spent in controversy without a specific aim toward higher truth is virtually wasted. No one need wonder that I do not care to wander through the mazes which so many seem to delight in. Besides I am a learner rather than a teacher, seeking after knowledge rather than delighting in casuistry.

This work of Prof. Buchner, entitled in its native German "Kraft und Stoff," appears with two rare merits: an exceptional clearness of expression, and in an English translation so perfect as to be easily imagined to be the original form of the book. The author, however, is fond of adopting quotations from other writers of like sentiment to express his ideas rather than to illustrate them. The likeness of Prof. Buchner, which constitutes the frontispiece of the book, is itself a study. Those who believe in Phrenology, and hold at the same time that a man's physical organization is a fatality controlling his mind and character, will find evidence apparently very strong in favor of their belief. The head is large and well-proportioned, but has not what is sometimes denominated "the three-lobed brain." That part of the cerebral structure which pertains to what they style the spiritual faculties, appears to be little developed. Speaking as a phrenologist it is easy to perceive that a man having such a conformation of brain would be almost inevitably prone to believe or disbelieve as Prof. Buchner argues, and that he would write books of such a character.

This treatise is a summary of all the atheism and materialism that has been produced during the last two centuries. It is a masterly endeavor to exhibit Force and Matter as omnipotent and ubiquitous, God as a fictitious being, and immortality as a senseless dream and mirage of the imagination. Nevertheless, the writer is evidently not altogether candid, generous, fair, or even truthful in his treatment of the subject. When he stigmatizes the beliefs of others as superstition, he exhibits an unworthy temper. He would resent it, if we were in turn to proscribe himself as infidel—i. e., unfaithful to evidence or conviction. Yet the trend of his reasoning is in that direction. He affects to despise human nature because of its "longing for the miraculous and supernatural." He ignores willfully all evidence that is unfavorable to his own preconceived notions. He stubbornly gazes upon the underside of the clouds and denies the existence of the sun above it. Like La Place, he will perceive no necessity for such a hypothesis. If others have accepted the unknown for admirable—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*—he as clearly goes astray in the opposite direction. He will admit nothing that is beyond the grosser senses. Accordingly, he deals in evidence that is defective and rejects testimony that he does not and can not invalidate. His book has gone through many editions and

doubtless is acceptable; but only to readers who are charmed with the superficial and plausible. Those who relish the witless and deceptive reasoning of Col. Ingersoll find it all here.

The essence of it all is found in the book of Ecclesiastes. "I said in mine heart concerning the estate of the sons of men," says Koalat, "that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts. For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they all have one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast; for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth? Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him? So I returned and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and behold, the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter. Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive. Yea, better is he than they, which hath not been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun."

Herr Buchner, the disciple, a little exceeds his master; while Koheleth looked to God to make men's totally bestial nature manifest to them, he utterly scorns the notion of a Supreme Being, supernatural power, or spiritual existence except as a material product and evolution.

Speaking of morality he declares it plain, "that the fountainhead of all good actions is not to be sought in the belief in God or immortality or in whatever is connected with them, but in the conviction that it is the duty of the individual to act in the manner which is recognized and defined as good or useful by society—that is to say, by the joint union of all for mutual welfare." But he fails utterly to show what criterion of right exists that should thus make society the umpire over the individual. The principle of justice is practically ignored. Properly so, too, according to the legitimate outcome of his argument. In the nature of the case, few obligations are due to mortal man other than those which are due to mortal beast. Such as they are death cancels them, as well as all their violations. Though man be not spared in anger nor woman in lust, it can matter little if death do but end all.

Society, too, is capricious, and its definitions of what is good or useful are very divergent. They differ widely at different times and places. In Utah it proscribes polygamy; in Brahman, India, widow-burning; in Corsica, the vendetta; in England and America, to acquire wealth even at the impoverishment and destruction of the poor, the weak, the artless, and the unfortunate. So far from making the right the cardinal principle, the society which Herr Buchner exalts as his Moloch and Antichrist is simply law of might, physical force, brute violence—the law of the wolf as against the lamb.

On the other hand, the standard of right action must be sought elsewhere than in ever-fluctuating phenomenal relations. It must exist in the individual in and by himself, or it can by no means possibly exist in any association of individuals. Existing in the individual, the sense of right is perfected by the highest spiritual development and culture. Then what there is of benefit in society is manifest. Civilization is the art and condition of living together, as a family, a neighborhood, a commonwealth. The highest civilization is that which involves the most perfect idea of such living together. That idea includes perfect charity, the maturity of moral qualities, and permanency of the relationship. Only permanent ties require and develop permanent and genuine goodness. Man's relations to his fellow-beings exist and subsist by virtue, therefore, of his immortality.

In the ancient Judean polity existing under the Makkabees, these two opposite polarities of thinking, appear to have been exemplified in the rival sects of Pharisees and Sadducees. The two parties probably took form about the time of the promulgation of the canon of scripture, about two centuries before our era. The Pharisees were theists who ascribed the course of events to God and believed that the soul was eternal. The Sadducees argued, for they were passionately fond of arguing, rather than of study and research—that soul dwelt with the bodies, and that God takes no concern with men whether they do well or ill. In both schools the moral results are delineated by the historian Josephus: "The Pharisees are friendly to one another, and are for the exercise of concord and regard for the public; but the behavior of the Sadducees one toward another is in some degree wild, and their conversation and dealings with those of their own party are as barbarous as if they were strangers to them."

We are warranted in the statement that such is the legitimate tendency and consequence of the two respective forms of belief. The unhallowed tree produces its evil fruit in harsh manners, cruel conduct and inward selfishness, while the good tree yields good fruit. Lord Bulwer-Lytton forcibly illustrates this in the words of the miscreant Nicot when about to strangle his benefactor: "Hast thou not told me from my childhood, that there is no God? Hast thou not fed me on philosophy? Hast thou not said: 'Be virtuous, be good, be

just, for the sake of mankind; but there is no life after this life? ... What hast thou done to me? ... I can not believe thee, if thou believest not in any God! Ha, ha! behold the results of thy lessons."

In the evange story of the resurrection, as given in the Gospel inscribed to Luke, the women at the sepulchre are accosted by two men: "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Professor Buchner's treatise is a conspicuous example of such a development from dead matter. In his exaltation he ventures upon this prediction: "The time no longer appears far off when science will be able to derive all forces without exception not merely out of a capacity for motion, but out of motion itself."

Thus in his zeal to eliminate God as a being of will and intelligence, from the universe he sets up motion as the creator of all things. How true the remark that if there were no religion, men must make one. Paracelsus devised the production of a homunculus, but Buchner gives us motion for a godling and science for its prophet.

Suppose we change a word or two in the sentence thus quoted. We have the following parody: "The time no longer appears far off when science will be able to derive all procreation without exception not merely out of capacity for conception and gestation, but out of masculinity itself."

Such a parallel sentence is in perfect accord with the original, and no violence is offered to the idea. If the latter is absurd, so too is the other.

Besides, our common speech acknowledges the Deific agency in the structure of the universe. Matter means, etymologically, the mother-principle; nature signifies the genitrix. Where there is a mother we recognize the agency of a father; so if there be matter or nature, then there is also God.

What Professor Buchner denominates "motion itself," the source of all forces, is no less than the outgoing energy of the Absolute—God becoming manifest in activity. It is not necessary to understand and explain how this can be. Cavi is all out of place. To dispute whether this "motion itself" is in or apart from "all forces" whether the Absolute is with or distinct from the relative, whether God is immanent or infinitely away from the universe, is our endeavor to comprehend in the mind a percept which is too great for the mind to contain. Yet it would be sheer folly to deny the being of God for this reason. Sir Peter Parker's negro was apt enough to perceive it absurd to think of measuring the capacity of the Atlantic with his quart pot, but he never ventured to deny or ignore the existence of the ocean.

Again the assertion that "matter cannot exist nor be thought of without force, motion or form" involves by logical necessity the acknowledgment of this Supreme Being. Man as the incarnation of the mightiest effort of Nature, is therefore the ideal which Nature labors to represent—imperfectly of course; because that which is created is inferior to its creator, that which is expressed to the idea of which it is a copy. Nature—the mother—labors to express God the father, and so brings forth man, the child. God in mind, Nature in body, man combining the two!

There is no demonstrated necessity for material organism as essential to mental processes. What is sometimes denominated "unconscious cerebration" hardly can be said to be brain-work at all. A proposition is taken into consideration and for a time there is conscious action in relation to it. Presently it is dismissed and the whole attention bestowed on other matters. The corporeal structure has no more to do with it, because it has gone beyond the province of the cerebrum. Eventually it appears again, as a conclusion or purpose, not having worn away, or fatigued the brain or employed it for all that period. Experience furnishes abundant illustrations of this.

The existence likewise of innate ideas is attested by numerous observations. Thoughts come into conscious perception which no previous experience in the present life had ever inspired or suggested. The ancient philosophers designated this perception *episteme*, or over-standing, perceiving from beyond. Young children often exhibit the fear of falling, and that, too, when they never had experienced a fall since the moment of birth. They, also, as well as adults, have a consciousness of living beings that are not in physical bodies, present where they are.

Another statement, that "nations in a state of nature lack almost all moral qualities," can hardly be demonstrated or accepted in any case as conclusive. There is much reason to suppose that the state denominated barbarism and savagery, is not always native. Savages are short-lived, often deformed. They exhibit many evidences of being degenerated and in a steady process of deterioration. The aboriginal tribes of America are conspicuous examples.

If, however, we select young children, or adults of corresponding mental development as examples, we hardly succeed in obtaining a satisfactory illustration. Such individuals may indeed appear to have no innate ideas of God or morality. Yet the correlate fact equally exists that they generally have no proper perception of sex and its functions. All, therefore, that is proved is that maturity, which is the true state of nature, has not been fully attained. No savage ever imagined the existence of an atom; but what does it prove? So innate ideas are not to be regarded for any reason as a problematic matter. On the other hand, the mind can and does have them, and their presence be-

comes conscious when the bodily organism is sufficiently mature and complete to enable their manifestation.

The postulate that force and matter are inseparable may not be accepted without qualification. All the conceivable properties of matter are but forms of force. Prof. Faraday demonstrates the matter as follows: "You conceive a nucleus, which may be called *a*, and you surround it with force, which may be called *m*; to my mind your *a* or nucleus vanishes, and substance consists in the energy of *m*. In fact what notion can we form of a nucleus independent of its energy?"

Bosovich also long ago put forth the doctrine that the notion of ultimate and indivisible atoms is a mere fiction; and that what we call matter is, in its last analysis, resolvable into points of dynamic force. Now, points are without the common dimensions of length, breadth and thickness. They are either so many nothings or else they are entities in other conditions than that of phenomenal matter. In other words, they consist of spiritual substance.

The notion of Prof. Buchner that all forces will yet be shown to be derived from motion, as has been shown, carries us still further. He will have it that one grand principle of force is in and behind all phenomena and apparent existence. In other words, all physical phenomena have one original generator. We need not quibble about words, but follow up the idea. One generator or positive principle is the sustainer of all genitrixes or negative principles; without it they could not exist. Whether they are correspondingly as necessary to this Absolute Being is another question. If they are thus required, it is altogether certain that the positive can evolve the negative, and that the negative can not evolve the positive.

The supposition that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, is only true in the grosser forms of existence. The gases are vacuums to each other; a bag or balloon filled to its utmost capacity with oxygen, will then admit as great a volume of nitrogen as though no oxygen was present, and after that will also receive as full a supply of any other gas. Light passes through transparent media, the electric agent through metals and fluids, the magnetic potency through all bodies. These are substances—forms of force—and they sustain a peculiar relation to the bodies which they permeate. Our thoughts and emotions are of analogous character. They strengthen or weaken our bodies, giving tenacity to the muscles or impairing them, accelerating or retarding the circulation of the blood; in short, they make our bodies passive instruments of their operations. Thought is, therefore, by no means the motion, but the mover of matter. This is the conclusion to which we must come as intelligent, truth loving individuals. As matter in its last analysis is but dynamic force, the capacity of motion, so we must recognize motion itself as the first beginning or principle of things, and reverently acknowledge divinity—the omni-will and intelligence—as the supreme fact of all.

Truly the philosopher Anaxagoras declared: *Nous men arkhon kinesis*—Mind is the first principle of motion. It is the only real substance—the noumenon which is the cause of phenomena. The outcome of will and intelligence is law; and as in the divine mind these are immutable, so is law immutable. Emanating from the All-Perfect it must be perfect; proceeding from the All-Good it is good, and therefore operates for the best good of all creatures.

This, however, as we regard the matter from the outside, may and often does seem not to be the case. The evils which are so numerous and often intolerable, appear to us as frightful blemishes, and even perversions. That the world is getting worse and worse is often asserted. Those who suffer often feel acutely the inflictions, and are prone to doubt whether goodness can be in the web where so much of evil is in the woof. No wonder that it is so hard to perceive the real substratum of what occurs, exercising the true intelligence—the faculty to read the truth between the lines.

In conclusion, matter is but force objectified and made external; force is the supreme will going forth into activity. Human nature, therefore is perfectly normal in its "longing for the miraculous and supernatural." The spirit which is of and from God is yearning for its native home.

"AN UNSOLVED RIDDLE."

(Translated for the JOURNAL from the "Neue Spirituelle Welt," Leipzig, Germany, by Dr. J. C. Hoffman.)

We here relate an occurrence, which occasioned great excitement some sixty years ago, causing the most learned circles and scientific periodicals to enter on its debate. It is this: a case of supernatural agencies of no connection whatever with the common ghost stories and such-like uncanny spoofs. It was substantiated by men of highest regard for truth. Hence what we here relate rests altogether on truth.

A professor of medicine, who had formerly practiced at Frankfurt on the Main, dined with several friends and their guests, when the conversation happened to turn towards apparitions and "ghosts." The professor, one of the many who storm against such "nonsense," was ever ready to argue against all such manifestations of the unseen or the dead. He was herein opposed by a gentleman of birth, who had been captain in the army. Hot words were exchanged, and finally the captain dared the professor to meet him that same night at his country-seat, where he

would either convince him of the existence of supernatural beings, or the professor might report to those present the captain's defeat. Laughingly the professor consented, stipulating, however, that the captain should assure him on his word of honor to in no way deceive him.

This, and that he did not intend any deception, the captain readily swore to before the company. This settled, the conversation turned in other direction and while the captain drank freely, the professor took pains to abstain from the wine that was passed around. The professor still suspected some joke intended on him, and was anxious to remain master of his every faculty. Whatever should happen, he would meet it with calmness. The merry company departed, while the professor accompanied the captain to his villa.

As they neared his possessions the captain ordered the driver to halt—he and the professor walking towards a small grove thick with heavy trees. It had grown dark, when at an appropriate place, the captain drew a circle on the ground, asking the professor to enter. Hereupon the professor had to promise not to leave this circle, no matter what would happen, till the captain's return. One step beyond this circle will be your immediate death, added the captain. The professor was alone, with his own thoughts, highly amused at this peculiar situation, and at the sepulchral tone the captain had employed while giving his instructions.

It was a cool and clear night, the stars shining with unusual brightness. The professor looked diligent around him, to ascertain the direction from which the expected apparition approached. His attention was thus directed towards the grove, on the border of which he was standing, when he saw a small, flame-like speck nearing him. This the professor thought to be a torch carried by some one whom he suspected in league with the captain to impersonate the "ghost." The small flame came nearer and nearer, till it reached the circle drawn around the professor. Its intensity increased, and now, these are the professor's own words: "I seemed to become enveloped in atmosphere of fire, phosphorescent-like. The starry sky, everything I had before seen, was lost to my sight!" But instantly the professor's attention became absorbed by an apparition, a being so unnaturally terrible as to mock his every description! What most astonished the professor was the respect-commanding mildness with which this apparition looked at him.

For some time the professor studied this apparition. But then his mental faculties became obscured by fear. He sank on his knees, and in his terror began to pray, all this while unable to remove his eyes from the apparition which stared at the professor with fearful earnestness, its looks melting into greater mildness whenever God's name was mentioned, though there continued that horrible fire in its eyes. Prostrated by fear and terror, the professor covered his eyes with his hands, praying heavens to deliver him of this terrible being.

Raising his head, the professor saw the apparition slowly return to the dark recesses of the grove, fading away into the same small light, till extinguished. At this moment the captain approached the professor, but from the opposite direction of the grove, directing the professor to follow him. Not before they had retraced most of their way home, the captain asked the professor whether he was convinced that he had seen something supernatural. The professor, who had regained his courage, said that he could not give a decisive answer. He admitted having seen things that he could not explain, and that it certainly was not a natural apparition, one of our world. He, therefore, asked not to be questioned, as he could not understand the entire adventure. The captain said that he was sorry not to have convinced the professor, and the more so as there might arise consequences that were in no way anticipated.

The preceding could be considered a phantasmagoric performance, made possible by the expectations excited within our professor. The sequel, however, proves the contrary. The unfortunate man had evoked a supernatural force beyond his control; one that finally caused this reckless lifer of Isis' Veil a miserable death!

Arriving at the captain's villa, the professor simulated mirth, endeavoring to cheer his host, and to appear unconcerned at what had happened at the grove. But at heart the professor felt uneasy, and was unable to bring his thoughts away from the apparition. Thus their conversation soon lagged into silence, each busy with his own thoughts. The captain remained silent, and absent in thought. After supper the professor attempted to loosen his host's tongue with wine, but to no avail. Neither wine, nor the merry chat of our worthy professor could drive the heavy clouds from the captain's brow, and finally his gloomy state turned into utter silence. The servants had been discharged for the night, and it was rapidly nearing midnight, but the captain made no sign to retire himself. The professor sat opposite him, smoking his pipe in silence.

Suddenly heavy steps were approaching their room, along the corridor. It rapped on the door. The captain raised his head and sadly looked at the professor. The raps were repeated. Both remained still! It then rapped the third time, when the professor asked the captain why he did not bid the party enter? Before an answer could have been given, the door opened with intense force, and

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Scientific Investigation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The average Spiritualist who has been familiar with psychic phenomena and identified with the movement has seen from time to time in the last 30 or 40 years, sporadic attempts on the part of scientists, philosophers, agnostics or materialists, to explain away the various manifestations by natural law or the unfolding of powers and forces unknown or but dimly understood. Most of the Spiritualists are men and women who would know the truth; many of them have become converts to Spiritualism through the mediumship of their friends and relatives—offspring through the ministrations of dear ones who have come to their homes from the other side, to demonstrate the fact of spirit communion. Probably three-fourths of the Spiritualists of America have been converted to this faith in this manner. Many have had to pass through fiery furnaces of bigotry, religious hate and persecution, but these trials have only made their faith more strong, and their spiritual faculties have been enlarged and developed. They ever welcome honest doubters. The true scientist and philosopher has been taken into their homes and to their "holiest of holies," the family circle, and permitted to hold converse with the angels. The large proportion of men and women who have announced that they were about to sweep away all this delusion and fanaticism of Spiritualism by their mighty effort, have signally failed, because they prejudged the case before investigating. Still, through all these years the phenomena has continued in force and power, yet these would-be Solons are as far away now from solving the vexing problem as ever. Here and there have been notable exceptions of earnest men who were true scientists, who cast all forms of prejudice aside, and as students of nature and as philosophers, carefully studied the phenomena. Mediums and Spiritualists gladly aided them, for they knew that amid much that could be explained by natural law, by the development of man's spiritual powers here and now, back of it all was a conscious intelligent force that unmistakably proved itself to be those who had once lived here, and were not dead but living personal beings, and by God's wondrous laws and his unbounded love were permitted to demonstrate this fact to all who were receptive to the truth.

In the earlier days of our trials and perplexities, no man did more to establish the fact that a certain proportion of the manifestations were produced by spirit power and intelligence, than did Prof. Robert Hare of Philadelphia. How this grand old man succeeded in demonstrating this fact, which he began in 1853, can be found in his valuable book, "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated," which I commend to the careful perusal of all members of the American and English Psychic Research Societies. Prof. Hare, like most scientists and philosophers, was prejudiced against the whole subject. To use his own words, he "felt called upon as an act of duty to his fellow-creatures, to bring whatever influence he possessed to the attempt to stem the tide of 'popular madness' which in defiance of reason and science, was fast setting in favor of the 'gross delusion called Spiritualism.'" Prof. Hare expected to be able to explain the matter by natural causes and in answer to a letter from an inquirer said he "entirely coincided with Faraday's theory of table turning."

One or two of his simpler but most convincing experiments I will reproduce here, leaving the student for a more full account to read the Professor's works. First, to satisfy himself that the movements were not the work of mortals, he took brass billiard balls, put them on zinc plates, and placed the hands of the medium on the balls, and to his very great astonishment the tables moved. He next arranged a table to slide backward and forward and to which attachments were made, causing a disc to revolve containing the alphabet hidden from the view of the mediums. The letters were variously arranged, out of their regular consecutive order, and the spirit was required to place them consecutively, or in their regular places. And behold it was done! Then followed intelligent sentences, which the medium could not see or know the import of till they were told him.

Again, he tried another capital test. The long end of a lever was placed on spiral scales with an index attached, and the weight marked; the medium's hand rested on the short end of the beam, where it was impossible to give pressure downward, but if pressed, it would have a contrary effect, and raise the long end; and yet the weight was increased several pounds upon the scale.

Experiments like those made Dr. Hare a Spiritualist, and as an earnest and sincere man, and a true scientist he brought the matter before the "American Scientific Association," at its session in Washington, D. C., in 1853 or 1854, and they treated him with great disrespect. The association refused to consider or investigate the phenomena, and declared that it was "a dangerous subject that had better be left alone," but these wise men who were such Solons, at this very meeting held a learned, extended, grave and profound discussion "upon the cause why 'rosters' bowed between twelve and one o'clock in the morning." Their sage conclusions were as puerile as their injustice and want of true scientific acumen were marked.

In the earlier days, another chemist and scientist was Prof. J. J. Mape. Like Dr. Hare he was strongly in favor of rendering for all phenomena, whether the visible or the invisible universe, a simple material explanation. But he found back of them all a conscious, personal intelligence, which claimed to be a spirit, once a mortal being, and he was honest enough to admit these facts and declare himself a Spiritualist.

A disgraceful episode was the so-called investigation of spiritual phenomena by the Harvard professors. The treatment by these men of Fred. I. H. Willis was one of the greatest outrages that was ever perpetrated in the name of science or philosophy. The report of these professors has never yet been made public.

Take the more recent course of the Seybert Commission in Philadelphia; with one or two exceptions this committee prejudged the case, and were not competent to investigate the manifestations, for they were bound by their prejudices to report adversely. So it is with the American Society of Psychic Research. Your correspondent, "P. T. S.," in his scathing arraignment of their non-scientific methods, if they are men with any spark of manhood or conscience, may be induced to cast aside, if it were possible, their pre-conceived opinions and prejudices, and invite Spiritualists to aid and help them in their so-called scientific investigations. I believe there are one or two exceptions in regard to this Society, men who have had the opportunity to test various phenomena under circumstances that have brought forth conviction. I believe due time the result of their experiments may be made known to the public.

I have also read with interest in a recent number of the JOURNAL, Mr. C. C. Massey's protest against Mrs. Sidgwick's report to the London Psychical Research Society. It seems Mrs. Sidgwick assumes that psychography can be explained by conjuring. To the most careless observer of this class of spirit manifestations this conclusion must seem to be the height of absurdity. Briefly I will note some experiments of my own, that I had with Mr. A. B. Phillips, the slate-writing medium. At my second visit I took my own double slate. I also brought some sheets of note paper marked with a rubber stamp with my name, street and number of my Brooklyn residence. I placed one of these sheets between my slates and wrapped them up in paper and placed them on the shelf of a small stand. I took two of Phillips's small slates and placed them on the top of my own slates, put my foot on them all and waited for the result. Phillips was walking about the room whistling as unconcerned as if he had nothing to do with producing the phenomena. Three raps on the table indicated that communications had been written. No pencils were used, but I could feel under my foot the vibrations while the communications were being written. On the small slates was communication from a spirit, a near relative, with her name, "Mitha," signed to it. On the sheet of paper written without a pencil was a short communication signed "James Nichols," from the spirit of a man I formerly knew in Vermont, and who had been in the Spirit-world over twenty-five years. Oastute men of science, tell me how could the medium, who never touched the slates or paper, evoke from the Spirit-world one who had been in the life beyond so many years, and whom I had not thought of for that length of time. Of force, thought-transference, conjuring, fraud or imposture will not reach this case at all.

Another séance held with Mr. Phillips at Lake Pleasant in 1882, in the presence of Mr. A. E. Newton and daughter, was equally convincing. I arrived at the séance room a few minutes before Mr. N. and daughter came. Had washed the slates and they were still wet. Miss Newton was considerably deaf, and as she desired to hear the scratching of the pencil, although no pencil was used, we held the slates perpendicularly—three of them close together, our fingers resting lightly on the upper edge. The medium was walking about, and would occasionally come and touch the slates with the end of a lead pencil during the process of our receiving the communication. When the raps signified that the message was completed, we opened them, and one of them was covered with a communication from the veteran medium, E. V. Wilson, who had then but recently passed to the Spirit-world, and who was an old-time friend of Mr. Newton. Mrs. Wilson was at the camp that summer, with her daughter, Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter. I took the slate to her. She had in a trunk in her tent the very last letter that E. V. Wilson had written to her before he passed to his spirit home, and she and all who had an opportunity to compare the two, pronounced it to be a fac simile. Oh! London and American scientists, be fair, be honest, and explain if you can, how these phenomena were produced, if not by direct spirit agency, or else forever hold your peace and not try to explain such evidences of the presence of individualized spirits who live, think, act, and are like all created things—indestructible.

The stumbling block to all self-called scientists and philosophers is egotism and prejudice. I would rather attempt to start 10,000 honest, unprejudiced men and women in their investigation of spirit phenomena than one scientist. About two years ago a gentleman called at my office in New York City, with a letter of introduction to me from a prominent Spiritualist, who said that the bearer of the letter, desired to carefully investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, and requested me to give him what aid I could. I did so, giving the names of some of our best and most reliable mediums. Invited him to my home, and as time rolled on, I met him occasionally and found that he had not been to see any of the mediums whose names I had given. I believe that he did send an English lady to one of them who received overwhelming evidences of the presence of her spirit friends. Finally after two years had passed I arranged with one of our best mediums to hold a séance in my home. We invited some twelve or sixteen persons, men and women of fair intelligence, and some of those present were clergymen, physicians, etc. The circle was to be a dark one. I told the friends present, including this scientist and professor, that we had sat with the medium several times, and knew her to be an excellent one; that whatever expressions they wished to make in regard to her or the phenomena, to withhold until the séance was over. I requested this visitor to treat the medium as they would like a wife, sister or friend to be treated under similar circumstances. This man, whom I had tried to do so much for, and for whom I had arranged this séance, prejudged the matter before the circle was formed, and while in the parlor before we went into the dark room, told some friends of his who were present, that the medium was a fraud. After our circle was formed this man was a disturbing element, so much so that the medium discovered it, and remarked that the circle was not harmonious, and suggested that it should disband and the money be returned. This man had not the honesty or manhood to say in public what he had done in private, and the séance went on, but with indifferent results from what it would have been if this man had been earnest, honest and sincere. There were some present who received evidences of spirit presence; one gentleman, a prominent Methodist clergyman of our city, said to the medium as he left our home: "Madam, I have received things here to-night, that I can not explain on any other hypothesis except what it is claimed to be." The scientist remained over night with us and boasted of his rudeness to us after the séance was over. This episode ended all attempts on my part to help so-called scientists and philosophers to know the truth. Life is too short, and this occurrence has left such a sore spot, that I get vexed at the thought of it. When the world is ready for this truth, God and his angels will open the way for it to receive it, and I can move on in the even tenor of my way and sing with Phoebe Cary:

"O world, you may tell me I dream or rave,
So long as my darling comes to prove,
That the feet of this spirit cross the grave,
And the loving live, and the living love."
Brooklyn, N. Y. S. B. NICHOLS.

Sam Jones has discovered a new brand of sinners in Missouri, which he defines as a "possum-eared dance."

The New York Times notes a peculiarity of Mr. Tilden's political career that it did not begin till he was sixty years old.

Secretary Manning's health has so improved that he may be able to re-enter public life.

LOCKS AND CHAINS.

BY WM. C. WATERS.

"While on their brains,
Are locks and chains,
And over their thoughts a shroud."

On any subject where truthful information is wanting, an obscuring shroud hangs over the mind of man. There are none so wise as to be free from such blinding obstructions—not only on one subject; but thousands of subjects. Some men are slow to find out this fact; but they learn much faster after having made the discovery. Pride of opinion is a dark incubus that clouds the intellect. The gentle Nazarene touches this point most happily in the 18th chapter of Matthew: "And Jesus called a little child unto him and set him in the midst of them, and said, 'Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.'" The individual highly charged with self conceit, and manifesting the same in his conduct, is a kind standing insult to society. It is a state of mind that bars out and shuts off information that might have been received with advantage. It is a lock and chain to the mind, and shroud over all the soul powers; it defrauds and hinders the proper development of the faculties. An exhibition of personal pride, or vanity in manners or mental statement is ever offensive and robs the individual of desired influence.

It was said a long time since that at forty years of age a man suspects that he is a fool, and at fifty he often feels quite sure of it. This feeling comes from accumulated experiences—from having grown into clearer perceptions and a larger grasp of thought. In the earlier years of life, as a matter of necessity, our outlook is from low down in the valley. For this reason we pardon a young man for assuming to know much more than he really does—taking it for granted that he will outgrow his mistake. But as we in time reach the higher table ground, and observe how very narrow was the circle of our thoughts while standing in the valley, we may be able to remember how often we manifested pride of opinion when we should have been as humble and teachable as a little child; and perhaps would have been, if we could have had an instructing vision of how little we knew compared to what we had yet to learn.

For a fine specimen of one whose brain is loaded with "locks and chains" and a shroud over all his thoughts, I would recommend the man who is ruffled in the idea that the church of which he has the honor of being a member has found the only true path of salvation—possesses all possible theological or ethical knowledge, so that any information not falling within the radius of its special circle is not worth knowing and should be relegated to the flame of demonology. We meet these people almost daily, pass and repass, are friendly to them, but feel that for them the resurrection trumpet must sound before their locks and chains can be removed. To speak to them of their theological errors, or of the broader wave of spiritual light flooding the world, thinking to wake them from their drowsy sleep in antiquated religious thought seems much like trying to call a man to life who has been long dead, and petrified to stone in his grave.

A few years since, while conversing with an aristocratic clergyman of an aristocratic church, I asked him if while he resided at Hartford, Ct., he met with many of the liberal class of thinkers on religious subjects. He replied that he often met them on the streets and in public places but would not speak to them, and further stated that his practice was not to converse with any man who did not believe the Bible to be the word of God. I asked him if his church still held to the idea that the physical body was to be resurrected and join the soul eventually; to which he answered "Certainly we do." To a man in such a state of mind, what better thing could happen to him than to pass on to the future life where his locks and chains could be taken off from his mental powers, and his shroud of religious errors forever removed?

While I entertain but little respect for some impossible dogmas promulgated in the name of religion, yet I am greatly pleased with any influence the churches may exert in restraining people from sin in any form. I would grant them full credit for all the good they do. When the bachelor Paul placed his foot down on the civil and religious rights of women, causing them for so many centuries to look up in humble reverence to the man who forged their chains, I am sorry he did not speak out as clearly and pointedly against tangle-foot in all its forms—against tobacco and opium. To set these aside would be a saving to the world of at least one billion dollars annually. But Paul had a difficulty of the stomach that called for a few drops now and then. He might have thought it was for the glory of the Lord that he should take a little. But it would seem that His Highness is not now in favor of fashionable vices.

When Rev. Doctor Pentecost appealed to the Lord to show him the way out of any and all his besetting sins, he was only required to stop smoking tobacco. To this the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon replied, "I no where find a commandment in the Bible against smoking, so I shall continue my practice and smoke to the glory of God as long as I live." Mr. Beecher says, "We want to know ten thousand things the Bible says nothing about." This tobacco vice must have been among the omissions. That very pious gentleman who has the reputation of plundering a church missionary fund of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, perhaps might claim that the Bible was not explicit concerning such funds. He must have overlooked the command not to steal. The treasurer of the Delaware & Chesapeake Canal Company, though a defaulter for over half a million dollars, he may never have read anything more in the Scriptures about the management of Canal Co. funds than Mr. Spurgeon has about tobacco. The papers failed to tell us whether that treasurer was a Sunday-school teacher. But in the Rockland Bank shortage of one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars the excellent gentleman who produced that result is set down as a sample deacon and Sunday-school teacher. There may or may not be anything demoralizing about this Sunday-school business. The evil effects, if there are any, may be confined to bank presidents, cashiers, and custodians of considerable sums of money generally. The papers should note these things carefully, and if experience and observation prove that kind of teaching to be destructive to the integrity of such men the churches should excuse them from further service in that direction. Men who have brains enough to adroitly manipulate bank accounts so as to deceive bank directors would be very likely, in their own minds, to discriminate between Scripture truths and the mythological fables bound up with the pure wheat of the Bible.

It might affect some of these men badly to teach to children for truth that which they know is not true, while a less intellectual class of teachers, taking it for granted that they are handing over only good, round berries of truth to the juveniles, would suffer no moral damage.

Bordentown, N. J.

PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

From the Standpoint of the Mystics.

A Series of Papers Prepared for The Religio-Philosophical Journal from a MS. Work, Designed as an Encyclopedia of Mysticism.

BY C. H. A. BIERREGAARD, OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY, N. Y.

(Introductory.)

A Sufi parable runs thus: The fishes of a certain river wanted to know what water was and journeyed to a "very wise and learned fish in the sea" to ask him to show them what water was. On hearing their request he answered them thus:

"O ye who seek to solve the knot!
Ye live in God, yet know him not.
Ye sit upon the river's brink,
Yet crave in vain a drop to drink.
Ye dwell beside a countless store,
Yet perish hungry at the door."

The Mystics will all naturally maintain that this half-reproachful answer applies alike to all people—not Mystics themselves. They do not know that "God dwells in all things in his fullness" (Vemana). The Mystics alone know it.

In connection with this parable we wish to recall in the minds of our readers the well known story of the ape in the fable, who, having seen his master work the magic lantern thought he, too, knew the trick. Having got the apparatus together he went to work it, and all would have gone well enough, had he not forgotten to light the candle.

It is well enough to assert the immanence of God in the world, but where is the lighted candle wherewith to work the philosophical apparatus?

We are not very far from the truth when we say that all the past Philosophies of History and Religion have abundantly and clearly shown Nature and History, with all the systems of man, social, religious or philosophical, to be "mirrors of God," and that no special attention has been paid to the light, "the glimpse I gave them of my glorious face." It is easy enough to see the cause of this, but it remains nevertheless a defect in our histories of Philosophy and Religion.

We propose now to contribute something in the direction of "this lighted candle." We propose to sketch the inner lives and works of the famous Mystics of the various classes, who have themselves been "lighted candles" in their age. When we go so far back in history that the names of individual sages are unknown to us, we shall endeavor to draw a picture of the spiritual life of that whole age by pointing out the mystic elements that are most characteristic of that age.

It ought to be unnecessary to say that this our attempt is the first, and that as far as we know, it has never before been done by any one else. Let this be our excuse for whatever mistakes we shall make. We must now make a few notes on man's

PSYCHOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT.

As it will facilitate our progress if we review the steps of human psychological development, we shall do so rapidly. Even the most cursory view of the anthropological conditions of man will show the great mass of mankind "immersed in nature," not only all the uncivilized races but also the greatest number of the "civilized." We shall, however, in these papers, leave out all exceptions to a rule, and limit our class divisions to within the bounds which we draw from purely psychological reasons. By being "immersed in nature" we mean to be bound by race characteristics, climate, time and other similar circumstances. The races on this standpoint are "Nature worshippers" popularly so called. They look to heaven as God, and to the sun, the moon and the planets as heavenly messengers and rulers; but they do not do it in that absurd way ascribed to them by their "Christian" brethren or by the savans of our age. We shall show by and by that below the crude forms of Fetishism and Starworship can be found the most sublime conception of any known spiritual philosophy, provided we have "the inner light" ourselves. Again, these races, as a rule, are adepts on the "night side of the soul." To them their dream life and ecstatic states furnish as much theologic insight and philosophic material for a true cosmogony as the most renowned philosophic systems of the world. We shall show, as we proceed, strong parallels between the ideas of so-called natureworship and those of a Plato and an Aristotle.

When we shall have disposed of "the age of barbarism" and the races known as Nature worshippers, or in one word, of all the people on the "lowest" psychological standpoint, we shall treat of those on a little more "advanced" state. A little more "advanced," we said; we ought to have said in conformity to our standpoint, those advanced intellectually and degraded intuitively. For such is the fact. What we historically call progress is largely retrogression, spiritually considered. The main characteristic of this psychological degree of "advance" is a beginning mastery of reason, or man's power to set himself beyond the phenomenal, both to "think about it" and to subject it to his own will. As his power grows, his perception of the causes of things begins to weaken, and is quite out of ten lost altogether. From being "immersed in nature," he is now "immersed in the phenomenal." He may be stronger, but his limits are narrower. He has exchanged the interior for the exterior. In common handbooks of Mental Philosophy the first degree is called "Sense"; the second "Understanding," and the latter is always considered as an advance upon the first. In our exposition of the religious development of mankind we shall go in the opposite direction.

When man has passed these two degrees he comes to the third, commonly called "Reason." To a large class of mankind it is simply further degradation from spiritual insight and a total loss of intuition, but "the balance of power" is held by the still larger class, who recover "the inner life" at the same time as they develop their reason to its utmost capacity. Our own age partakes of all the characteristics of this degree. In due time we shall point out all its glory and all its misery. In the mean time let us labor for the incoming of a new age, where wisdom, love and purified will shall go hand in hand and man shall realize his ideal in *The Personal*.

Thus far, for the present, about man's psychic life-stages; now a few words about his VOLITIONAL DEVELOPMENT.

Man's will evolves very much after the same manner as he grows psychologically, and the

infer-relationship of mind and will is very close. In some cases it can be said, that the mind develops after the will has settled; in other cases it must be maintained, that the will evolves with the mind as its guide.

The purely "natural" man must be said to be without "will"; that is, the faculty thus called is *indifferent* and not evolved. He who begins *consciously* "to will" an object is already in the second age of the unfolding of his life, psychologically considered. The object of his will is generally the good things of this earth, and rarely anything beyond. Really "he wills himself." When he, in the course of his life, learns to give up this will of his own, he begins to return to the *indifferent* state of volition which he left, but he comes back a far different man than the one he left. Now he has learned that it is not good for him to will anything, but to will nothing, to at-one his own will with the universal will. By so doing he has reached the summit of human endeavor, volitionally, or as the Mystics say is "becoming one with God."

Strangely enough, but handbooks in Rational Ethics agree with us in this description, aim and end of volitional life, with but slight differences in mode of expression.

(To be continued.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Social Position as It Might be.

NO 3.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

We will now take another step, but my readers will please notice that I advocate nothing that is not practical; nothing that savors of injustice; nothing that manhood can not put into legal force when it so chooses. My third proposition is going to touch the right of man to hold just as much land as he may choose to buy and retain until the labor of a nation gives it a largely increased value. All thinkers know that this permitted landlordism is pinching the poor to-day, till no wonder that men like Henry George, with heart to feel and brain to think, send out a work like "Progress and Poverty." But Mr. George loses his level, and you and I are against him, because the only remedy he can suggest is practical confiscation of landed property.

Keep cool, my brother. We will help you to solve your problems, but keep cool; and remember that manhood sooner or later revolts at every injustice. No confiscation; not a dollar will this nation allow to be taken from any man, that the law of the land has allowed him to accumulate. But if the form of his possession be in the path of our progress, he must change it. "Must" is the word; but we only mean to place him in the same position as the man who owns house or land needed for public use. He must give it up and be paid its full value.

What are the facts? The landlord is practically our master. He puts his rent at any figure that will keep his house occupied. We can not buy, because he will not sell. We must pay him rent, or seek our living elsewhere. The more public spirited the citizens, the more desirable they make the city, the higher go the rents; and the more we attract outsiders and increase in numbers, the better for the landlord. Good schools mean higher rent. Our parks, our drainage, our fire department, and every other improvement, mean so much more to the landlord. Suppose a grand discovery that would lessen the cost of living in our city as compared with surrounding towns, thousands of new inhabitants would flock in; and as population increases, of course, rents would go up, and the landlord pocket the entire benefit of the new discovery.

This is the disease. Can we discover a remedy that does not mean death or even injury to the patient? We are agreed that it is injurious to society for one man to bar other men from earth, air or water; and we are equally agreed that it is good for society when every man can own his own home, and thus have a direct interest in the general welfare. Further, we are agreed that it is robbery to take property from a man without full compensation.

I imagine that my readers, like myself, have no desire to see government extending its functions, and would rather limit its powers than do anything to increase them. So our problem is to secure to every man the right to buy a home as soon as he may have saved the means, and without injustice to the man declared by law to be its present owner. It seems to me this problem is very easy of solution. First determine by law that every man shall have a right to own—if he be able—undisturbed by any other claim, the premises where he is actually carrying on business, and an additional right to own a residence for himself and family. The amount of land, whether it be in feet or acres, will depend upon whether it be a city lot, a village residence, or a farm which shall combine business and home. But whatever the agreed limit of ownership make it practically free of taxation. Then as regards all other landed property, whether improved or unimproved, be it in city, town or country, let the owner enter it for taxation every year at its own valuation. At that price he shall be obliged to sell a home to any one able and desirous of purchasing. If the owner choose to value it above its market price, there will be so much more tax paid by him for the benefit of all. If he undervalue it, a purchaser will instantly stand ready.

Could any proposition be more fair? Limit in this way the land monopolies. Compel the bonanza farmer to enter all his land but an agreed homestead—of say five hundred acres—for taxation at his own figure, and give every American citizen—but no unnaturalized foreigner—the privilege of buying five hundred acres, or less, at the recorded price. In this way we may have a system which will break up large estates; give every honest, industrious man the privilege of a home; and largely equalize wealth throughout the community. So my third proposition is to compel every land and house owner to hold his property for sale at his own price, upon which he pays taxes, reserving only the same privilege of private ownership as shall inhere to every other citizen of the United States.

I claim that so far we have struck no blow at any human right; nor proposed an injustice to any living man. I recognize human nature is not yet perfect, and that any proposition to compel man to behave like an angel will not work in our day and generation.

(To be continued.)

A Munich art-dealer has paid twelve thousand five hundred dollars for the exclusive right of making and selling photographs of the castles of the late King Ludwig.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,

AS A NERVE FOOD.

DR. J. W. SMITH, Wellington, O., says: "In impaired nervous supply I have used it to advantage."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(106 West 29th Street, New York.)

UNDOING FRIENDSHIP.

Wandering o'er the cities olden,
Of the far Eastern shore,
Where the bending sky is golden
Evermore,
Ruined castles meet the vision,
Broken fane and mouldering spire,
Once the homes—the grand elysian—
Of our sires.

Not like these are Friendship's treasures;
Boundless as the rushing sea—
Faded as the golden sunshine
Circling thee,
Is the love that bursts upon us
From the hearts we know the best—
From the souls that ever yield us
Soothing rest.

And from o'er the stormy ocean,
From beyond the raging sea,
Which with shattered bark we traverse
Wearily,
Come the still and gentle voices
Of the loved ones gone before,
Telling us of Friendship's blighted
Nevermore.

—Mary Fenn.

IN MEMORIAM—MARY FENN.

I have already spoken of a convulsion which destroyed, for a time, the peace of Mary Fenn. It seems necessary, here, to briefly present the salient points of these unexpected occurrences.

In the year 1882, Mr. Davis told Mary that he had ceased to love her as a husband should love his wife, in less than a month after their marriage, although, during all the intervening years, she had rested securely in their mutual affection. This supposition of conjugal happiness had been sustained by every proof that the most exacting love could desire. Mr. Davis had given unequivocal testimony to their perfect union on every occasion in public and private. Their most intimate friends looked upon them as an illustration of united conjugal life.

With what anguish and dismay Mary regarded the ruin of her domestic altar, we must leave the reader to judge. After having emerged from this period of midnight gloom, she drew, for her friends, vivid pictures of those heart-breaking days when all that seemed sacred was swept from her life, and life itself became a burden.

The next winter, Mr. Davis predicted, through a communication which he attributed to Fanny, her speedy dissolution, and, still having confidence in the truthfulness of his impressions, Mary, already feeble and inexpressibly wretched, made every preparation for her own early departure. The pathos of those lonely days when, excluded from all who loved her, in the hope of winning him back, and separated also from him, she laid away little tokens of affection for her friends and prepared the burial robes of one who goes to sleep expecting to awaken in another life who can wish to dwell upon?

In the fall of 1883, Mr. Davis, claiming to act under the direction of his old-time "guide," Galen, who had so many years before directed his attention to Mary as a suitable companion (see Magic Staff), proposed a legal separation as the only satisfaction he would accept, although they were then living apart. The ground for this separation was to be, that her divorce had been obtained in Indiana, while her marriage with Mr. Davis took place in New York.

Finding the heart she had supposed as true as her own, to be thoroughly alienated from her and turned in another direction, Mary lost no time in acceding to his request, not to present any obstacle to the accomplishment of his wishes, even at the legal sacrifice of her own good name. Her promise not to oppose legal technicalities to be employed, was conscientiously regarded, against the advice and protest of numerous influential friends from all parts of the country, who volunteered their services of legal and pecuniary aid.

Owing to the fact that her divorce from Mr. Love had been obtained in Indiana, while the ceremony of her marriage with Mr. Davis had been celebrated in New York, and that her lawyer was instructed by her not to state to the referee the fact that a copy of the decree of the Indiana divorce was recorded at the instance of Mr. Davis, in the clerk's office of Erie county, New York, where Mr. Love obtained his divorce, the legality of thirty years of married life was annulled. She, the soul of purity, honor and obedience to law, stood before the law, dishonored. And yet, I heard a judge of the supreme court say, that the fact of these parties living together for twenty-five years as man and wife, in New Jersey and New York, in his opinion and in that of several other judges, constituted a legal marriage and would have been so held by the highest judicial tribunal in the State of New York, in case Mary had defended the suit.

This act of Mr. Davis shocked the vast majority of those who knew them in this country or who had read his books in other countries. It was impossible to realize what he had concealed from Mary and the world at large during this long period of more than a quarter of a century. And the sympathy expressed to Mary equally by strangers and friends, sustained and consoled her to the last. Everywhere noble women revolted at the stigma cast upon one of the most earnest and devoted women of the age.

The following, extracts from a letter by Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, former president of Sorosis, and an old friend of Mary Fenn, form a testimonial worthy to be regarded. She says:

"It was my privilege to live in the same household with Mr. and Mrs. Davis in the early years of their married life, and I count that circumstance as one of the great blessings of my life, as I came to know intimately that sainted woman who consecrated her cultivated mind and spirit to the needs of humanity. She brought to her simplest duties, such an earnest, religious fidelity, as I have never seen surpassed. Life seemed a sacred gift to her to be devoted to the relief of the needful, and on the hum-drum of every day affairs, she shed the lustre of a cheerful, willing spirit, looking beyond the mere wearisome duty to the benefit to her loved ones; her words on important subjects were never at variance with her conscience.

"She was more appreciative and receptive than creative in her mentality; she loved and made her own the grandest, most sublime of the old and modern poets and philosophers, and had a sweet charity for all earnest believers and workers, that shed its radiance far and wide. In an address before Sorosis, more than twelve years ago, I cited her as the most cultivated and disciplined spirit I had then found. She said, in her radiant face, when speaking on any subject of faith, 'See how my spirit rejoices in this truth!'

"I cannot realize the change that came to her conjugal life. It seems a horrid dream, a mental illusion. Its effects show how brave

and loyal was her nature, but I rebel against the sacrifice and regret that to this cultivation of mind and spirit there was not also added that other great requisite to full womanhood, Self-Justice."

The Orange Journal, under the direction of Mrs. Fenn's son-in-law, in its biographical sketch of her, declares that "The loss of her loving daughter was not the crowning bereavement of her life. It remained for the husband, who had for twenty-nine years been a loving and devoted companion, to become estranged and to separate from her who had been his faithful companion for a decade and a half of years."

But Mrs. Fenn silently accepted the situation she had agreed to take, and gradually sought to reconstruct her shattered life. Its foundations were the same unchanging principles of Love and Law in the moral universe, but in rearing the superstructure, she now made use of that only which her own enlarged wisdom approved. Out of the wreck of earthly ideals soared her aspiring soul. As deep as the gulfs she had sounded were the celestial heights she finally attained. What matter though the body gave way, the spirit finally gained its mastery, and new and holy consecration glorified her remaining days. Mr. Baldwin, shaking off bitter associations in the valley, moved to a beautiful home on the hillside, where Mary revelled in nature and in the inspirations of the great souls of every name and age. In putting away the past she dropped her last name, and requested her friends to call her by her own and her mother's maiden name. She rose from the local and personal into the general and universal, and revised some beliefs she had long cherished. Emerson's glowing words, especially those upon the Over-soul, were frequently upon her lips, and she often quoted his remarkable essay upon Love, as her own views upon that subject, beginning with "The Eden of God is bare and grand." The wood thrush, her favorite bird, which had been the subject of one of her best poems, sang to her "from dewy morn to dusky eve," while her own spirit was attuned to still loftier melodies. "I have never lived before where the thrushes sang," she said to some friends one day in early June, "and I am so happy here. Life was never so rich and full of meaning as it is now. For a week at a time all remembrance of the sufferings of the last four years have been swept away." It was at this period, that with an earnest desire to comfort some spirit laden with anguish, she wrote, "After the Storm," which was at the head of the first portion of this biographical sketch. It seemed as if the bright light of many years the mentor of the bright little flock at home, and the revered of a large circle of friends.

But it was not so to be. A deadly cancer of the stomach had been developed. Attacked with violent pain, she knew no easy moment during more than four long weeks. But, the more her body was tortured, the higher the spirit soared. In vain the best medical aid sought to give relief. Calmly she made every preparation for the change; gave away keepsakes and books; buried memorials of suffering; sent messages of love and farewell to absent loved ones; gave directions for her simple burial service; and welcomed the kiss of death as the greatest joy. Her mind was remarkably elevated, clear and sustained. Ministered unto by her sister, Mrs. Z. R. Plumb, her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Love, and her devoted friend, Mrs. Helen Campbell, she inspired them all with wonder at her steady faith, sweetness, patience and fortitude. Nothing in her brave life was so heroic as her manner of leaving it.

As the morning of the 18th of July dawned, it was evident that the end was near at hand. Calling in the family, she bade each a tender good bye, gave her final directions, and murmuring these lines, her last connected words:

"My servant, Death, with sacred rite,
Fours finds me into life."

sank into unconsciousness. And a thrush that was found that morning dead upon her window-sill, seemed a mystic token of the departure of that tender spirit to the land of "sunshine and eternal song." The light of earthly life flickered and went out gradually, but an hour before its expiration, a soft, heavenly radiance fell across those lovely features, seeming to come from both without and within, until finally they were fixed in that marble calm when age and suffering were effaced and the expression of patient self-abnegation changed into a beautiful and holy serenity.

The funeral services, held on the afternoon of the 19th, were simple and appropriate. The wasted body was hidden beneath rare flowers, and on the casket, among other floral offerings, was a large anchor of roses, lilies and white carnations, bearing a card upon which was written, "With the tender love of Sorosis." The Rev. Mr. Whitaker of Orange, read the passages of Scripture she had selected, including the Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and a few verses of the 15th chapter of Corinthians: "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." Then followed an appropriate address in which he described Mrs. Fenn's wondrously unselfish and loving nature, and her passion to be helpful and comforting to those in distress. He read "After the Storm," as embodying her own attitude of mind in her last poem, and closed his sympathetic tribute by quotations from Whitaker's "Gone." The burial was private, at the close of the day, in Rosevale Cemetery, whither the daughter's remains will be removed to rest beside her.

So ends the mortal life of one whose rare and loyal character deserves that love which is so abundantly secured. With the blessed memory of her stainless life, and in the trust of reunion with her glorified spirit, now happily emancipated, we do not bid her farewell. Beside heavenly waters she waits, until those she loved join her in that realm of fadeless beauty. Exactly five years before she set sail for that final voyage, we wandered together, "hand in hand," upon the beach, and looking afar upon the dim horizon, communed in heart together as we were wont. These closing lines were written by her in commemoration of that day:

BESIDE THE WATERS.

TO H. M. P. (JULY 18TH, 1881.)

Upon the white seashore,
With its billows evermore,
Like the plaint of murmuring music at our feet,
And the sands extending far
In a circling, sunlit bar,
Which the diamond-crested waters rushed to meet;

We wandered hand in hand,
As in a shadowy land,
Where visions of a happier clime may float,
When, like a note of spring,
Thy voice, dear heart, did bring
A prophecy of blessedness remote.

"Together shall we walk,
Together shall we sail,
Beside the flowing waters that afar
Leave all the Summer Isles,
Where fadeless beauty smiles,
Beyond the dwelling place of sun and star."

Thus from thy lips, dear heart,
While thou and I sweet
Roamed happily beside the summer sea.

There came a prophetic tone,
And thine eye in splendor shone,
With a foregleam of the rapture yet to be!
Mary Fenn D.

Late August Magazines.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) The Popular Science Monthly for August opens with an illustrated article on Woods and their Destructive Fungi. The Hon. David A. Wells concludes his Economic study of Mexico. In The Extension of Scientific Teaching, Professor Huxley inquires how such education may be organized. In Genius and Precocity, Mr. James Sullivan considers to what extent men who have become eminent have given promise in early youth of their future ability. Professor N. M. Butler gives a view of what has been accomplished by the English Society for Psychological Research. The Causes of the Present Commercial Crisis are clearly set forth. Dr. T. M. Coan gives an account of the Mineral Springs of Eastern France. Professor Isaac Sharpless describes the astronomical methods for obtaining the correct time. Recent Progress in Chemistry is reviewed in a very instructive article.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. (Cassell & Co., New York.) The Magazine of Art for August has for a frontispiece, Rosetti's Ecce Ancilla Domini. A paper on Animals in Decoration, treats the subject in a clear and popular way. The Romance of Art describes the splendid marriage of Lorenzo the Magnificent. A fine picture is given of the vase which illustrates the Homeric Hymn to Dionysius. "Plagiarisms of the Old Masters," is doubly interesting by its full illustrations of the same theme as treated by different masters. The Pictorial Arts of Japan, tempts the reader with its curious illustrations of Japanese drawing. Charles De Kay writes of a Group of Colorists. There is also the usual summaries of current art.

ST. NICHOLAS. (The Century Co., New York.) Mary Halleck Foote contributes a most suggestive frontispiece of child life at the seaside. Rocky Mountain Hermit is an account of a Robinson Crusoe summer spent among the mountains of Wyoming. A Royal Fish, describes the methods and the joys of salmon fishing. On the Witley Brook Trestle, is an exciting vacation story. A new outdoor game, called Regatta, is described by Frank Bellow. The work and play department contains the usual variety. Other articles are Little Lord Fauntleroy, Sam's Revolt; The Kelp-gatherers; George Washington; Wonders of the Alphabet. There are also poems, fables and pictures.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (New York.) Contents: The Lady of the White House; Roger Williams; Familiar Talks with our young readers; The Bearing of Physiology on Insanity; Life; Ludwig of Bavaria; Decline of Population in Rural Massachusetts; A Strange Adventure; Notes in Science and Industry; Etc.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York.) The frontispiece of this issue, Study of a head, is a fine piece of work engraved by Gardner from a drawing by Perugini. My friend Jim; In Leicester Fields; The Death of Proserpine; Mere Suzanne; Old Chester; The Widow; and A Garden of Memories, with illustrations, fill this month's pages.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW. (Boston.) Contents: The Twofold Symbol of Godhead; The four Monopoles; The Prophets; A Talk about Novels; The Impiety of Theology; The Eternal's Secret with the Prophets; Editor's Note-Book; Review of Current Literature.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE. (L. N. Fowler, London, Eng.) Contents: Joseph, Arch; True Manliness; The Proposed Phrenological Society; Size of Brain as a Measure of Power; Character-Building; Phrenology for Children; Inherited Traits; Health Hints; Etc.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY. (The Russell Publishing Co., Boston.) The young readers will find much to amuse them during the warm weather in the August number of this monthly.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE. (Cassell & Co., New York.) The usual amount of good reading, comprising serials, short stories, poems, and notes with many illustrations, is found in the August Family Magazine.

YOUTH. (Chicago.) The July number of this magazine is filled with stories that can not fail to please the youth of every home.

New Books Received.

AN APOSTLE OF SPIRITUALISM. A Biographical Monograph of J. J. Morse. Boston: Colby & Rich.

HAMLET. By W. Shakespeare. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, paper cover, 10 cents.

NATURE AND ART. By Mrs. Inchbold. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, paper cover, 10 cents.

ESSAYS. By Abram Cowley. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, paper cover, 10 cents.

New Music Received.

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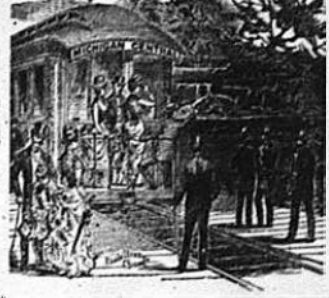
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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, please mark for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 21, 1886.

Views of Immortality in the Churches.

It is a matter of interest to note the progress of ideas in regard to the future life in the popular churches. Rev. E. G. Robinson, D. D., in a late sermon in the Sage chapel of Cornell University spoke as follows:

The Christian idea of immortality, furthermore, is that of an immortality of embodied, and not of disembodied, spirits. It is from heathen mythologies, and not from Jesus or his Apostles, that we get the idea of a future state of bodiless ghosts. Indeed, it is only by questionable inferences from Scripture that we can venture to speak of even the recently departed as disembodied spirits. The Apostle Paul yearned to be released from his earthly body, but he longed only to be "clothed upon" with the new heavenly garments. The immortality of the New Testament is also an immortality of character. In the soul's survival of death there will also be a survival of all its acquisitions and belongings. All of its future will have a beginning in the present. Whatever has entered into and helped to make up its character here will continue to make up the identity of its character hereafter. As acquired here, character is always the compound product of both a body and a soul. Even its most spiritual elements are dependent on material symbols of thought, and on the bodily experiences of daily life. If character is to be perpetuated, and if the habits of thought and emotion that constitute the soul's identity are to be continued into another sphere of being, then there must be a continuation in some form, however modified, of the agencies and instrumentalities by which they have been here acquired. The new body of the resurrection may, and doubtless will, be so elaborated in its nature as to be freed of all that now makes it perilous for the soul, and yet will continue to be in its reorganized form all that made it distinctively the body it had been. As throughout life in this world, changing as the body perpetually is in every element of composition, its identity always survives; it is recognized, so shall it be in the resurrection. Changed as the soul's habitation may be, personal identity will remain and be recognized.

Rev. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Christian Union*, says in that paper:

Polignant indeed is the grief of one who believes that life is the product of the material body, and that when the body dies the life is forever lost. Some of the most poignant is the grief of him who imagines that the life of his friend depends upon the bodily organization, and that when the body crumbles into dust the soul, in a long and dreary sleep, awaits the miraculous recovery of its habitation. But he who believes there is no such thing as death, for the spirit is independent of its organs, that the friend who has departed is released from his captivity, that every vital power is enfranchised and enlarged, that he rises at death from the body as a captive leaves from his dungeon when the door is thrown open—such a one cannot but rejoice in the parting which involves no true separation and suggests no suspension of mental and spiritual activity.

Of course this view involves a repudiation of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. That doctrine I do repudiate; I believe it to be inconsistent with Scripture, antagonistic to science, and a product of a pagan and materialistic habit of thought.

In the same sheet is a notice of a new book by Rev. G. A. Gray, D. D., on "The Scriptural Doctrine of Recognition in the World to Come"—one of a good many like books, the issue of which shows a growing demand.

The reviewer says: "Many weary eyes gaze into the heavens as if they catch one glimpse of faces long unseen. The more generous spirit is anxious for such growth and development as heavenly home and all its blessed associations will give, and yet is afraid lest growth shall destroy recognition." The subtle influence of the spiritual movement permeates the atmosphere of modern thought, and these men feel it and utter these larger views of the future life.

The *New York Independent*, touching that stubborn contempt and blindness touching Spiritualism, which marks that journal, broad and clear as it is on some other vital matter, says:

"When men die and leave this world, they are as far as we know, absolutely dead to the world in respect to any further direct and active participation in its affairs. They may have been very important while living, and the results of what they did or said may last long after they are gone; and in this sense, though dead, they may yet speak. But the men themselves, as active on earth, are dead and gone. They never come back to this world, and so far as our knowledge extends, do not send to earth from any other world any post mortem influence or power. There is, however, one remarkable exception to this general statement; and this we find in the person of Jesus Christ, who according to the flesh, was a man, but in whom, as a man, God was incarnate."

Here is, on the other hand, a cold and frightful sentence, written by John Morley of London. In his late history of the French Revolution, on a hope expressed by Rousseau of an immortality beyond the grave:

"To pluck so gracious a flower of hope on the edge of the squalor, unseemly gift of nothingness into which our friend has slid silently down, is a natural impulse of the sensitive soul, numbing remorse and giving a moment's relief to the hunger and thirst of a tenderness that has been robbed of its object. Yet would not men be more likely to have deeper love for those about them, and a keener dread of filling a house with aching hearts, if they courageously realized from the beginning of their days that we have none of this perfect companionship of blissed promise ourselves in other worlds, that the black and horrible grave is indeed the end of our communion, and that we know one another no more?"

Men like Robinson and Abbott would gain greatly if they could but learn of the spiritual body which death releases from: the crumbling clays, and of the real presence of our dear friends from beyond the veil. They must come to Spiritualism, which they now misunderstand and see but dimly, for this. What new light and life and power would come to scholars like Morley in the same way. The stone which such proud builders now reject, must be the corner stone of a new temple, lit up by such intellectual and spiritual splendor as never can reach their cold and narrow horizon. Looking either toward the church or toward materialistic skepticism we see the need of Spiritualism and the power it already manifests.

Unitarian Questions—Immortality Left Out.

The leaving out of any statement of belief in Delt or Immortality in the resolution of the late Cincinnati Conference of Western Unitarians, is stirring up a wholesome discussion. A late *Christian Register* comes from Boston with a circular letter from its editor, S. J. Barrows, asking information from clergymen as to growth or decline of theistic belief, tendency to disown moral force or spiritual truth received from its Christian heritage or from Christ, decline in devotional spirit, development of character, and practical educational work, closing as follows:

A short time ago, the following statement of the present implication of the Unitarian name was made by the *Christian Register*: "Unitarianism is that free and progressive development of historic Christianity which aspires to be synonymous with universal ethics and universal religion."

Answers from thirteen leading Western Unitarian ministers fill twelve columns. The general purport of their replies is that they find modified statements of views but no real decline of theism, no disowning of spiritual truth, no decrease of real devotion yet less of form, and an emphasis on character and good works. The definition of Unitarianism they all accept, one criticizing it as incomplete.

The noteworthy feature of the *Register's* questions and of these replies, is that, with one sole exception, no hint is made of belief or disbelief in immortality. It may be said that such belief is implied in the query on spiritual truth from a Christian heritage, but so is a belief in theism, in the development of character, and a devotional spirit implied in the same way. Why ask so carefully of these things, and be silent touching growth or decay of belief in personal immortality? James Scammon, of Kansas City, Mo., in replying to the *Register's* questions, says:

I think any definition of a religion which aspires to the betterment of man, and to be enduring, must contain in it three fundamental terms. It must include the recognition of a governing power, the duty and necessity of worship, and the hope of immortality. With such a statement, the half-deistic, lacking the spiritual vitality necessary to an abiding conviction, might leave us not contented to us as at all in his place, however, we would have the really serious, dead-in-earnest men and women, with convictions that filled and consumed them. That half-heartedness and our official religion, which is Unitarianism, that would represent the real sentiments of its heart at the expense of its convictions, for fear of driving some one away, cannot long hope to command the minds of men and women. These fundamental terms fully recognized in a broad sense, I would leave the matter of definition to the individual. One might endow the governing power with personality. To another, it might be a guiding power in all and through all. I would say, Let it be to each according to his need.

I think the presence of all these fundamental elements should be insisted upon in any statement. Without them, any system, whether a religion, as Carlyle has somewhere said, a hollow mockery and a sham. Upon these hopes and in them, our race for twenty centuries has been living, and we cannot rest and content ourselves with a mere belief in a future life. Without these, I do not think any real religious life long endures. For these great truths and hopes, Unitarianism should stand like a rock; and its exponents should not hesitate to proclaim them as their profound conviction.

My thought is that, if we would make Unitarianism a great religion, a power for goodness and enlightenment in the world, its public exponents must be teachers of practical righteousness rather than of partial and inadequate philosophies and fears. It must assert and insist upon the fundamental principles I have indicated, and live them. From these will come that depth of conviction and that earnestness of purpose, that truthfulness of life, to which the world will give its entire allegiance; for it cannot afford willingly to let it die.

A Questioner.

In the *New York Independent*, in "Questions," by Harriet Trowbridge, she says: Beyond! How far beyond? What dread abyss Yawns measureless between that world and this?

Art thou, who were so near and dear, now far Away beyond our reach as any star? Is all the old earth lost forgotten quite In that abode of heavenly delight?

No answer comes. The winds that blow Bring not a word. And yet I know That thou art near! What need to prove That death can never sunder love?

Speak now! and still this wild revolt that fain Would bring thee back to this poor life again!

Let this questioner sit in her room an hour each day, quietly waiting, and open her soul to listen, or let her go to some good medium, and that word might come. So long as she accepts the blind and bigoted assertion of the *Independent* that such messages never come, an assertion refuted scores of times in that Bible which it holds as the word of God, she will be in no mood to be reached by her friends beyond the veil.

The editor's private correspondence has again grown beyond the limit of his ability to reply to all. He earnestly begs his friends to have patience, and not refrain from writing him merely because he fails to respond. His heart goes out to every one of these correspondents, and he hopes to get around to them in time; at present only such letters as imperatively require prompt attention are sure of immediate answer.

The Small Amount of Brain Required to Formulate a Creed.

The Chicago *Living Church* relates that an Edinburgh Presbyterian minister on one occasion, happening to visit a resident of his parish, asked what church he was in the habit of attending. The man answered that he had belonged to a certain congregation, but that he and others could not assent to certain views which were accepted by the majority, and they had therefore formed a secession. "Then you worship with those friends?" "Well, no; the fact is, I found that there were certain points on which I could not conform, so I seceded." "O, then, I suppose, you and your wife engage in devotion together at home?" "Well, not precisely. Our views are not quite in accord, so she worships in that corner of the room and I in this."

The above is a vivid illustration. The scene so vividly pictured is highly amusing, showing how easy it is for one to shoot off, meteor-like, and formulate what is commonly designated a religious creed. Playing ball, as ardently indulged in by the various pugacious clubs devoted to that interesting pastime, requires well developed muscles, strong nerves, and an exceedingly quick perception. In lacrosse the participants should have a special kind of aptness, alertness and intellectual acumen. Even for one to play croquet successfully he needs no little amount of vigor of mind, and even lawn tennis is not often indulged in by the idiotic. To participate successfully in those popular plays is no trifling or easy matter, but requires an excellent display of all the inherent forces of the body. When, however, one steps from the exhilarating domain of amusement on to the doubtful plane of ancient or modern theology, and attempts to formulate a religious creed, and thereon establish a sect, he finds that comparatively little intellectual exertion is required in order to meet with success. The more mysteriously he talks of that being designated in English as God, Jehovah, Jove, etc., the more earnestly he will appear to the casual semi-intelligent observer. The greater the claims to the supernatural and divine in his creed, and the more marvelously and transcendently foolish he makes the exercises connected therewith, the better it will be liked by the non-thinking classes.

Take, for example, Mormonism. Any contemptible imbecile could formulate a creed as reasonable as that, and entitled to as much respect. Joseph Smith was its adventurous, ambitious and superstitious founder, and a very weak one, too, intellectually. He commenced his remarkable career as a creed and bible-maker in Western New York, and he claimed to have delivered to him in a miraculous manner certain plates on which were inscribed the substance of which the Mormon Bible is made. The Mormons entertain the idea that there is a plurality of Gods—one Supreme Being and others of a lesser order and significance. Their God or Jehovah once had a human form, and man—puny, sinful, man—was fashioned after him. Man, however, prior to his advent on this terrestrial globe, was a spirit in another world. It is said that he was placed here to make him better for the world to come. The fall of man was not considered an unfortunate circumstance, but rather as the means of developing man and carrying him to a higher state. Their idea of redemption was analogous to the Christian belief. Children were guiltless up to the age of eight years, and were then baptized and held accountable. They believed in the manifestation of the Holy Ghost, and the Lord's Supper was observed, but water was used in the place of wine. The whole Government of Utah was divided into twenty-three stakes—a phrase adopted from their Bible—which were in turn subdivided into Councils. Polygamy is one of the latter revelations and not one of the paramount beliefs of the denomination. Though hundreds of religions sects in the world, founded on various bibles, the end is, not yet. New bibles of extraordinary size, and new sects with conflicting tenets are brought forth, as if this distracted and weary world has not yet been cursed enough by them. There is a modern bible with a wild, weird name in appearance, that we have in mind. Its pretensions can be designated as enormous; its statements are marvellous; its claims to divine origin are made with the earnestness of one sitting at the right hand of God; besides its bulk is prodigious; but its real intrinsic worth to an outraged and long suffering humanity, may be estimated at the exact value of its gross material for the purpose of working it over to some better purpose.

The exceeding ease that people can be victimized when God's name is coupled with the scheme, is illustrated by an account that comes from the Kokomo (Indiana) *Dispatch*, showing how the people of Waupecong, that State, have been bamboozled by one who claimed to be inspired by God. Just as other great creed-makers and adventurers have done, in order to make their schemes successful, John Myers was the man's name. He quartered himself with a family bearing that name, consisting of Jacob Myers, his wife, and grown son, William, commonly known as "Judy." Isaac and Samuel Myers, brothers to "Judy," are employed on farms in the neighborhood. Jacob and "Judy" are farmers and carpenters. John Myers was a treasure-hunter, inspired, he claimed, by the Almighty God with power more infinite and spells more potent than the astrologers and necromancers of old. An irresistible power had drawn him from the Pennsylvania hills. The earth around them, trod by farmers from sun to sun in hard and un-

requiting toil, contained treasure more vast than the fabled cave of Aladdin. He could lead to its discovery and the immense wealth would belong jointly to them. He produced a strange old German book, which he represented to be a sort of Koran of the mysterious faith, and explained the working of many signs, omens, spells, and charms in the new science of magic.

Little by little Jacob and "Judy" fell into the scheme of the stranger, who spoke their tongue fluently and tempted them with no less a prize than Satan showed to Jesus from the mount. And eventually not only did they abandon themselves to his purposes, but prevailed upon certain of their neighbors to join them. Principal among the new converts to the faith of Heate, were Jacob C. Schmucker, owner of a planing-mill, a member of the Omish Church, and a man of fair standing in the community; and William Burton, farmer, of the Methodist persuasion, and also of good social standing.

The night preceding the first search a weird séance was held, the Koran was opened, oracles were consulted, and wild incantations performed at the house of Myers. The next night the first excavation was begun, with like witching ceremonies, at a point indicated by the new prophet, joined in by the parties above named and witnessed by dozens of villagers. A round hole was sunk to the depth of ten feet, and, finding no treasure, it was abandoned. The prophet was ready with sufficient reasons for the failure and the faith of the diggers remained unshaken. Again the hocus pocus was resorted to with certain variations; again the treasure-hunters went to dig, and again they were defeated.

And now the fanatical fools listened to, even entertained, a proposition from Myers, the inspired, that no degree of mystification or ignorance can justify or excuse. The Pennsylvania seer stated that his patron-spirit was angry with him; that the Almighty was displeased and had locked His secret in a seal of stone; that as patriarchs of old had offered sacrifice to appease Divine wrath, so must they. He told them that if a virgin could be procured and the ground sanctified by the sacrifice of her chastity the seal would be broken and the rocks would open and reveal the sought-for treasure. It is vouched for on the authority of reputable men of the community that an attempt to comply with this outrageous demand was made. Of course it failed. But the seer was not without his resources. He had a daughter in Warrensville, Pa., who would answer the purpose, and he proffered to bring her to the spot on condition money was raised to defray her expenses. This was unhesitatingly done. In due time the woman came and with her a two-year old child. Then, it is said, there began a series of disgusting orgies, polluting sweet Nature by scenes of shameless lust and turning her fair temple into a bawdy-house. The ground about the village became porous from frequent explorations, and the treasure-hunting fanatics became at once the wonder and the scoff of the village. About this time Isaac and Samuel Myers arrived upon the scene. Learning the true state of affairs they drove Myers, the prophet, his concubine, and their child from their father's house and from the village with little ceremony and less gentleness.

But the poisonous weed of superstition had taken root. Before leaving Myers the inspired had conferred upon "Judy" his prophetic powers and confided to him the book of oracles, together with all the occult mechanism of his magic. He continued to dig, and by feeble efforts at mystification attempted to proselyte to the new faith. There was one element of success wanting to insure the realization of his fondest hopes—the subject for sacrifice. Andrew Schrock and Meyers C. Smith, farmers and trustworthy men, are authority for the statement that he approached Miss Eva Andres and Miss Kate Lininger, ladies of unimpeachable character, and was indignantly repelled. How many others have been made to suffer the indignity of his shameful proposition it is impossible to say. Society in and about Waupecong is shaken to the very center, and houses are divided and arrayed against themselves in ceaseless turmoil. These statements culled from the *Dispatch*, are really astounding.

A late cablegram from London, also shows the small amount of brain required, to make pretensions of holding communion with God, the same as a few ancients claimed to do. The incident occurred in the Department of Hautes Alpes, France. Among the inhabitants of the place were two maiden sisters, Marie and Catherine Olagner, aged respectively forty-seven and forty-five years. They lived somewhat more pretentiously than their neighbors, being possessed of independent means, and were noted for their extreme piety and an unshaken belief in miracles. A few days ago, Catherine, the younger, told her sister that God had appeared to her in a vision and had asked, as a proof of her obedience to His will, the sacrifice of Marie. The latter, imbued with an absolute faith in the miracle, acquiesced in the proposition. Both sisters then attended mass, and on their return home Marie prepared for the sacrifice without faltering. When all was ready Catherine took a keen-edged razor and deliberately cut the arteries in the arms and ankles of her sister, allowing her to bleed slowly to death. As the victim's life blood ebbed away the female butcher collected it as a relic, repeating meanwhile, "Jesus, Marie, my hope and my savior." When Marie was dead Catherine dressed the corpse in white, laid it out, and then, taking her sister's will to a notary, told what she had done, adding that she had buried the body. She

was at once arrested and will be subjected to an official examination as to her sanity.

To write a scientific work requires a vast expenditure of brain force, for everything must come under the domain of the senses, and be subjected to the critical and careful examination of comprehensive minds. It must stand or fall on its own merits. To give birth to a creed or a bible on which a sect can be built, needs no expensive scientific apparatus; a correct knowledge of ancient and modern history is not even required; it is not essential that the writer possess common sense, nor are the statements made required to be consistent or in harmony with each other. The ease with which John Myers convinced the people of Waupecong that he was inspired by God himself, enabled him to inaugurate a system of action that found willing followers, and which culminated in wild orgies and bestial conduct which should have been suppressed by the strong hand of the law.

It is, indeed, surprising the small amount of brain required to evolve a creed that will attract thousands of adherents. Not only can a small amount of brain accomplish that remarkable feat, but the same may be of the grossest texture. What do you think of Calvin's brain who instigated the burning of Servetus? What of Brigham Young's brain who endorsed that terrible massacre of emigrants? What of the brains of those old Puritans who whipped women through the streets and cut off the ears of other offenders against their creed? What of the brains of those who hung, witches? Of course their brains were generally small in quantity, but if large, very coarse in texture! Cuvier's brain weighed 64½ ounces—too large in him to evolve a creed. Dr. Abercrombie's weighed 63 ounces, and it was too fine in its make up and imbued with too much good sense to endeavor to found a religious sect. Agassiz's brain weighed 53½ ounces, and by nature it was too devoted to science to attempt to found a new religion. Guiteau's brain weighed 54 ounces, but it was so gross in many respects that he came very near on one occasion, it is said, evolving a religious creed, and immortalizing his name like Brigham Young and Jo. Smith. Had he carried his plans out, his mind would have been diverted from Garfield, and that terrible assassination would never have occurred, though a greater calamity would have befallen the country. His brain, like Brigham Young's, was large and flabby, and only grovelling thoughts could find indulgence therein. Let us all be thankful that those who possess large brains of fine textures, devote themselves to science, art or literature, while those who have small brains, or if large, very flabby and ungainly, devote their time to founding new and orthodox religious orders, or writing new bibles, or prating about a devil and hell.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Giles B. Stebbins will be at Lake City, Mich., August 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. Bundy left for Minnesota and Dakota, last week. Mrs. Bundy will be absent until October 1st.

Those who are familiar with Dr. Alice B. Stockham's book for women, entitled *Tokology*, will be pleased to learn that it has reached its fifth edition, and has been translated into German.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou lately devoted one entire Sunday evening in Melbourne, Australia, to describing spirits. The proceeds, £11 7s. 3d., were appropriated by her to aid a local charity.

In pulling down the walls of a convent in Panama, there was found lately imbedded in the masonry, a skeleton attached to a cross of wood. The good people who saved souls in Panama long ago, seem to have had the same cheerful traits which marked the monks told of in "Marmion."—*Chicago Tribune*.

The editor-in-chief is obliged to be absent from his office for some weeks, but hopes the JOURNAL's contributors and correspondents will not slacken their interest. He would be delighted, to say nothing of his profound astonishment, were he to find on his return that every subscriber now in arrears had paid up and renewed. Try and astonish him!

We have received from A. B. Roff, Watseka, Ill., "The Picture of My Angel Mother's Face," song and chorus. The words and music are by his son, J. A. Roff of Council Bluffs, Iowa. This song is well adapted to the family and will, no doubt, reach many homes. Price forty cents. To be had of the publishers, Dalbey & Roff, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The French Government has presented a gold medal to M. Dupuch, a common porter in Paris, in recognition of his "extraordinary devotion in giving of his blood in operations of transfusion of blood, thereby saving the lives of several persons." During the last three years the gallant porter has braved the perilous operation seven times.

"Dr." S. J. Cheesebrough of Syracuse, N. Y., who is either an idiot or a knave, has been making an exhibition of the lengths to which vanity and a weak brain will carry him. He has been at times quoted as authority by the JOURNAL's Spiritualist contemporaries. A perusal of Syracuse papers for August 2nd, will probably satisfy these exchanges that they had better not use Cheesebrough for ammunition in their contests with the JOURNAL.

A scholarly and experienced teacher, learning that there was a vacancy in the High School at North Reading, Mass., wrote a few weeks ago, applying for the position. In reply he received a letter from the chairman of the school committee, who, we have learned,

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

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AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I Dream of a Land.

BY MRS. JULIA GREY BURNETT.

I dream of a land where the angels of light
Live in homes that are made without hands;
And I watch for their coming in robes soft and white,
Like gleams from that sweet Summer-land.
I say that I dream. Is it only a dream?
A fancy, a phantom, a sport of the mind?
If a fancy, 'tis sweet; for like the starbeam
It points to its author divine.

I dream of a land where the beautiful are
In spirit, in form, and in life;
And I list for the music as brought by the choir
Of beings who live without strife;
Oblivious to the world and its strife and its pain,
Tell me life and its treasures are safe over there;
For faith, hope, and love will bid sorrow depart
Like mist on the soft summer air.

I dream of a land where the evergreen bowers
Are bright with the forms that I love;
And I breathe the perfume from invisible flowers
That grow in those gardens above.
It is not a dream; 'tis a land I have seen,
'Tis a home where immortals in happiness dwell;
And our loved are the angels who brighten the scene,
With beauty that tongue cannot tell.

The Past and Present.

BY G. H. ROMAINE.

In reply to the scholarly gentleman who writes over the signature of Almyr Marcel, we desire to say that the Spiritualists have no code of ethics; condemn no Bible, pick flaws in no code of ethics, but approve of everything which is in the remotest degree designed to modify our pain in the pained soul of humanity. Its work would be poorly done did it seek to undermine any faith which has been the support and solace through life of one fainting heart, and the more decidedly so since it has itself brought larger consolation to despairing souls than all other faiths combined. We find no fault with Methodism, Presbyterianism, Romanism, nor any "ism," either condemned or approved by Brother Marcel, but might easily and conscientiously take him to task for his special championship of Roman Catholicism, which, even according to his own record of facts, was the implacable enemy of science in the sixteenth century, and although there is a wonderful legend about the lamp of learning being kept alive during the dark ages by the monks in monasteries, this lamp burned more brightly during the gloomy time when fed by pagan rather than Christian hands. Listen to Draper on this point:

The Khalifs of Cordova (Moors) distinguished themselves as patrons of learning. Cordova under their administration boasted of more than two hundred thousand houses and more than a million inhabitants. After sunset a man might walk through it for ten miles by the light of the public lamps. Seven hundred years after this time there was not one public lamp in London. Its streets were solidly paved. In Paris centuries after whoever stepped on a threshold on a rainy day stepped on his ankles in mud.

The palaces of the Khalifs were the most magnificent in Europe. The residences of the ordinary merchants among the Spanish Mohammedans were better than those of the rulers of Christian Europe. Rich tapestries, mosaic floors, marble fountains and beautiful gardens were on every hand. The library of the Khalif Al-Hakem was so large that the catalogue alone comprised forty large volumes. Even in the matter of calligraphy and illumination of MSS., something in which the monks have generally been looked upon as unequalled, the Spanish Arabs were far superior. They taught to Western Europe the fashion of clean linen and bodily cleanliness. Not even the Mohammedans Arab would have offered a spectacle as did the corpse of the saintly Thomas Becket, whose white shirt was removed. Literature thrived under the Khalifs. One of them was the author of no less than fifty volumes. Another wrote a treatise on algebra, for which science was wholly indebted to the Spanish Arabs. They translated the works of the principal Greek philosophers, but the weakness of the Greek poets deterred them from this task. Homer, Alaschid, however, had Homer translated into Syriac. The Khalifs established libraries in all the chief towns. To every mosque was attached a public school where the children of the poor were taught. Let us respectfully ask, in how many monasteries of Christian Europe was instruction given to the poor?

It is the current belief, and it must have some foundation, that the hostility of the Roman Church to public education has not abated even in the cloudy glare of the nineteenth century. What must it have been in the midnight darkness of the medieval time?

In the land of the Khalifs there were encyclopedias, grammars, and dictionaries; there were Greek, Latin and Hebrew lexicons; one Arabic dictionary consisted of sixty volumes each word fortified by quotations, thus antedating the style of Litte and the great English philological dictionaries. The topics discussed by the writers were many. Let us mention a few: Avicenna, on medicine and philosophy; Averroes, on philosophy; he was the discoverer of the spot upon the sun, A. D. 1190; Abu Othman, on zoology; Ibn Sina, on optics; Ibn Bekkar, on botany; Ibn Zair, on pharmacy. There are scores of others on topography, statistics, chronology, numismatics, agriculture and irrigation. The same people brought chemistry to a high degree of perfection, while the Pope of Rome—they thought it was a duty—were engaged in inventing bulls against those who practiced it in Christian Europe as "necromancy and practices of the black art."

Surgery and obstetrics were practiced by the Spanish Arabs, at the same time Pope Innocent III. forbade surgical operations, and Pope Honorius went still further and forbade the practice of medicine by clerics. In 1224 the Dominicans banished books on medicine from the monasteries, and Pope Boniface VIII. prohibited dissection as sacrilege. Andreas Vesalius, founder of the science of modern anatomy, was banished by the Church. Arnold de Villa Nova, the great physician and chemist of his day, was excommunicated for "dealing with the devil," and forced to fly from Christendom to the land of the pagans. There, although bereft of the society of Christians, he was at least among intelligent men.

To the Spanish Arabs we owe the introduction of rice, sugar and cotton into Europe, nearly all the fine garden fruits and the culture of silk; the system of irrigation by floodgates, wheels and pumps; the manufacture of textile fabrics, earthenware, iron and steel. We owe our very numerals to them, and the items herewith particularized are only the most important. In a thousand small particulars are also their debtors.

The purpose of the foregoing enumeration is to show that Pagan civilization was superior at an important time to that fostered by Christianity, and that the progress of the world is not largely indebted to any religious sect. In fact, it is fully in accord with the declaration of Mr. Marcel, that "Science must retire from the field whenever it institutes a conflict with revealed religion." But this order of things is not to continue. It is not consistent with the better revelation of the nineteenth century, nor in harmony with the new spirit of progress.

Therefore, people are looking for the new light in science and religion, and scaries of all denominations, Protestant and Catholic alike, are flocking to the intelligent, the liberal, the encouraging and over-coming ranks of modern Spiritualism. It will ultimately become the all-pervading science and the sweetly dominating religion of the world.

We assure Brother Marcel that every reference to himself and his article herein contained is dedicated by a spirit of kindness, and that no statement of fact from his pen is found susceptible of contradiction, but that on the other hand the tendency—he speaks of churchmen—is toward something better than their old creed is a vibrant declaration of truth which daily and hourly become more and more apparent to every observer. It is a key-note which will ring down through future ages with resounding peal.

When Buffalo's streets are well paved with asphalt the Buffalo Herd Company expects to couple several carriages together and run them on the smooth surface by electricity or compressed air.

The Spiritualism before "Modern Spiritualism."

BY THOS. HARDING.

No. 1.

"Not in the close, successive rattle
That speaks in voice of modern battle
But slow and far between."

—Sir Walter Scott.

In his poetic romance of "Marmion" Sir Walter reminds his readers that in the battle of Flodden Field, artillery was a new arm of the military service, and consequently that cannons were few in number and comparatively insignificant compared with what they were in his day. The thundering and continuous roar of heavy guns and field pieces were unknown to the soldier of that period; yet a century ago that arm had arrived at such a degree of comparative perfection that Napoleon declared "the Lord was on the side of the Heaviest Artillery." There is a time for all things. The Heaviest is generally arrived at by slow and infrequent advances; but a combination of favorable circumstances will sometimes hasten a consummation, and that which had been held back by unfavorable conditions, may rise to prominence in an incredibly short space of time, when the retarding causes are removed. So also some quality may lie dormant in the blood of a family for generations, and then assert its presence in an overwhelming manner in one child, who may be blessed or cursed with it during his entire earth life. Our Nature seems to do things in a reserve manner, sometimes, but if we know more of the fitness of things, perhaps our old parent would not appear as eccentric as she sometimes does.

Why, if Spiritualism is true, did it not break out before, is often asked. The answer is: It did break out before, and spirit manifestations were frequent occurrences in every age and country, but they were not so general as in our day, and the public attention was not attracted by them as at present.

But why was it not as general in every age as it is in this? What kept it back so long, and what brings it to the surface now? A general reply would be: Because the world and the human family were not fitted for it until now. We also frequently hear inquiries like the following: If you are a medium, what is the reason that I am not one? If your friends come to you, why don't mine come to me? I confess I cannot tell, neither do I know why those who dislike mediumship are frequently mediums; and those who desire to be, are not; or why we sometimes can get nothing when we most want something, and why it comes when we are not looking for it; or why a medium can give a satisfactory test and make a fool of himself with it. Oh! we say "Con- ditional Conditions," but that is about all we can say in our present degree of knowledge.

But why don't spirits enlighten us on the subject of conditions? I for one don't think they can, or they are not permitted to do so; it would be impossible or unlawful, or they would have done so before now, and in such an affectual manner that the lesson could be capable of general application. It is as if we were left to work out our own salvation in this or in every thing else. There is no royal road to spirit geometry, or if there is we are not allowed to travel it. There seems to be a power back of Spiritualism and all spirits, whose mandates cannot be questioned, and whose sovereign will and pleasure must be done; and whose power having a distinct way of its own though not separate from all else; and that way has been unchanged from the remotest dates always and under all circumstances and conditions, and in all persons the same; and this power (being one only) turns and overturns to make one of all, using repellent force only, as a means to the final end of union and oneness. And all things, whether material, mental or spiritual, work together to bring about that final end of making all one. And here comes in the story of love instead of hate; of attraction rather than repulsion, because it aids in the work of creation of the whole.

But I have been switched off from the main track of my subject. That Spiritualism which existed previously to modern Spiritualism crops out frequently in the history of nations. The remarkable and all important work of Joan of Arc, related in the history of France, is an instance of it, and that work has been unchanged from the remotest dates always and under all circumstances and conditions, and in all persons the same; and this power (being one only) turns and overturns to make one of all, using repellent force only, as a means to the final end of union and oneness. And all things, whether material, mental or spiritual, work together to bring about that final end of making all one. And here comes in the story of love instead of hate; of attraction rather than repulsion, because it aids in the work of creation of the whole.

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Scottish historians and authors frequently refer to what are called strange and unaccountable occurrences, which happened to notable persons in their country; indeed, they form a conspicuous chain running through Scottish history from the earliest ages. In the writings of Sir Walter Scott they are frequently referred to; a notable instance of this kind was that in which King James was killed by a spirit, and warned against his attempt upon England (I refer to that James who fought at Flodden). The circumstance was this: James was preparing for a descent upon England; when his army was almost ready to march the King was at his devotions soliciting the aid of the blessed Virgin in his project, when suddenly there appeared before him a young man. The King was on his knees; all were surprised. No one could tell how he was admitted to the royal presence; but this young man interrupted his devotions in a very unceremonious manner, and warned him to desist; told him that defeat and death awaited him if he proceeded in his mad project, and informed him that he came as the messenger of his mother. Sir Walter Scott in his "Tale of Flodden Field" gives the substance of the message thus:

"My mother sent me from afar,
Sir King, to warn thee not to war.
Wee warriors on this array."

King James was indignant, and he immediately ordered his array; but although surrounded and guarded, probably by hundreds of armed knights and soldiers, who were ready to do his slightest command, the young man passed calmly and deliberately through them, and none could lay a hand on him; thus his going was even more mysterious and confounding than his coming. History tells how the King disregarded the warning, how he fought at Flodden; how the nobility of Scotland were nearly decimated and how the King himself was mortally wounded. It tells, too, how the brave Scots, when they found the battle had gone against them, formed a deep circle around their beloved and dying King and fought on until the chivalrous Earl of Surrey withheld his army from further effort. Scott touches this off finely in the following lines:

THEY FOUGHT AROUND THEIR KING.

"And yet though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though billows ply the gleaming blow,
Unbowed was the King."

Each stepping where his comrade stood
The moment that he fell.

No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx light,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
And fearlessly and well.

"Till utter darkness closed her wing
Bound their thin host and wounding King."

Thus, through his disregard of a spirit's warning King James brought his death upon himself, and destruction upon his army.

History states that the battle of Flodden Field was fought on September 9th A. D. 1513, and the Scots under King James IV. of Scotland, and the English under the Earl of Surrey. It was, in all probability the most disastrous battle the Scotch had ever been engaged in. It is also stated in history that the Scotch dead nobles were all but annihilated in that unfortunate encounter. Doubtless the spirit friends of Scotland in their righteous desire to save their old country from needless suffering, depicted one of their number to appear before the King while he was in a devotional mood, and try to dissuade him from carrying out his intentions, but, like less exalted persons, he was proud and ambitious, and instead of yielding, or at least investigating the matter further, he felt his dignity insulted; the result was that,

all those evils which the spirits, in their wisdom and foresight had perceived, occurred, and there was scarcely a family in Scotland, high or low, which had not cause to mourn the loss of one or more of their number, and to regret that the advice of departed friends had not been heeded.

(To be continued.)

"The Enigma of Spiritism"

Is the title of a correspondent's article in the *Christian Register*, in part as follows:

The universal consciousness is adequate for all human problems; and the consensus of many of the wisest minds will, in the ultimate, solve the riddle of modern Spiritism. Thus far, the scientific explanations do not cover all the ground; there is a realm involving what the philosophers call a "new law" or force. How do they know that this new law may not hold in its grasp the germinal acorn, the pith of the whole phenomena?...

As we read the testimony, pro and con, we can easily discern that the Spiritist claims are not more pretensions than the counter theories of the skeptics are ridiculous. It is curious to note how many worthy people believe in "ministering angels" born or created on some other planet, and rigidly draw the line of exclusion on all who were born on the earth. What faculty to put such a tremendous emphasis on the birthplace of an angel! By what occult process do they determine the nativity of the ministering spirit? The happiest and most devoted Christians believe thoroughly in the Holy Spirit; they warn us that it will not always strive; that it is a sin to grieve it, and an irreparable loss to close the heart against it. But these same conscientious people have no sort of compunction that any amount of belief can either grieve or repulse their Spirit guide. Do they fancy angels can return under those adverse conditions which, according to their own theory, would repulse in sorrow the Father of all spirits?... Grant, then, that Spiritism offers proof of personal continuance; and after considering the heterogeneous mass of evidence offered, unless the organ of wonder gets the better of our judgment, we shall at once raise the question of quality. Is the professed immortality worth the having? For illustration, if the spirit of Daniel Webster talks platitudes through a medium, who would care to be a Webster? Spirits must know by actual experience that, in the control of media, the communication partakes largely of the channel through which it flows; and as much of the inspired instruction will not stand the test of moderate criticism, we conclude that there is a great array of spirits who remain silent, seeking finer and more occult methods of accurately transmitting their thought. Spiritists have long confessedly settled the question of immortality beyond a peradventure among themselves, let them now raise the equally important question of quality, and a horde of twaddlers and spirit worker-workers will be calling their tests like the Arabs, and silently sail away.

In calling certain manifestations "low" and "undignified," let us not make a moral implication without cause. For instance, a spirit jingling a bell at a distance is no better and no worse than the same spirit in the flesh, ringing the door-bell.

Disparage Spiritism as we may, it has evidently come to stay. Its idiosyncrasies show it to be a hereditary child of the orthodox program. Had it not been for an abnormal theory, abnormal Spiritism would never have been born.

Immortality is a factor of consciousness; but a false theology has reduced that factor to its lowest terms, so we go groping about for "proofs," much like the old lady hunting for her spectacles that were only pushed up on top of her head.

Let us read Mrs. Tyler's exposure. She is a thorough woman, and did her work well. It goes to show how careful Spiritualists ought to be in their investigations. There is one part of her interview with Mrs. Hatch, in which she states: "Tell me your experience as a medium these many years. Is there any such thing as materialization?"

"None," she said, "with flesh, bones, muscles, pulse and breath, that you can grasp, kiss or embrace. All that I know of form materialization is of a shadowy, steam or cloud-like appearance, which if you approach will recede," etc.

I have taken forms by the hand as much flesh, bones, muscle and blood as I am, in the presence of a medium, the Fox Sisters, the Davenport, Mrs. H. M. Lord, and a host of others. I have seen and felt them, and have as much evidence of that fact as I have of the existence of my own hand; that is settled; and having demonstrated that fact under the most unfavorable conditions, I am willing to predicate that, under better conditions, the whole form can be produced.

I would like to ask of what class of people these sitters were, that formed that circle. Were they all dead? Did they notice the account? Mrs. Tyler says that the spirit used "good language." I have heard many foreigners speak good English, notably Carl Schurz; after years of study he did much better than any of them, yet it did not take a minute to detect the accent, and as Jesus was a Jew, he must have studied the English language much closer than any of whom I ever heard.

I have some advice to give to any other circle to whom the Nazarene appears, but they won't take it. I will give it all the same, and that is, let the sitters insist that he fulfill all the Scriptures, and come as was predicted, "on a white horse." As there will be some difficulty in getting a white horse in or out of the cabinet, I will forfeit my head if he appears.

How differently most of us old fogies investigated. I met thirty years ago, Dr. Gray and Halleck, Prof. Mapes and others, who after getting all that the Fox girls could give, formed a circle among themselves and agreed to meet for a whole year. They did meet for fifty-one weeks without so much as a single rap, but on the fifty-second, they got as much as they wanted, and the statesman, Dr. Gray, said, "I have done so much and we all stay there. I am old, and will soon be where I can interview a host of spirits at something less than \$2 a head."

Dr. Heber Newton's Views on Spiritualism.—The Keelers.

BY DR. HEBER NEWTON.

Rev. Heber Newton of New York, in a letter to Col. Bundy of the Religio-Philosophical Journal of Chicago, writes warmly and commendably of Col. B. for his able and energetic warfare against bogus mediumism. His testimony to the underlying truth of Spiritualism will be eagerly welcomed by thousands of honest investigators, who have almost been driven to despair by the baffling results of fraud and ignorance connected with the subject.

Dr. Newton says: As you know, I have been for some time past reading carefully in the literature of Spiritualism and allied fields, with deep interest. As you know also, I have never experienced personally among the phenomena of Spiritualism. My judgment of it is, therefore, wholly in outside expression—one drawn from second-hand sources, but, therefore, perhaps, less liable to any illusions of the senses or any contagious influences of enthusiastic circles. Approaching the subject in this calm, cold manner, weighing the evidence carefully, I have satisfied myself that, if there be any validity in human testimony, the phenomena grouped under the title of Spiritualism, after all the astounding frauds and illusions are discounted, hold secrets which it behooves man to resolve, if possible. These secrets seem to me more than last the crises in man of powers and potencies such as make entirely credible, from a scientific point of view, the old belief in a life to come. They seem to warrant, yet further, the conclusion that there ought to be some other interpretation of many of these phenomena than occultism—if, as I have already said, human testimony is worth anything.

Speaking of fraudulent mediumship, which is doing more to unsettle faith in a spiritual survival of man than perhaps all other causes combined, I quote from a letter recently received: "It seems that Pierre Keeler gave a state-witness communication, whether genuine or bogus, I know not, to a wealthy New York, a Spiritualist of Philadelphia, purporting to be written by Mr. Seybert, who he founded the commission of the Keelers, a whole communication was to the effect that Mr. S. wanted Mr. N. to loan or give a medium (Keeler) several hundred dollars—\$400, I think, was the sum—which was accordingly done. The same game was successfully played on Miss Rumbarger, a dentist of that city, Keeler obtaining \$75 by this operation. This amount, by loans to both the brothers, paying board bills, etc., was increased to more than \$200. Further, in the house where Dr. Keeler, the photo one, stopped with his wife (the home of Mrs. Maxwell), and, by the way, from whose album Ed Wheeler's picture was extracted and copied by Keeler, who returned the original to the album, tearing the album in doing so, and tried to palm off the copy upon Mrs. Wheeler as a spirit picture—it was in this house that Mrs. Keeler and Mrs. Maxwell chanced to overheard the Keelers, through the rear door, discussing among themselves as to how they could get round or overcome the conditions necessary to pass successfully the Seybert commission committee, which they appeared very anxious to accomplish. During this confab they virtually confessed the whole thing, so far as they were concerned, to be a fraud—gave themselves dead away. Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Maxwell, I understand, told this to Mr. Wheelock, and he told me."

Comments on Mrs. Tyler's Contribution.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have read Mrs. Tyler's exposure. She is a thorough woman, and did her work well. It goes to show how careful Spiritualists ought to be in their investigations. There is one part of her interview with Mrs. Hatch, in which she states: "Tell me your experience as a medium these many years. Is there any such thing as materialization?"

"None," she said, "with flesh, bones, muscles, pulse and breath, that you can grasp, kiss or embrace. All that I know of form materialization is of a shadowy, steam or cloud-like appearance, which if you approach will recede," etc.

I have taken forms by the hand as much flesh, bones, muscle and blood as I am, in the presence of a medium, the Fox Sisters, the Davenport, Mrs. H. M. Lord, and a host of others. I have seen and felt them, and have as much evidence of that fact as I have of the existence of my own hand; that is settled; and having demonstrated that fact under the most unfavorable conditions, I am willing to predicate that, under better conditions, the whole form can be produced.

I would like to ask of what class of people these sitters were, that formed that circle. Were they all dead? Did they notice the account? Mrs. Tyler says that the spirit used "good language." I have heard many foreigners speak good English, notably Carl Schurz; after years of study he did much better than any of them, yet it did not take a minute to detect the accent, and as Jesus was a Jew, he must have studied the English language much closer than any of whom I ever heard.

I have some advice to give to any other circle to whom the Nazarene appears, but they won't take it. I will give it all the same, and that is, let the sitters insist that he fulfill all the Scriptures, and come as was predicted, "on a white horse." As there will be some difficulty in getting a white horse in or out of the cabinet, I will forfeit my head if he appears.

St. Louis, Mo. A. MILTNERBERG.

A Translation of the Mahabharata.

Wm. E. Coleman, JOURNAL correspondent at San Francisco, Cal., has been requested by Babu Protapas Chandra Roy, Secretary of the Dattanya Bharata Karyalaya, of Calcutta India, to circulate a paper entitled, "An Appeal to the World in Behalf of the Rescue of Ancient Indian Literature, and the Diffusion of Old Aryan Thought; being a Short History of the Dattanya Bharata Karyalaya, its Origin and Operations." Mr. Coleman writes:

"It is believed that nothing approximating a complete translation of the Mahabharata exists in any European language, except the defective French version of M. Droner. The importance, therefore, of a faithful English translation of this great epic can scarcely be overestimated. As the native Hindu-princes, scholars, and people have contributed so liberally in aid of the accomplishment of the gigantic task of publishing—mostly for gratuitous distribution—an English version of their greatest epic, it has been deemed not unlikely that the Orientalists of America and Europe would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of rendering to their Aryan brethren in India, such measure of assistance as may be in their power, in furtherance of the magnanimous work which they have so zealously undertaken."

As stated below, I have been designated by the Secretary of the Karyalaya as the person in America to whom subscriptions in aid of its work may be sent; and I shall be pleased to forward to him anything to that end of which I may be the recipient. If preferred, contributions may be sent direct to the Secretary, 567 Upper Calitpore Road, Calcutta, India.

Persons interested may obtain further particulars by addressing Mr. Coleman.

A Foolhardy Feast.

By some strange dispensation of Divine Providence the bootblack Brodie who jumped into the "East River" from the Brooklyn bridge escaped with his life. From a certain illustration of the sage that the Lord takes care of drunken men and fools, Brodie seems to have had the double claim upon Divine protection when he jumped from the bridge. He was both drunk and a fool. The fellow's escape is almost deplorable, since the success of the attempt will now lead other harnies, and perhaps to a certain extent, to the bridge to follow the example of this one. It is followed by the Washington athlete Odium who lost his life there a year ago. There ought to be some way for the law to reach this class of criminals and their accomplices. This man took one chance in a hundred for his life for the sake of making a cheap sensation and winning a wager of \$100, and yet he has a wife and three children presumably dependent upon him for support. It is a question if he can be pen-

labeled, for, although shut up in the Tombs on a charge of attempted suicide, the probability is that the law will fail to cover his case. The sections of the penal code of New York upon which the charge against Brodie was based provide for the punishment of "a person who with intent to take his own life," etc., and "every person guilty of attempting suicide." It is not clear how the intent can be technically proved in this case. The act itself, however, is sufficient proof of a mental weakness that ought to secure his sentence to some reformatory institution for pauper lunatics.—Chicago Tribune.

The True Character of Philostratus' Life of Apollonius of Tyana.

BY WM. EMMETT COLEMAN.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In a series of articles by myself published in the *Journal* in July and August, 1883, upon Apollonius of Tyana and Jesus Christ, I took the ground that the life of Apollonius by Philostratus, almost our sole source of information concerning this supposed magician and Pythagorean, was almost wholly a fiction; that, aside from a slight thread of truth running through it, it might be compared to the "Arabian Nights" and "Baron Munchausen"; that the manuscript of Damis, from which Philostratus pretended to derive the major part of his information concerning Apollonius, was in the opinion of an expert and never existed—was a forgery of Philostratus' own; and that it was very doubtful if any such person as Damis ever lived. Also, that although the existence both of Damis and of his manuscript was now generally accepted as a verity, in my opinion the rational, critical scholarship of the world would in time come to coincide with my views thereon. In the *Nation* of July 15th last, this paper being the leading high-class literary journal in America, is published a review of D. M. Tredwell's "Sketch of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana," a paraphrase of Philostratus' work, and moreover a virulent attack upon Jesus of Nazareth and an extravagant eulogium upon Apollonius. In the *Nation's* review I notice the following: "But Philostratus is continually quoting a certain Damis. The reality of this Damis would be questioned by any scholar having a critical faculty ever so germinal." "In the account of Philostratus we probably have a 'daring' idealization, somewhat akin to Xenophon's 'Cyropaedia.'" It is well known that the "Cyropaedia" is a romance, a fiction, presented in the guise of history, with Cyrus as its central figure. The *Nation* reviewer thus confirms my views of the mythical character of Damis, and the fictitious character of Philostratus' purported "Life of Apollonius."

Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Gold is at a premium of 34½ in Buenos Ayres.

Eight members of Congress have died during the present administration.

A New Yorker desires to have the law aid him because his wife declines to keep him company when he eats.

Senator Berry, of Arkansas, the successor of Attorney General Garland, has a fondness for chocolate caramels.

The \$10,000 floats used in the Albany Centennial procession have been knocked down by the auctioneer for \$71.

The Danish-Americans of Minneapolis have formed a club and will compete with Irish-Americans and German-Americans for political recognition.

A young woman of Potomac, Md., the other day, found a count of the date of 1881 in the rook of a hen's egg. The hen was cooking properly. The date of the egg was not given.

A turtle of the species popularly known as "rubber turtle" in southern latitudes, where its home is, was captured off the Massachusetts coast recently. It was twelve feet long, and when it was landed, a tent was erected over it and a big business done.

A Pittsburg builder of cheap houses uses matched flooring instead of lath and plaster. On this cotton cloth is glued, and on the cloth wall paper is pasted. This he claims to be better and cheaper than plaster, and thus houses can be built safely in cold weather.

The Prince of Wales, as future head of the Established Church, is sharply criticized by the *English Churchman* for a recent Sunday dinner he gave to forty guests, followed by a variety show, and Japanese jugglers exhibited, and a string band played, "carefully avoiding sacred music."

Thomas Edison, the father of the inventor, lives at Huronia Beach, Mich., is a remarkably well-preserved man of eighty-two years. The *Detroit Free Press* says that he has six children, three by his first and three by his present wife, and that the youngest child is but four years old.

Louisiana sportsmen have hitherto been careful not to shoot the white cranes which abound in St. Landry, but now large numbers of these beautiful birds are being killed solely for their feathers, which are used on the wearing apparel of women. There should be an Audubon Society in Louisiana.

Fall River boys had lots of fun throwing green apples at a lot of English sparrows the other evening, but after awhile the sparrows apparently organized, for they made a dash at the boys, flew straight at their faces, pecked some of them until the blood ran, and, according to a local paper, actually forced the boys to retreat.

On a recent Sunday Rev. Joseph Scott of Springfield, Mass., was very late at church. As he arose to begin his sermon he said: "I am very seldom late at church. My horse gave out this morning and I had to walk. You will find my text in Psalm xxxii. 9: 'Be ye not as the horse or as the mule, who have no understanding.'"

Congressman Glover, of Missouri, is a slave to chewing gum. When he first became a member of the House the assistant doorkeeper observed that he was continually chewing, and at once imagining that the little Missouri member was an inveterate smoker, directions were given to place cushions on either side of his desk.

John Denney, of Whitefield's Crossing, Ga., says that his brood of Guinea chickens disappeared suddenly one day. The hen acted queerly, walking around and continually clucking, as if coaxing them to follow her. He investigated, and found that the chicks had been charmed by a large chicken snake and were sitting unharned in his coils.

A Harlem lady who has been collecting buttons during twenty years has a string of 8,000 of them, each differing from the other, and she says that now she has grown out of shopping without her buttons she had never seen before. A new button store at her from every shop window, and meets her in every bazaar. When she began to collect them there were people who thought that there were not more than 999 different kinds of buttons in the world, and it was on a wager of this kind that she began her collection.

In Northern California there is in use the "frost bell," which consists of a wire running from different parts of the vineyard to the house. On the vineyard end of the wire is an apparatus that rings a bell at the house when the thermometer descends to a certain degree. When the bell is let off the occupants of the house know that their vines are in danger, and immediately repair to the vineyard and light fires in different quarters, and thus prevent, through the agency of this ingenious electrical device, the loss of some of the most delicious fruit grown on the Pacific slope.

At Port Townsend, Ore., Mark Ten Sol, a Chinese missionary, converted and partially educated by the Methodist Episcopal Church, has opened a school among his countrymen in Port Townsend. He already has about twenty pupils. He intends to teach through the summer months and then attend school himself in winter. He is unusually intelligent, has renounced all connection with the lower kingdom and paganism, and has a good command of the English language. He is an earnest Christian young man, and is enthusiastically devoted to the civilization of his race.

One of the prettiest sights imaginable is to be enjoyed in driving from Sacramento to Walnut Grove, upon the river. The road for miles is on top of the levee, broad and smooth. On your right is the Sacramento, on your left one conclusion orchard for a distance of over twenty-five miles. The trees are all in full bloom, and the eye with their beauty and the sense of smell with their fragrance. The cherry orchards, at a distance, with their pure white blossoms, resemble an immense snowbank, with here and there a field of pink, where the peach orchards intervene. Pear orchards of immense size, also in full bloom, are intermingled with those of apricot and plum.

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there stood the same being the professor had met at the grove. But the mild face had given way to a most terrible expression. A large dog in the room howled piteously with fear, crouching under the captain's chair. Several minutes the apparition thus stood in the door, when it motioned the captain to follow. The latter rose and swayed toward the door. The professor bravely concluded not to desert his host, occur what would, and followed them at short distance, accompanied by the dog, which still evinced great fear.

As they descended every door, though locked or bolted, opened untouching. Reaching the park their steps turned toward the place, where but a few hours past, the circle had been drawn. Here the apparition paused, when suddenly a bright flame shot upward, followed by a sickening noise, as if a heavy body had fallen from some height. Then followed silent darkness!

The professor loudly hailed the captain. No answer ensuing, he hurried to alarm the servants, who soon appeared finding the captain's body apparently lifeless, and within the circle by himself drawn. His heart showed slight signs of life, and the captain was taken home where every attempt at resuscitation was made. The captain regained some consciousness and seemed to appreciate the efforts in his behalf. But he was paralyzed, remaining speechless up to his death, which occurred the following day. One side of his body was found bruised and black in color, as if from a heavy concussion. To conceal this unhappy affair a copy was assigned the cause of his sudden death.

This is the story of the professor, known as a truth-loving and highly honorable man. On his death-bed, specially asked by his students, whether the professor had related these occurrences only to cause the astonishment of his hearers, or whether he had really experienced them, he assured them that every word rested on truth, and that this adventure had convinced him of the existence of a Spirit-world, and its close relations with our world.

The translator has above given in rather free translation the professor's story, which will carry conviction with it, as to the survivor's honesty and sterling truthfulness. The Editor of the paper from which I translate, Dr. B. Cyllax, well-known to most of my readers, congratulates modern Spiritualism that no longer are mysterious circles, incantations, etc., necessary to "raise the dead." But I ask the learned doctor (by the way a noble, true believer, who hesitated not to sacrifice his fortune, time and self in our cause), have we, indeed, abolished "circles?"

NOTES FROM LAKE PLEASANT.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The Paternity of God and Unity of the Race, was the subject of the discourse of Fanny Davis Smith, on the afternoon of Friday, August 6th. The lecture was an admirable plea for culture. It seemed an answer to the prayers of some who think that Spiritualists are too superficial; give too little thought and study to the great questions which now vex the age. They are of tremendous import, but the majority of us glide over them like a butterfly over a field of wheat.

Mrs. Smith described in glowing language that magnificent temple of ideas which is now in process of erection, and which our nation is expected to occupy. Wendell Phillips was one of the foremost pioneers in its construction. He opened within it stately avenues, down which we were invited to advance. Liberty for the individual as well as the race was inscribed over its vestibule. We shall never be satisfied until we, too, have aided in the work of its completion. Spiritualism has presented to the world a new system of thought, a thrilling and powerful stimulus to religion. It is not contained in bibles or creeds, it is read in the panorama of facts which are now placed before all who can understand them. Much as Spiritualism has done, outside of its acknowledged domain exists a broad field of culture in regard to which there is an amazing indifference. Yet the same underlying principles belong to all religions. There is a universality of truth, which exists through all worlds, and an acquaintance with the different forms in which it is represented, gives a generous culture. That mighty singing of the spirit, that unrest which questions of all art, of all science, of all religion, what is the secret brooding at the heart of each, is common to all. It shows that we are of one stock, children of the same Father, God, and Mother, Nature.

The statue of Harriet Martineau was lately reared in a conservative institution, one of the finest, largest and best schools in our country. She was always an opponent of orthodox Christianity, a noble, fearless, humanity-loving woman, full of hatred to shame, and sensitive to the claims of justice. Only a few years ago and it would have been considered an enormity to mention having her bust in such a place as Wellesley College.

Such an incident shows the expansion of thought in the world at large. The portal of ideas is open and others beside Spiritualists are crowding in. Grand men and women are talking through the printing press, as well as upon the platform. I plead for the culture which an acquaintance with their best thoughts would give. We should clasp hands with the best in the world. I have no sympathy with ignorance. There is no excuse for it. And there has never been a time when the means of culture were so free and accessible. We want poems and essays from both sides, from the culture which comes through schools, and from direct inspiration. Mrs. Smith spoke then of the culture of the soul which Spiritualism ought to give. I love the spiritual faith and spiritual philosophy. I am grateful for communion with my spirit friends, but my nature must touch that magnetic chord which binds together in a common fraternity all the good and wise, of whatever faith or nation.

If we have no culture of the soul, we fall of attaining our privileges. The time has come for a broader and higher attitude than we have yet reached. We must make a sacrament of our inspirations; we must see that they are holy and pure. Who could endure to see our national flag dragged in the dust; how much more the banner of our faith! We must inform ourselves concerning the great movements outside of us. We should reach out to atheistic Germany and to France whose great apostle, Victor Hugo, led the inspired ranks of his countrymen. We need a broader outlook than we have yet secured; then we shall see a glory and divinity shining through all races and all countries.

I have failed to do justice to the lecture, but would call attention to the two women who have occupied the platform so far at Lake Pleasant, Mrs. Byrnes and Mrs. Smith. Both were pioneers; they began speaking a quarter of a century or more ago. They have seen the widening and spreading of this heaven of spiritual philosophy, and each has nobly borne her share of that cross which is now growing lighter and easier. When they began to speak, it was a rare sight to see

women on the platform. They were sneered at, ridiculed, avoided, save by a brave and generous, though small, minority. These two and a few others, yet in the field, kept steadily on their course, and still bear aloft the torch that lights the way of an enlightened and progressive womanhood. Both have fine physical development, and great vital force, therefore they have been able to speak and work year after year. They are fine types of the kindred, symmetrical woman, equal to life and all its emergencies.

Saturday, Aug. 7th.—One of the most extraordinary combination of tests have been given in the camp that were ever known here, which I will briefly give. The whole history is well worthy of preservation. Mme. Eulalie Euler, a Creole lady of wealth and position, is with her family spending the summer in Saratoga. A native of New Orleans, of mixed French and Spanish parentage, she has seen much of life, and her large experiences have rendered her tolerant, sagacious and penetrating. She came to the camp on Thursday, accompanied by a daughter-in-law, to see if possibly there might be truth in spirit-communion. The first sittings were with a materializing medium, with such results as to disgust them both, but they were persuaded to stay a second day. In a sitting with Dr. Henry Rogers, a reliable test and independent slate-writing medium of New York, the daughter was told that they would have, that night, the proof they sought but desisted of getting.

At eight o'clock they were at Maud Lord's cottage where a circle was formed, the first she has held here, with twenty-one joining hands; Mrs. Lord occupying the chair in the center, with her feet on those of a skeptic. The elements proved to be remarkably harmonious. Mme. Euler was the first objective point of a long series of demonstrations. There came to her one after another, various members of her family, some twenty-nine in all, beside others, most of them giving their names and messages in independent voices so distinct as to be heard by all the circle. It was something long to be remembered. Across the room they flitted, from mother to daughter, taking them by the hand, bestowing kisses, recalling long past events, sending appropriate messages to absent relatives, every one giving a separate test of identity. The startled exclamations of the Madame; the fright changing into awe, wonder and delight; the gladness at greeting those whom she had supposed gone forever; the pathetic conversation between the ladies and their friends, sometimes in French, sometimes English all constituted it a remarkable scene. The names were generally unusual, being French or Spanish, and sometimes Mrs. Lord hearing them imperfectly, she was corrected by the voices. "Here is some one with a strange name," she said once. "It is Postal something, not Postal-card." "No," replied the voice. "It is Postalwhite," which singular cognomen was instantly recognized.

Nor was evidence of spirit presence confined to oral proof. There came a patting hand to the face of the daughter, and voice said "I am your nurse-girl Lizzie. I am taking care of your two little ones here and will let you see them to-night." The circle went on, and the fond mother scarce hoped the promise would be fulfilled. But, in a few minutes we saw a ball of light, like soft, condensed moonlight, familiar to those who have had similar sittings. It floated to the young mother's side, seemed to open, and there was the face of her dear babe, just as it used to look. In a few moments more there came another globe of light and there was the other tiny face. One was fair, the other dark. Mrs. Lord described them as they appeared. Meanwhile, Mme. Euler saw her mother, with a cry of "chère maman," and then another relative came and showed his paralytic arm, while he uttered words of tender consolation. The warm tropical nature of Mme. Euler vented itself in words of tenderness to which voices she had supposed long since silenced forever, gave reply and we all felt as if some sacred baptism rendered that scene room a gateway to the Heaven of deathless affection.

There were other voices and forms; we were all touched with caressing hands, while names, dear to our hearts, voiced themselves out of the darkness about us. A large magnolia blossom with its center a point of radiant light, floated in front of Mme. Euler and was visible to her neighbors, while we were all showered with its penetrating and powerful odor. Other tropical flowers brought their strange perfumes, and for a long time the air was redolent with heavy odors. Messages fraught with import only understood by their recipients closed one of the most satisfactory and beautiful exhibitions of spirit-power I have ever been the good fortune of most of us to witness.

To the Southern visitors the evidence was almost more than they could bear. Grief and bereavement had caused a longing for proofs of immortality, which were now most gratefully satisfied. They had an elevated and chastened joy, very pleasant to witness. One thing must not be omitted. In the afternoon tests by Mr. Slater, given after Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith's lecture, he had uttered the name of a friend from whom Mme. Euler had longed to hear, and told her, also, that she would have some excellent proofs that very evening, which, as we have seen, was fulfilled. This morning these ladies had another sitting with Dr. Rogers, in which through clairvoyance and independent slate-writing, additional proof and confirmation were given. A daughter, long since departed, bearing an unusual name, gave a communication involving numerous tests, the signature being a fac-simile of her own handwriting. Another, a young man whose name had been enunciated in audible voice during the séance of the previous evening, had lost his life while saving that of Mme. Euler's son, whose intimate friend he was. He, too, gave proof of his presence through Dr. Rogers.

After the morning conference Mme. Euler ascended the platform, and, in a broken voice, but with an eloquence born of deep feeling, gave a brief description of her experiences during the two days spent at Lake Pleasant, ending by reading the messages on the slate written through the mediumship of Dr. Rogers. "Old as I am," said she, turning to Maud Lord, "had I her gift, I should think it my duty to devote myself to spreading to the world the proofs of immortality. As it is, I recognize it to be my duty to tell what we have seen and heard, and that there can be no mistake. It is true! I know it from many, many proofs." Mme. Euler is a person of commanding presence and great magnetic power, else such manifestations would not have been possible. The steps through which she and her daughter were led here and induced to stay a second night, are interesting. The latter had written, some time since, to Dr. J. V. Mansfield. The answer came to her at New Orleans, signed by an aunt's name, and in it was written: "Go to Lake Pleasant August 5th." Never having heard of the place, they only learned its situation after reaching Saratoga. There they attended a lecture given by Mrs. Brigham, after which Dr. Mills described the post-

priest, Father Ryan of New Orleans, perfectly. He was an acquaintance of Mme. Euler. It may be well to state that, among the names given by audible voice in Maud Lord's circles, was that of a gentleman having a curious name, whom the Madame and her daughter recognized as that of a person who passed away more than twenty years ago, yet whose sister afterward became connected with their father by marriage.

On the camp ground are tenting two very interesting medical women from Jacksonville, Florida. They received their education at the North, but are now engaged in large practice in their adopted State. Dr. C. E. Carradice is of Scotch birth and inherits the faculty of second sight. Having a servant girl who was mediumistic there began, a few months ago, a series of remarkable manifestations in the house and office of Drs. Carradice and Andrus. These consisted of independent writing on the office slate, the moving and bringing of articles, some having been brought from no one knows where, apparitions, noises and movements, all with the end of proving spirit communion and guardianship. At the conference this morning (August 7th), Dr. J. M. Andrus gave preliminary remarks concerning their Southern experiences.

In the afternoon of the same day, Dr. J. R. Buchanan read his apt and timely "Spiritual Barbecue," the MSS. of which he kindly places at the disposal of the JOURNAL, and which I mail you to-day.

Sunday, Aug. 8th.—After the gentle rain which lulled us to sleep last night, we woke to see a rejuvenated earth. The air is clear and balmy and the temperature delightful. The porous soil drains off superfluous moisture, and the walks and seats are dry. Train after train brings in crowds from every direction; the Connecticut valley must be partially depleted, judging from the families that come among us. They are quiet and orderly and generally listen to the speaking. Not less than four thousand were on the grounds.

The morning concert by the Fitchburg brass band is a treat to the lover of music, and after it comes a lecture from Dean Clark of Boston, to an immense audience. His subject was, "He is the Free Man whom the Truth makes Free." He announced that modern Spiritualism was the religion of, and indigenous to, America. He then made eloquent allusion to the Puritans who braved the angry ocean in order to establish freedom here, and declared that we needed still more social freedom. Women, above all, need social and political emancipation. They must have enlarged lives before the race can attain maturity. The barriers cast around them have been and are, hindrances to both manhood and womanhood. Spiritualism comes to break the chains of unholy tradition. It is indigenous to America, and has a glorious work to do yet. All great movements and religions have arisen among common people; it takes root among the stable classes and comes to maturity in their midst. They are the hope of the race. Truth is born among the humble, not the lordly.

The second lecture at 2:30 was delivered by Fannie Davis Smith, on the "Influence of Spiritualism on the Conduct of Life." She pleaded for a higher standard; for a more practical religion; for the uplifting and consecration of our days and years; and gave directions for forming family circles. There is a highly refined and pure influence about this speaker, which permeates all she says. The last JOURNAL is causing quite an excitement in the camp, and is eagerly sought for. The clear, straightforward and conclusive communication of Mrs. A. M. H. Tyler in regard to the circles held in Boston Temple, is eagerly read and discussed. So far as our correspondent can learn there is a universal feeling of thankfulness that one person has been brave, patient and discriminating enough to prick that foul bubble and show its flimsy rottenness.

There is here a healthy recognition of the fact that nothing can hurt a great truth so much as to accept and endorse its counterfeit. It is a sin and wrong, against high heaven so to do. They deserve the obloquy of all, who will not seek and proclaim the truth and truth alone. If Spiritualism cannot stand it, then it is a lie. We know it can, and that to cover up fraud, is to deserve and secure the contempt of all lovers of right-doing.

A lady on the grounds, an old Spiritualist, has just told me that she has seen the garments manufactured by Mrs. Tyler, both in daylight and in the séance room. In the former they are crude and common enough; at night, self-illuminated, they are changed to something exquisitely beautiful. Nothing can be finer or more artistic than these simulacra.

It is believed by reliable and thoughtful persons on these grounds, that the detection of this gigantic fraud will have a healthy effect. Let us judge with caution and discrimination, holding fast to the true.

Mondays are our resting days. After the long, full, interesting Sundays, including the band concerts, we all need a change. So, it was with a sense of comfortable recuperation that we gathered to hear [Dr. Dean Clarke's second lecture on August 10th, and also the very pertinent answers to questions put to him from the audience. How much is expected in three or four minutes is shown by one question, "Tell us all about spirit, what it is, and how it acts through matter?" As if the infinite could be glibly defined at a moment's notice.

Wednesday afternoon brought out the large crowd with whom Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham is always a favorite, to hear her speak on "The Lesson of the Hour." She demonstrated that modern Spiritualism is not so modern as the Bible is not full of it.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Juliette Yeaw delivered a lecture on "Mediumship," taking a broad view of the rights and privileges pertaining to that gift.

A large number of people are daily arriving from Onset, and materializations, at this camp as well as that, are fruitful subjects of discussion. In a later letter I shall give you the results of some investigations in that direction. Among late arrivals is the veteran medium, Dr. J. V. Mansfield. One noticeable thing in the cosmopolitan character of the camp. There are visitors here from nearly every State in the Union.

And now, instead of giving further descriptions, I shall usurp the privileges of a lecturer myself, and speak with great frankness of camp meetings, this one in particular, and of their short-comings and needs. Your readers will understand that it is my individual opinion, for which the JOURNAL is not responsible. They ought to understand that I speak as a friend, who has not a doubt of spirit communion for a quarter of a century, and who ardently desires that Spiritualism may take a better stand and do more good than it has yet done. If a friend points out my faults to me in a kindly spirit, it is my duty and pleasure to make use of that for good. Any one can flatter and praise; a dis-

criminating and friendly criticism, alone, can help me rise to a higher level.

Close observation for about two weeks has satisfied me that there is much chance for improvement in the direction of the exercises of the camp. It is true, we come greatly for relaxation and rest from our various pursuits and labors. It is delightful to throw off care and conventionally and meet in a frank, off-hand, hearty manner. The real man or woman is shown; not the masquerading figure.

But we throw off too much; or rather we do not take on the studiousness and dignity of immortal beings. As an eminent and wise observer recently wrote in a private letter, "there is too much dancing and too little thinking." The majority of Spiritualists live on the surface of things, or if they think at all, it is on abstruse theories and not on things of practical benefit. They too rarely take hold of reforms in an energetic way. They are content to talk and sing about "the good time coming" instead of taking hold to bring the good time here. They seem to think that, as long as hell-fire is a myth, all effort for improvement is needless.

They lack culture. Not culture of mind and manners, merely, but culture of the whole being. They are content to rest in the pleasures derived from congregating together, from conversation, from exercising the perceptive faculties in circles and "manifestations," and in the gratification of those undeveloped faculties that belong to the childhood of the race. There is little deep thought, little study of causes; little earnest, strenuous longing and effort for improvement. They are content with rhetoric in their speakers, with light, trifling, aimless and purposeless days and weeks passed among these beautiful groves, which are "God's first temples." The study of the physical sciences, of psychometry, of magnetism are not pursued in any manner whatever. Facts, except the facts of mediumship, are not entertained by them at all. I hear nothing said of the study of these rocks and hills and woods, and mountains, of our relationship to them, or of the correspondence and interplay between the forces which underlie the phenomena of nature and those of the soul.

This superficial life is stamping itself upon the speakers. They must adapt themselves to their audiences. They cannot soar too high above them. We hear a great deal of vague talk; much boasting about the grandeur of the spiritualistic movement, in fact, any amount of indefinite rhetoric. It is warm from the heart, that is its best feature. It contains more or less truth, but often to find real thought in it the hearer will have to sift a bushel of chaff. I have frequently asked hearers fresh from the auditorium to give me the gist of the lecture they have just pronounced "beautiful," "glorious." In but one instance could they give me one single thought. In some cases, after many efforts, they could not tell even the subject of the lecture. Still it was "grand." It must be said here, that sometimes three lines would contain the meat of the entire discourse. It would be a string of "glittering generalities," simply because the audience demanded nothing more profound.

Such discourses may be unobjectionable; they may make the hearers "feel good." That is not enough. The reasoning nature should be put into operation; the moral nature strengthened, and the spiritual being stirred and quickened. If this life is the beginning of an endless career of development, let us begin as children having lessons of wisdom to learn, day by day. These are golden moments, not to be squandered so completely. These bodies in which the spirit now dwells, should be made fit temples for the Divine spark within. We should study the laws that bind body and soul together, and make a healthy, rounded, pure and perfect existence possible. To do ought else, is to be untrue to our high privileges.

I see here hundreds of Spiritualists who live no more wholesome lives than those who are not. They eat and drink and sleep vilely, and those bad habits must effect their souls, forces most injuriously. How can the spirit manifest itself sweetly and nobly when there is neither obedience to law of body or of mind? There must be an uplifting, purifying and ennobling power in this belief, or it will certainly prove "a savor of death unto death."

Unless Spiritualists, as a body, make their evidences of immortality and spirit communion subservient to good lives and good works the power for good which might be theirs will be dissipated. It is only a law of nature that it should be so. Gifts develop by their legitimate exercise, by training, by wise self-control, not by idle vagaries and by cultivating the marvelous. Whatever is not directed to useful ends will not become permanent. There is too much real work to be done to allow the vague, the theoretical, the visionary to hold any real influence over society.



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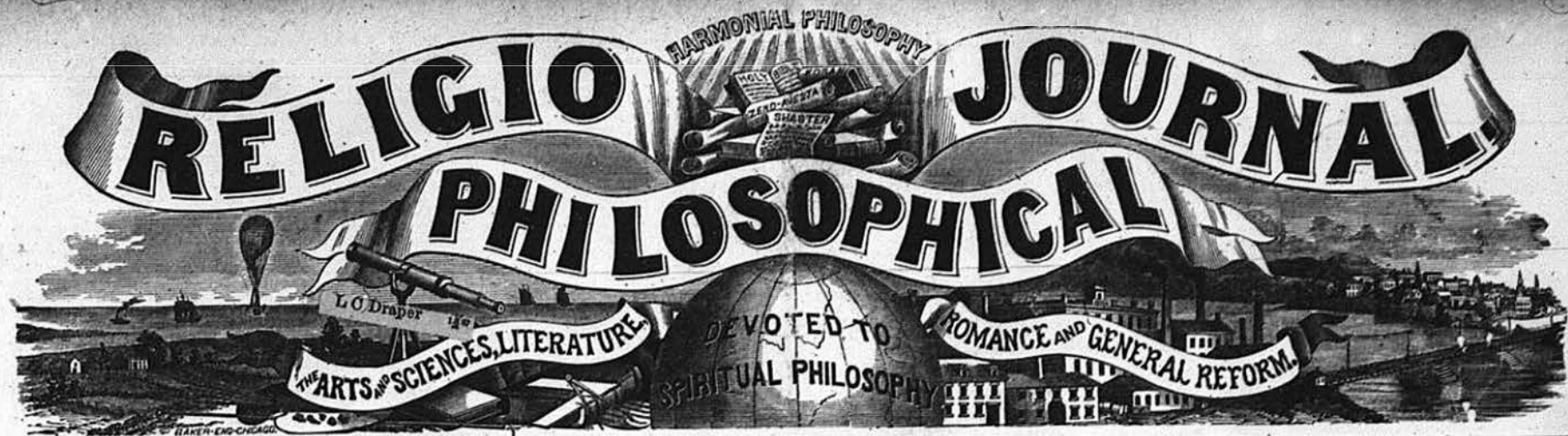
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CHICAGO, AUGUST 28, 1886.

No. 1

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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A SPIRITUAL BARBECUE.

Lecture Delivered by Prof. J. R. Buchanan at Lake Pleasant, August 7th, 1886.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

As the summer season and the summer resorts are not congenial to the elaborate discussion of profound scientific themes, I have thought it well to substitute for a learned lecture a more familiar conversation, under the name of a

SPIRITUAL BARBECUE.

which is a sort of luxurious and dignified picnic. Looking back sixty-four years to boyish days in Kentucky, among the men of a generation that has passed away and left not one survivor, memory recalls the old Kentucky barbecue.

It was under the broad shadows of the grand old trees, where the birds were still singing, that savory odors rose from over the long trenches, full of fire, over which were roasting the forms of oxen, sheep, pigs and poultry, watched by the sable sons of Africa, when the democracy of both sexes came pouring in, and the militia led by a Colonel with a lofty plume, followed their flag, while their ear-piercing rifles and loud rattling drums set all the young boys to dancing with ecstasy. There I first tasted the wine sangaare, and thought it a nectar for the gods, while the older folks pronounced peach brandy the true elixir of life. The Declaration of Independence was read, and the day was filled with eloquence, music, womanly beauty and generous feasting, all in the cool forest.

IMMORTALS—PHENOMENA.

Here under these trees let us have our intellectual barbecue. There are more than fifty themes of importance, the result of more than fifty years of observation and cogitation, on which I would like to address you at length. But to-day I propose only to walk through the garden of knowledge and pluck a flower here and there, or perchance pull up a weed and examine its botanical nature. The first flowers I would pluck are the Immortals—the flowers of immortality. That is the flower for Spiritualists and for the spiritual camp meeting. I think the Spiritualist should wear the Immortelles as his badge, as Scotch wear the thistle, and Irish the shamrock.

There is a grand power in the thought of immortality! In the faith that enables us to realize the grand estate to which each of us is the unquestionable heir. Fill your soul with this strong faith, and it gives unconquerable strength. If we are going very soon to a grander home than any monarch ever had, we should care no more for our little difficulties here of poverty and toll, than the traveller cares for the shower of rain through which he has to run to catch the car that takes him home. Every Spiritualist should attend séances and receive communications enough to fill him with this sustaining strength. We shall never grow beyond the stage of spiritual phenomena, as some transcendental people think. We shall never weary of meeting our friends from the better world, and never cease to enjoy the help that mediums give us, for mediums are the bridge from earth to heaven—not like the Bridge of Sighs for the condemned at Venice, but rather like the rainbow arch that lifts beauty and tranquillity above the storm.

Let us "praise the bridge" that has carried us safely over the dark river of despair to the heaven of our hopes, and cherish mediumship, and lift it up above the sphere of corruption and delusion, as did the Christian Spiritualists of the first centuries, for they did not appreciate highly the words of their mediums except when "the man who speaks in the spirit" not only speaks, but also lives the truth.

PERVERSION OF RELIGION.

The oftener we look toward the shining shore, the stronger is our faith, and the more we drink in from the river of life. This is the true soul cure, and mind cure, for the mind cure when it is not a disguised spiritual healing, is nothing more than the power of a grand and heavenly conception, the conception of a perfect life, to lift our life to a higher level. This power we have in all the better forms of mediumship, which bring us into close communion with those in whose bright lives there is no death or disease, no hatred or scorn, no sorrow or gloom. Religious Spiritualism is a great power for the healing of the nations, as well as for their enlightenment. But there is nothing good in this world that is not terribly perverted. The religion of Jesus was perverted into the religion of Constantine, the religion of priestcraft, the religion of damnation, which has been one of the greatest and bloodiest curses ever inflicted on mankind. The Inquisition, the auto-da-fé, the religious wars and persecutions of Europe, and the whole-sale slaughter of the innocent people of Mexico and South America, constitute the darkest pages in all the world's history, since the days of the cave dwellers.

Spiritualism, too, has its perversions.—Its trickery, delusion and credulity, but they compare with the perversions of Christianity as the little monkey compares with the tiger. The one is terrible and fierce, the other only ludicrous. We have sometimes, in materializations, the apparitions of saints, philosophers or heroes, whose breath is rich with the odors of fish, or onions, or whisky, and angel forms beneath whose flowing white robes appear the cowl-like boots of the performer. Grand ancient spirits appear and profess to have been the husband of one of the ladies present in some old incarnation, graciously permitting them to clip from his venerable head locks of hair with a pair of scissors never used before, while his magnificent robes are illuminated with the splendor of phosphors and luminous paint, and when the bubble bursts they find their love-tokens of hair to be the clippings of an old dilapidated wig.

VARIOUS KINDS OF CRANKS.

As the Christian churches have always been plentifully supplied with religious cranks, some of whom consider themselves like Gulliver and Freeman commanded to commit murder; Spiritualism is entitled to a fair share, but its cranks are generally harmless. They may have a great mission, but its result is generally poverty and suffering to the missionary. I have met only a few of these eccentrics—one of them, a benevolent lady, conceived herself to be the woman clothed with the sun, as mentioned in the Bible, and was trying to sustain the character while living on charity—hungry and unclean. Another who was still more intelligent and cultivated, conceived herself to be the bride of Christ, and made no secret of her marriage. Another was convinced that a Savior for America would appear in her child, but the child never came. Another lady informed me that she perceived Spiritualism to be in a very disorganized condition, needing a head; but luckily she had got into communication with the absolute source of all truth and wisdom, and therefore she said, "Spiritualism now has a head." Another, a very well educated woman living in the most abject poverty, took possession of an old deserted house on the commons in New Jersey, and lived there, believing that she was guided by Christ, and commanded by him to establish there a centre for gathering and organizing all the women of the world.

Another woman believing herself to be possessed of the highest wisdom and love, and controlled by the greatest minds that have ever lived, has been for many years writing me letters in her own name and in the names of all great men.—Confucius, Humboldt, Solon, Spinoza, Franklin, and a dozen others, informing me of her intellectual greatness, her matchless virtue, and the greatness of her mission to redeem the world. She has written these letters to various eminent Spiritualists and as she generally failed to receive a polite recognition from them, she takes her satisfaction when they die, by writing letters in their names (in the name of Dr. Britton or some other eminent Spiritualist), apologizing most humbly for their neglect, of so great a woman when they were on earth, being blinded by their own egotism, but now that they have reached the clear vision of the Spirit-world, they see in her the most adorable elements of divine wisdom, and ability to lead mankind to a higher life.

Another individual, not a crank but a masculine impostor, gave forth that he had established a mysterious Grand Lodge for ancient spirits, where Hermes, Aristotle, and a host of others equally famous, were the inspiring band. I went one evening to hear him address his dupes who were seated all around the room wrapped in white sheets, and found that his ancient wisdom consisted in telling them that just then and for some time to come it was not a good time to investigate Spiritualism, for if they did they would find much to excite their suspicion; but it was a very good time to receive passively whatever they saw or heard. He had a plenty of dupes to pay him well for bogus personations of ancient spirits from Hiram Abiff to Jesus Christ.

One of these educated cranks determined some years ago to make a raid on the coal merchants to compel them to send a large quantity of coal to the poor in New York, and to get the necessary credit he rented a fine house and bought fine furniture for it on

credit to give him an appearance of wealth, so that his orders would be honored by the coal yards. He then began to order coal, but his crazy scheme broke down at once, and he was turned out of his quarters. Since this he has gone from one folly to another, and in California was arrested by the authorities for practicing a crazy sort of vegetarianism by which some children were nearly starved. The spiritual crank is generally benevolent and harmless, unless he succeeds in getting the weak minded to follow his guidance. One of them, a very amiable and well meaning gentleman, thought he had a mission to call the great reformers and philanthropists together and plan a new society. He could get but four or five common people to go with him, and with them he attempted to found a model community in New Jersey, and publish a little newspaper or pamphlet. This was kept up until the community was completely starved out, having nothing to live on but a little popcorn, and that was the end of it.

THE NEW BIBLE, OAHSEP.

Another, much less benevolent and much more ambitious, secured the co-operation of a little corps of the crankiest spirits in the upper world, and determined that he would produce the greatest book that ever had been written, which should go down with human progress for thousands of years and entirely eclipse and supersede the Bible, and bury Jesus Christ in oblivion, against whom he seemed to feel an intense jealousy. He sent forth his book, Oahsep, full of egregious blunders in science and history, but all spoken in the name of Jehovah, in imitation of the style of the old Bible, and started his community in New Mexico, which is already dropping into pieces with severe criticism on this mouthpiece of Jehovah.

REV. THOS. L. HARRIS.

Something of the same sort was attempted about thirty years ago, by a gentleman of a higher order—a man of genius, eloquence, mediumship and poetry—the Rev. Thos. L. Harris. He did not attempt to overthrow Christianity, but attempted to make an addition to it—to establish himself as a sort of spiritual pope. He wrote volumes of grand, mysterious, graceful and magniloquent language, of which the world has taken no notice. He established a little community in Western New York, managed his finances with skill, gathered some property from his followers, abandoned the enterprise there and reappeared in California, where he is living in obscurity.

It is a pity to see a man of rich spiritual gifts, fitted to adorn and enlighten society, led by his ambition to be a great leader, into the old Christian forms of fanaticism and crankiness.

The writings of Harris are in style somewhat like those of Swedenborg, but the crazy element overwhelms the rational. He speaks of heaven as an arch-natural region, and this is one of his descriptions: "Here is a man who rides on a white horse, and who wears a crimson mantle; upon his breastplate is a jeweled emblem of the Two-in-One. He bears in his hand a songhorn, whose vibrations are reproduced by melodious thunders in the higher skies. This also is a priest, a primate of the episcopacy, and he sets in motion the sphere that directs the action of the industries, with every change of day and time. This is the Arch Cupid, who pontificates for the land in the supreme sacrament of its sexual life.... his eyes are as lamps of flaming fire."

THE NEXT COURSE OF THE BARBECUE.

This is not spiritual, but Christian crankery. Now, perhaps, this is quite enough of our pot-pourri of fraud, folly and insanity, and the next course of our barbecue should be some serious reflection upon it. Wherever Christian fanaticism has come into contact with Spiritualism, it has produced a compound insanity. It has taken the brilliant and lovely Jenny Lees from her honored sphere on the spiritual platform to waste the prime of her life in bitter poverty, in a chimerical attempt to have Jesus materialized on the platform. It has produced innumerable attempts to imitate the Old Testament performances and to act as a mouthpiece for the Lord—insanities which it would be tedious to enumerate and disgusting to describe. Spiritualism has been a great restorative power to counteract insanity, but orthodox religion has in all countries been one of the chief sources of supply to insane asylums, and now we have the confession of Dr. Coues of Washington, who claims to stand at the head of Theosophy in this country, and his antagonism to Spiritualism, that his Theosophy tends directly to insanity, and that it is dangerous for any but the chosen few to have anything to do with it. I will admit that his kind of Theosophy, which is not religious, tends to insanity, and that he is going that way.

THE THEOSOPHISTS.

Mark well the contrast, my friends, Spiritualism has no more tendency to insanity than any other science. It has, indeed, a protective influence against insanity, by maintaining hope and reason. Dr. Crowell proved this by getting the statistics of all the insane asylums of this country. But orthodox religion tends that way very strongly, and is one of the chief sources of supply to insane asylums; and what Dr. Coues calls Theosophy runs into it directly, as he admits. But all systems of scientific and religious truth elevate man in every sense, and just in proportion as any doctrine is destructive to the mental or moral nature, it must be false and morally wrong. The spiritual religion

of Jesus is as elevating as orthodoxy is in some respects debasing, and the Oriental Theosophy of Dr. Coues is not a sound form of thought. But Theosophy does not belong to Dr. Coues; it means only the search for Divine wisdom, and does not mean the mystical doctrines of any sect. I am as much of a Theosophist in the true meaning of the words as Dr. Coues, and I do not acknowledge that the Buddhists and re-incarnationists have any better title to the word Theosophy than I have, and I do not intend that they shall keep it as their private trade mark. I claim to be a scientific American Theosophist, and every enlightened Spiritualist is a better Theosophist than the mystics who try to appropriate that title to themselves.

The President and founder of the Theosophical Society of India is my old friend and supporter in anthropology for thirty-four years, Col. Olcott, and the platform of Theosophy which he has laid down, and which is accepted as the constitution of the Society, contains no creed—no mysticism—nothing to which we might not all subscribe. According to that platform, we are Theosophists. Theosophy in its proper sense is no more identified with Buddhism and re-incarnation than it is with Romanism, and I have no sympathy with the fanciful eccentrics who would abandon the sublime and soul-inspiring principles of spiritual religion for the vagaries of Oriental traditions, the study of Oriental magic and the fably, gloomy pessimism of the Buddhists, who look upon life as misery, and seek for something which is as near as possible to death without being entirely dead, instead of seeking for that glorious heaven to which we aspire—the anticipation of which does not lead to the passive, nerveless life of Buddhism, but leads to deeds of grandest heroism, like the life of Joan of Arc,—to lives of martyrdom like Servetus, Huss and Wickliffe; to lives of brave philanthropy like Howard, Garrison and Phillips, and to the fearless advocacy of truth which we have seen in the pioneer Spiritualists, whom I have ventured to call "the army of heaven."

I believe in the leadership and supremacy of American thought, with its fearless and substantial common sense, which leaves behind the dark shadows of the past, which overbush Christianity and Buddhism, and which leaves behind the popularity and pleasure of fashionable life and fashionable doctrines, to walk in the thorny paths of the pioneer in science and religion.

RELIGION—SCIENCE.

Spiritualism as applied to life is a religion; but *per se* it is a science, the proper name of which is *PSYCHOMATOLOGY*; and it requires as much as geology or physiology to be cultivated by scientific minds addicted to patient investigation like my lamented friend Denton, or like Prof. Crookes, Wallace and De Morgan in England—men free from superstition and credulity.

In this matter—the cultivation of science—it must be confessed that the spiritual movement has been deficient. The materialistic camp has vastly the advantage in the number of scientists. In the industrious cultivation of sciences, the attainment of positive knowledge, and the rejection of crude and fanciful ideas, and it is by that superiority that the physical scientists retain their hold on the public mind, and they with continue to hold the reins of power until Spiritualists show equal energy in the pursuit of other forms of knowledge, such as was shown in the brilliant example of Prof. Wm. Denton. Not only the scientific colleges, but the Christian churches are setting us an example that we have been slow to follow. Their annual meetings at Chautauque gather in thousands to their various intellectual feasts, and a branch of Chautauque has just been meeting at Lake View, Framingham, Mass., with another brilliant display of science, learning and eloquence, while we have but one theme.

Paganini charmed his audiences sometimes by fiddling on one string; but there was only one Paganini, and that was only an occasional performance. There is no grander, or more beautiful theme in the world, than the spiritual theme; nothing, in fact, that is equal to it; but if enough is as good as a feast, and if we have fiddled on one string for thirty years, there would surely be no harm in enlarging our orchestra.

The prediction has recently been made by my friend, Mr. Colville, is one of his inspired lectures, that Spiritualism will ere long be virtually given up by the class of credulous sightseers, and be taken up earnestly and patiently by men of scientific minds. If you look at the writings of such men as Wm. Howitt, Prof. Crookes, Kennamer, Reichenbach, Wallace, Gregory and Sargent, you will realize how grand the science is which our colleges exclude, but you will also see that its scientific basis has not yet been reached, because it lies deeper than their researches have gone. The spiritual faculties of man are a part of the intellectual faculties which have their organs in the brain, and which are common to all mankind, and they will never be well understood until the brain, having been thoroughly investigated, the entire nature of man shall be understood, and thereby his relations to the Spirit-world, which I have been demonstrating for forty-five years in college and out of college, to the satisfaction of all who hear me. When science is established in authority, vagaries cease, for its neophytes are instructed; and it has been for the want of this instruction that so many errors have been widely disseminated, and that a generous-hearted but fanatical and credulous gentleman of Boston

vainly spent a fortune in building a Spiritual Temple, and so conducting it that it stands a monument to human credulity and a discredit to the cause for which it was erected.

NOT ENTIRELY SPIRITUAL—MEMORISM.

There is too much blind faith in every thing that comes through the mouth of the medium, whether honest or dishonest. It is all supposed to come from some high intelligence, and credulous votaries sometimes write down whole volumes of platitudes and superficial ideas as reverentially as if they were divine. I must say that the majority of what comes in that way is not entirely spiritual.

Before the era of modern Spiritualism, mesmerism subjects were accustomed to pour forth just the same kind of discourses that are now supposed to come from spirits. Chagnet's "Celestial Telegraph," published in Paris about fifty years ago, is full of just such messages, containing interesting descriptions of the Spirit-world and discourses on spiritual philosophy.

THE TRANCE CONDITION.

In the entranced condition we rise above our common status, and any good subject may hold forth with eloquence and wisdom above the average, and speak fluently of the Spirit-world and its inhabitants. Trance speakers have fallen into the habit of being controlled, or thinking that they are, and thus attributing all the utterances which belong to their own power to some controlling spirit. But it is not safe to assume that any spirit is concerned, unless the utterance is above the powers of the medium, or is essentially different from anything that might be expected from them. Perhaps the modest medium does not wish to speak by his own authority and prefers to rely on a spirit and believes himself a channel of supernatural influx. When he is a speaker under trance conditions he can test the inspiration, but when he merely receives mental impressions, and attributes them to a spiritual power, the discrimination is very difficult. When I suggested this difficulty to Judge Edmonds, asking him how he could certainly distinguish the operations of his own mind from a spiritual influx, he confessed that he had no certain criterion. Thus some persons attribute to the spirits their own cogitations, and some, on the other hand, are guided by spirits without knowing it, and suppose that all originates with themselves.

The trance speaker should have no difficulty in testing this matter, and determining whether he is a passive medium or an entranced speaker. According to Swedenborg's doctrine, the spirit communing with a man and familiarly attached to him is sometimes governed by the man and thinks as he thinks, so that a man may have an attendant spirit, and think he is guided by the spirit when in fact he is following his own notions. If it is really a spirit, that spirit is entirely different from the medium, and has the memory of another life, and perhaps of another language. I would say to the medium, get your trance when you are entranced again to question the supposed spirit, and see if he knows what such a spirit ought to know. If he was a Greek, ask him to speak in the Greek language, and to answer questions about Greek history and geography, manners and customs. If he was a Jew, let him speak in the Jewish language. The most eloquent discourse I ever heard, if I might judge from the sound, was delivered in the Hebrew language by the prophet Jeremiah through the lips of Jesse Shepard. If the spirit is a Roman, let him give us the Latin language in its true pronunciation, which is lost. Let the Frenchman speak French; the German, German; the Italian, Italian; and then ask them the particulars of their own lives and their friends and contemporaries. If they cannot answer such questions, at least as fully as the spirits that report at the Banner of Light circle, then they are not in control, and you are merely acting as a trance speaker, entitled yourself to the credit of all you say, though it is possible you may have some psychometric rapport with the spirit that helps you to imitate him or to express his sentiments.

But when the spirit is really in control, he is not always in perfect control, and all that he attempts to say mingle with the mentality of the medium and comes out different, as the sunlight through a window of stained glass differs from the out-door sunshine. The Thomas Paine utterance through Mrs. Richmond differs just as much from the Thomas Paine utterance through Mrs. Colby as the two ladies differ from each other. Mrs. Colby is certainly nearer in style to Thomas Paine than a good writer could make a much better imitation of the style of any author than the expression of his ideas which we get through mediums generally. The spiritual controls reported at London by Judge Peterson through his medium, come from a great variety of distinguished men of different nations and different ages and contrasted character, but the messages are all as much like each other as so many peas—they are all exactly in the style and manner of the Judge himself, who dominates absolutely over his medium, who is in perfect sympathy with him, and feels his pains at any distance. This great variety of spirit speaking in one style, whether English, French, German, Jewish or Arabic, reminds me of the story of a man, who said that it was singular that though he was the monarch of the world and every day had on his table the richest viands from all climates and all quarters of the globe, some how or other every thing tasted like porridge.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

ought to get religion.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The following extract from a letter received by the writer from a prominent minister, presents subjects for serious consideration:

"I must say to you that your article 'Why I do not attend the church and Sabbath school' is unfair and hardly like yourself. I admit that many ministers of the Gospel aspire to place and position beyond that which is laudable and commendable. Nevertheless every man, with the spirit of a man, should aspire to positions of highest usefulness and broadest possibilities. Jesus did not say to his disciples as you make him say: 'When you reach Rome you must demand \$1,000 salary, at Athens \$1,500; neither did he tell them to go out as 'beggars.' He did tell them 'the laborer is worthy of his hire,' carry neither purse nor scrip, &c., let the people support you. It is right and just and biblical that those who minister to the people in spiritual things should be liberally supported.

You ought, in justice, to admit that a majority of the preachers of this age and community are at least devoted and earnest laborers and, while asking your pardon, I must say to you, and insist that the one thing you need is religion. You ought to get religion.

These are earnest words. There is no cant about them. They are the fervent, heart-felt sentiments of the writer, and as such merit profound respect. I have no censure for the clergy at large, and as I have before said they have the opportunity of incalculable usefulness. Neither would I cramp the sphere of their 'aspirations.' It is only when they aspire to become something that reflects on the dignity of their high calling, and make themselves a by-word and cause of scoffing, that, in common with right thinking church members, I protest against the indecency.

Jesus did not send his disciples out as 'beggars.' He sent them 'without purse or scrip.' That is, they were to carry no written sermon, but stand up and utter the inspiration of the moment, and depend on the people for maintenance. Their wants were few, and they had no incentive to ask or take more than their daily bread. That would be called beggary to-day. They were promised martyrdom and the promise was fulfilled. They shrank not from their fate, but bravely went to their assigned tasks. Mark was dragged by the Alexandrians through the streets till dead; James the Elder was murdered by Herod; of Peter it is said 'after manifold sufferings for the Master he died,' but whether crucified with head downward cannot be determined; Andrew was crucified at Patra; Phillip preaching the Gospel south of the Hellespont and Euxine, in Asia Minor, died a martyr at Hierapolis; Bartholomew, preaching to the Albanians on the Caspian, was flayed alive and crucified; Thomas suffered martyrdom at Melapour in the East Indies. Whether Matthew suffered martyrdom in Persia or Albania is not known; Simon and Jude are said to have been murdered in Lunir in Persia. The list of fathers and teachers, beginning with Paul, who was beheaded by Nero, is a list of martyrs.

What is taught us by this terrible record of devotion and self-sacrifice?

That the preacher who goes out for the purpose of holding aloft the highest and purest example for the conduct of life, purely for the good of mankind, is divinely ordained for his noble work, while the preacher who is 'called to a pulpit,' because he has escaped from a theological school and has adopted preaching as a business, is out of time and place.

True, the Church owes its ministers honorable support, if they deserve it. To the advice that I 'ought to get religion' I give heed. For the years of my life I have looked about me, and desired if there was any good in religion to acquire the good. There are many kinds of religion, as the Methodist, Congregational, Baptist, Universalist, Unitarian, and hundreds of others. I have studied the various kinds. In the character of their believers and in the character of those who profess no faith there seems little difference. There are good Congregationalists, Baptists, Universalists, and good Methodists, and good Unitarians, and there are miserably bad ones in each of the churches. There are very bad, infidels, and many honorable and good men. Looking about the town and country, one finds the church member as hard, selfish and over-reaching as the non-professor. One takes their word no more readily because prayer is fresh on their lips. They attend church on Sunday, and their religion is confined to that day of the week, or else they have not enough to spread over the six working days.

Nor does one perceive any difference between the sects in exemplary morality and religious life. I am urged to get religion as the one thing needful, and yet the kind is left uncertain. If I strike on Universalism I am sure to be damned; Unitarianism is worse. The Baptists tell me that I must be baptized or find the neglect of a plunge or a sprinkle will land me in a place where there will not be even water enough to give a sprinkle. To get this religion, I must subscribe to a creed of some kind. That creed says man fell, which I do not nor cannot believe, because opposed to the known facts of history. I must believe that God created the earth and the heavens in six days, which I do not nor cannot believe because opposed to the facts of geology. I must believe that God the Father and Christ the Son are the same, which is contrary to the laws of physiology. I must believe that salvation depends on the Lord Jesus Christ, and not on individual effort, which I do not nor cannot believe, because contrary to reason and justice. I must believe that an all-benevolent and omnipotent God created man in the full plenitude of his power, and because this man does exactly as he created him to do, condemns him to the eternal tortures of hell, which I do not nor cannot believe because repugnant in every sense to humanity and love. I must believe these and many more doctrines and stillify reason, let me accept whichever creed I may. Is it getting religion to say one believes, and thus become a hypocrite, floating on the popular current? This is easy to do. The garment lies loosely, nowhere chafes, and many there are who wear it.

Religion, it may be said, is the fundamental principles of right, justice and wisdom, on which all these diverse sects are founded, and it is the acceptance of this and not of this or that belief which constitutes religion; it is only acceptance but actualization in the conduct of life. That, then, is the religion to get, and as not more than one-third, probably not one-sixth, of the people have subscribed to the forms of any sect, this is probably the religion they accept. If they are true to the highest convictions of right and justice, who shall say that they are not as religious as though they subscribed to all of the creeds? If the man who does right because right, who loves justice for its own sake; who is kind, forbearing, merciful, and charitably forgiving, is not a religious man, what, then, constitutes a religious man, and where shall one be found? To assume that no one, however exemplary his life, has religion, unless an accredited church member, is arrogance which nearly approaches subtlety. Yet this assertion is constantly reiterated, and the

inference added thereto that however moral a man may be, if outside the church he is little better than the vilest criminal. A man may be a shining light in the church, contribute largely for church purposes, and never let the plate go by when the object is the conversion of the heathen; lead in prayer with sonorous voice; and be in constant fear lest his neighbors miss the way, and yet be the meanest, most selfish and hypocritical being the sun ever shone upon. Christ himself belonged to no church, founded no church. The organizations which came after him were the work of selfish, ambitious, and designing men. There is no passage in the Bible commanding belief in any creed, church form, or union with any organization. Christ and his apostles were ranging the country on the Sabbath in a manner that to-day would cause their arrest by some pious deacon as abandoned tramps. Tramping in the fields, the woods, by shady streams, may to-day be as profitable as listening to the majority of sermons ground out by rule and repeated by rote as a parrot repeats its monotonous story of wanting a cracker and having a sore toe. The modest flower which reflects in its petals the azure of the sky, and perfumes the air with its sweetness, is more eloquent of the perfection with which the laws of creation have woven the chain of existence, than all the high phrases of Rev. Bombastism with his smatter of Hebrew and lore of theology. From that lowly flower through countless forms, to the starry heavens where world is balanced against world, sun against sun, stellar constellation against stellar constellation; and sustained by the mighty arm of gravitation which whirls them on their derelict orbits in the mazy dance of the heavens, from which through ages unending there is no deviation, each going and returning with the certainty of omnipotent decree, the earth and the sky is one vast volume open to all, so plain that they who run may read.

You would have me get religion by confession of faith, prayer and observance of Sunday as a sacred day. You assume that those who do not thus conform have no religion. Nature knows no Sunday, no day of rest. There is not a vestige of a passage in the Bible commanding or even recommending Sunday or Sunday observance. Such prayer as we publicly hear, of the church and prayer meeting are strongly and explicitly condemned. As for confessions of faith they are all man-made, and as such man is above and beyond them all.

Therefore, before 'getting religion' as so highly commanded, it would be well to distinctly determine what kind of religion should be obtained. As none bear the signet of God, but have the ear mark of man, this task may not be as easy as would be supposed, yet they who set themselves to the tremendous task of guiding humanity across the quaking lands of theology, should know with unerring certainty, for their mistake according to their own belief, will change the stream of humanity heavenward, and pour it one vast Niagara of woe into the bottomless pit of perdition.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Walter Howell's Farewell to his Western Friends.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Some time since, your readers were made aware of my intention to visit England this fall, and as has been noticed elsewhere in your columns, I take my departure on the steamer 'Alaska,' which sails from New York on Tuesday, Aug. 31st. I therefore take this opportunity of giving a parting word to my many friends in America.

It would be ingratitude of the basest kind, were I to leave your country without expressing my heartfelt appreciation of the kindly hospitality extended to me from first to last since my arrival among you. So great, indeed, has that kindness been, and so strong is the affection I cherish for those dear friends who have made this a home for me, that I scarcely know which is dearest to my heart, England or America; not that I love old England less, but an enlarged soul makes it possible for one to love a greater number without diminishing the love for former friends. It is this divided heart which causes me a mingled feeling of pleasure and pain at the thought of leaving-taking. There is the pain in saying good-by, and the pleasure in the thought of once more grasping the hand of old and tried friends.

Everywhere I have gone, I have made friends whose memory will ever be sacred to me. And when my visit to England is ended, I shall look forward to the pleasure of seeing them with quite as much delight as that which characterizes my present anticipated joy in the thought of seeing my English friends. While speaking of return, I would say, it is my present intention to leave England for America in June, 1887, so that our separation will not be for long. Meanwhile, I hope, under the inspiration of my guides, to accomplish some good work on the other side of the Atlantic.

What are the results of my labors during the past four years in this country? I candidly confess, I do not know. I can only hope, that in some degree, superstition has been dethroned, reason and logic enthroned, a few sorrowful hearts comforted by the gospel of light and immortality, the moral character of others strengthened and spiritually enlarged; by some, spiritually adopted in place of cold, dark and lifeless materialism. Are these things too great to hope? Let the feelings, thoughts and actions of my many auditors bear testimony.

There are times when the worker in the spiritual field feels discouraged; but to each and all of my co-workers in America, let me say in the words of Andrew Jackson Davis, 'Truth is immortal, and can not die; error is mortal, and can not live.' Therefore, 'whoever goeth forth bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his or her sheaves with them.' Let us, then, work on, thinking not of immediate results, but of faithfulness to the living present, and our work shall be crowned with success. There are many heroes whose epics are unending; there are thousands of heroines unknown to fame, but they are not forgotten of angels, and heavenly hosts sing their praise. Wherever the earnest, honest medium is, there heaven's gate may be found ajar, and the fore-pleams of immortality be seen. If we are faithful to this solemn trust, a universal humanity, a cloud of witnessing angels, and above all, an approving conscience, will applaud our entrance into everlasting bliss, and heaven and earth ring with the sentiment, 'Well done good and faithful servant.'

Let us not forget, in the development of our mediumship, the development of character. It is too often remarked, and with too much truth, that mediumship is no guaranty of moral worth. Whilst it is true that mediumship is organic, it is also equally true that the quality of a communication partakes of the moral and spiritual character of the medium, so that we may be windows through which the light of heaven streameth, or col-

canic vents through which the lava of immoral passion belcheth forth upon society. Hence our responsibility. If moral character had been commensurate with medial development from the time of the Rochester knockings until now, our cause would have been recognized, no doubt, as the most important element in society to-day. Instead of this, our movement has been retarded by the impotence and immorality of some of its would-be leaders.

The spiritual worker finds it no easy task to fulfill his mission whilst the movement in general is so thoroughly unorganized. It is discouraging to realize that to all appearances, our cause is as far from organization as it was ten or fifteen years ago, as far as I can learn from those who were then and are now workers in the field. What is to become of Spiritualism? Is it to be absorbed by the more liberal forms of churchianity? Or shall we find some common ground of union from which to evolve a permanent organization? It is somewhat amusing to see the effect which a very little patronage from the church will have upon a large number of Spiritualists. I am always glad to hear of spiritual thought being expressed from the pulpit, but it should not be forgotten that these liberal preachers owe to Spiritualism their most acceptable sentiments. It is not the church that patronizes us, but rather spiritual thought patronizing the church, in so far as its speakers are capable of receiving inspiration. Although it is desirable to avoid a concrete form of organization which would retard by its ponderous mechanism rather than aid, yet, it is not possible to organize in such a manner as to facilitate the progress of 'our glorious cause.' To be a little practical, I would suggest the formation of a lecture bureau, and a psychological evidence ditto, from which accredited moral, inspirational, and trance speakers should be sent forth, and such physical mediums as are of good, moral character, and who possessed undoubted psychical powers; these would by virtue of being sent out by such a bureau—granting, of course, that it were recognized as being under the best of management—carry with them an influence socially, which they do not now; for the nomadic kind of life led by most of us who are laborers on the spiritual field give but little opportunity for the establishment of local reputation founded upon character. As a result of this, every new-comer is looked upon with suspicion. I do not wonder at this, nor do I condemn its spirit, for it is a kind of self-protection.

And really, Mr. Editor, I have no ground of complaint in this direction, for, as I have before stated, I have been kindly treated wherever I have been. The reason why I make these suggestions is because I want to see some form of organization established that shall inspire confidence in the public at large.

I fear I have already taken up too much of your valuable space, and I will, therefore, bring this rambling letter to a close; but before doing so, permit me to express my warmest thanks to you, Mr. Editor, personally. Whenever it has been in my way to visit Chicago, I have always found such uniform attention, and received so many courtesies from you and your employees, that I should feel myself condemned were I to leave without thanking you most heartily for these. It will be a pleasure to furnish you with such general outlines of my work while in England, and such other matters as may be interesting to your readers.

For the past two months I have been the guest of Mr. Fred. Haslam, whose door has been ajar for me for the past four years, and through the kindness of himself and wife, my stay has been made very pleasant.

Should any of your readers desire to communicate with me during my stay in England, they may address me, in care of William Oxley, Esq., 65 Bury Road, Higher Broughton, Manchester, England. Again thanking my western friends for their kindness to me, and bidding them good-by, I remain yours faithfully in the cause of humanity.

WALTER HOWELL.

PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

From the Standpoint of the Mystics.

A Series of Papers Prepared for The Religio-Philosophical Journal from a MS. Work, Designed as an Encyclopedia of Mysticism.

No. 2.

BY C. H. A. BIERREGAARD, OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY, N. Y.

THE PERSONAL IN RELIGION.

The Soul of the World, The Life-principle of Existence, The Spirit of the Universe, The Universal Spirit, etc., are terms common enough in most philosophies as expressions of the Immanent Principle of existence. As an equivalent to these objective terms, we have chosen the *Personal*, wherewith to express the subjective side of the same question. As such, we shall now define it, and show it as the main factor in all religions, be these of the most crude or the most refined.

The meaning and purport of the word will readily be seen, when it is known that persons originated on the classical stage, and originally meant the mask worn by actors, when they impersonated the gods. Later on it was used for the actor himself. Being transferred to jurisprudence the word signified a free man, a Roman citizen. A slave not being free, was not a *persona*; nor, of course, could an animal, nor any inanimate thing be spoken of as persons, though they may be attributed with individuality.

In the spirit of the Mystics we say: *We personate the Deity* (N. B. We do not say *God*), hence when we use the adjective *personal* substantively, we mean to use a term that stands *subjectively* for all that can be attributed to the Deity.

By *Deity* in contradistinction to *God*, we mean the unknowable and undefinable, while *God* is the revealed, the manifested *Deity*. The *Personal* must not be confounded with *Personality*; it is not subject to the limitations of this latter word, nor does it carry the definite linguistic sense of that word. It is by nature springing and elastic, and really defies every effort at a clear and accurate definition or translation into relative grammatical forms. What Buddha declared (Dhammapadam) about self: 'Self is the lord of self; who else could be the lord?' applies equally to the *Personal*: 'The *Personal* is lord of the *Personal*, who else could be the lord?'

Let it not for a moment be supposed that this notion of the *Personal* implies limitation, or that it is applicable only to that which is finite or relative. We repeat it, it is not subject to the law which applies to *Personality*, which term does apply to the finite. The main distinction between the *Personal* and *Personality* is the same in degree as exists between *Deity* and *God*. The *Personal* is conscious of existence and controls an exist-

ence in *Personality*. *Personality* is a transient good and not eternal; though it acquires existence by being a temporal manifestation of the *Personal*, its own being is only a delusion (Maya). Those who worship—there are those in the church, who do—*Personality* mistake the shadow Isvara for Brahma.

The *Personal* alone is substance; it remains the same under all circumstances, and differs in nature from everything else, by being self-sustained, and being the 'countless store' spoken of in the *Suif* parable above.

Where are we to find the *Personal*? Answer: As 'all atoms in space are its mirrors and each one is fronted with its perfect face,' look for it anywhere in nature and you shall find it. Again: 'Behind the veil of self shines unseen the beauty of the loved one,' hence 'one step beyond yourself' you shall find the Supreme.

It shall be our object in the following papers to traverse the spheres of 'Nature' and 'The Beyond Self' to show you the *Personal*, and may we come to realize the words of Haezese, 'the old philosopher': 'There is nothing like keeping the inner man!' That will be our reward!

NATURE IN RELIGION.

There is, perhaps, no term harder to define in philosophy than nature. Though the word is used by everybody and everywhere, its extensive use in no way facilitates its interpretation. When we here endeavor to define it, it shall be mainly with regard to the use we shall make of it ourselves in the following papers.

If we clothe the *Personal*, as we have defined it above, with objectivity, we may call this form of its existence *Nature*. But remember that such objectivity has no reality, beyond that which we attribute to it. We are the creators of its objectivity. That is one sense in which we shall use the term. Under such an objective aspect the *Personal* most frequently appears in the so-called Revealed Religions. All their anthropomorphic ideas represent an objectivity attributed to the *Personal* in some of its many modes of existence. Originally the objective form served an intellectual purpose, but too soon it was turned to selfish uses by priests and rulers.

The *Personal* may, however, also be conceived as being objective in a real sense.

In the Upanishads is often referred to the simple fact of cream rising out of milk as an illustration of Brahma's existence in the world. Like the cream being hidden in the milk till this becomes 'still,' when it separates and manifests itself on the surface, so Brahma is hidden in the world as an inherent power, not being revealed, till 'the hour of quietude and stillness.' Let us turn the illustration round and say that without the milk no cream will rise. If then the cream represents the *Personal*, the milk represents the objectivity of the *Personal*. But we must beware of taking the objectivity spoken of as the source of the *Personal*. We are only using an illustration to help to a conception of the Supreme. In reality the milk and the cream are essentially one, as much as subject and object are essentially inseparable in the universal unit. However, let our illustration stand for what it is worth, and let us say, that as surely as the cream has its objective side in the milk, so the *Personal* must also possess a certain objectivity. This objectivity we shall also call *Nature*. It is under the aspect of this objectivity that most of the Natural Religions worship the *Personal*. In the following papers we shall pay special attention to these religions.

The attentive reader will have noticed two elements in the process of the cream rising out of the milk, namely: the rising out of it (the becoming cream) and the being cream (after the rising). The first element, the process of becoming, is generally called *natura naturans*, and the second, the settled process, is called *natura naturata*. We shall, of course, have to treat of both, but the first is the most interesting and instructive. We shall from the nature of our subject have more to do with it than with the other.

We have thus far pointed out four different uses of the term *Nature*. We have still to mention a fifth, according to which *Nature* is synonymous to the *Personal*. In this way the term is much used in the present day. *Nature* is personified and spoken of much in the same way as some of the old gods. Some thinkers in thus speaking attribute all manners of evil to *Nature*. John Stuart Mills (in his *Posthumous Essays*) does not know where to stop when recounting the misdeeds of 'Nature's everyday performances.' On the other hand, Wordsworth does not know expressions enough wherewith to convey his ideas of 'Nature's goodness and divinity.' Goethe's views were about midway between these two extremes. He had no eye for the destructive features, nor not enough reverence for the divinity; he preferred to look exclusively upon the mediating and restorative powers of *Nature*. Either one of these three men had a part of the truth, but none of them saw or was willing to acknowledge the whole truth. If we must identify *Nature* with the Supreme, let us recognize these three modes of existence: Brahma, the creative power, Vishnu, the restorative power, and Civa, the destructive power. Under either manifestation the Supreme may be known, and has been known in the History of Religion. We shall show that as we proceed.

*This illustration is drawn from the Upanishads. We shall return to it in due time.
(To be Continued.)

The Social Position as it Might be.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

(Continued.)

Napoleon once said that when he could find a virtue that would bring in as much money to the national treasury as did the vice of using tobacco and liquor, he would be pleased to turn it to account. He meant that we must accept life as it is, and strive for that which is possible and practical to-day.

I notice that many of our thinkers and writers would like every occupation, and manufacture to be under government direction. They point to the post office and the public school as illustrations of business managed by the people's representatives with most marked success. But I quote a different inference from the facts they draw. Only the other day people were prosecuted for doing post office work at just one half its cost by the government. And we know the cruel tyranny with which party managers, in spite of civil service reform, say to the poor post office clerks: 'Your money or your place.'

Private schools are usually superior to the crowded public school with a hundred pupils to a teacher, who loses her situation if she dare to make a complaint. Yet our post office and our public school systems are the best we can to-day devise, and must be upheld, as essential to the nation's growth. But until manhood shall outgrow the politician, and either bury him out of sight, or crush him under true statesmanship; and further, until we cast aside forever the hor-

rible maxim, 'to the victors belong the spoils,' the less we have of government in interference with business the better. We would soon find our Robbons and our Roach treating our business interests just as the have already treated our navy; and just as Congress has managed to almost wipe out the stars and stripes from ocean and port the wide world over.

Now what are the ills of life which would not be met under one or other of these three propositions? Suppose you point to the city tenement reeking with filth, which befouls manhood whilst it enriches the landlord. It is there Felix Adler would strike a blow for his down-trodden brother. Yet, what is his plan? It is that capital shall consent to accept 3 per cent, when it could earn more. That means charity, which by so much degrades manhood. It means that the men who grasp ten leaves out of every eighteen will throw a crust to the tenement to keep it quiet.

Felix Adler, you must take a broader view of manhood's misery. You must gauge the coming tide of retribution more accurately if you would turn your kind-hearted sentiment into practical work for humanity. Yes, we are with you so far. Hold the owner of that tenement to rigid account for cleanliness, decency and safety. That is all good; but how shall it be if he raises the rent upon the unhappy victim? Is there any limit to the grasp of a landlord other than the last penny of the poor?

I give you a suggestion how you may meet this with no injustice. Compel that landlord to hold that property subject to sale at his own valuation, upon which he pays his taxes; and compel him whilst he holds it to keep it clean, decent and safe; but encourage the worker in combination with his fellows to become his own landlord, and under such a system, remember you would presently have a million owners of real estate to every hundred of to-day.

Let us breathe new life into our commerce by a system of fair trade, that shall open to us the new closed markets of the world, and our wage workers will not only soon have smiling wives and happy children, but presently their savings will crystallize into a home and the manly independence which is a nation's life-blood. Let us throw the burden of taxation onto the property which is to be protected, so that the worker shall stand free. Under such a system the owner of all that accumulated wealth cannot long raise rents upon his tenant and compel another to bear his load.

Amidst this wondrous reign of justice, human nature would stand unchanged. He that loves wealth will labor as ever to accumulate and store it to his own benefit. Yes, human nature must be allowed to walk. Place it on crutches and you make it a cripple. Make no interference with the right to hoard other than we have seen society must demand for its own safety. But we need have no fear. Human life is short at best, and soon, under our proposed law of inheritance the gathered wealth will be scattered, becoming a blessing instead of a curse.

But we cannot safely go much further in this direction. Human individuality stands as the root of civilization, and we must not interfere with it. Manhood must be left to make a fool of itself if it so desire. Give wise counsel if you will; but then stand aside. Humanity is learning by experience. Let the lesson be unlearned, and humanity passes away as unfitted for earth-life; for all the great work of national life has no other foundation than individual effort. Whilst we aim to discover laws of life by which we may somewhat mold human nature, let us remember that at best progress must be very slow in that direction. We have been molded by our own past, and we can only partially influence those who will soon take our places.

What shall we say, then, of the lessons of life? For the young they are too grave. The middle-aged have no time to listen. For the old they come too late. As Spiritualists we can look at every subject under a brighter light than that evolved by the Materialist from the crude matter he persists in using to that end. We care not for the flitting glimmer of a theological future that may seem bright to-day, and to-morrow show nothing but lurid smoke from the bottomless pit. For us there is a future as natural as this life where manhood can develop every faculty left latent on earth.

Nature has never yet written 'Amis' to a single human history; but at the last page of the published volume she places 'to be continued in our next.' But the thought shall be the same, and that thought the upward, ever upward progress of the human race.

'Judge not that ye be not judged' is none the less a truth because it has been found in bad company. We cannot mark our brother man with any brand of contempt for him to wear in that coming future, for we all alike shall stand acquitted or condemned each by his own conscience. And never to us shall be an hour of happiness through all eternity until we shall have outwrought every wrong we may have done to our fellow man.

CASSADAGA CAMP MEETING.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The interest here is steadily rising, and the camp is in a more flourishing condition than ever before. During the past week conference has been of unusual interest. The subject of marriage and divorce was opened up by Mrs. Dr. Touzey, and others followed. What was said went to show that the Spiritualists of Cassadaga held ideas the reverse of the looseness usually attributed to them. Mr. Howell is an inspiration in the way of raising enthusiasm. Nothing can remain lukewarm in his fervid atmosphere. The dances in the pavilion continue popular, and last Saturday night a large crowd was on hand to enjoy the recreation.

The main feature of the past week was the opening of a reading room, or tent rather. Mrs. T. J. Skidmore loaned her library of spiritual works. New books, papers and pamphlets were sent from the office of the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. The tent is fitted up with comfortable chairs and is nicely carpeted. There were many expressions of pleasure with regard to this yesterday, and it was pronounced the best thing that had been done on the grounds. Success to the new reading tent!

Sunday brought a crowd to the grounds. Lyman C. Howe was the speaker of the morning. He is always well received here. In the afternoon, J. J. Moore, of London, addressed an immense audience. Subject, 'Modern Spiritualism, a Gospel of Glad Tidings and an Epistle of Peace.'

Last evening the Belle Cole Opera Company gave a vocal concert in the pavilion; it was well attended and appreciated. It will be repeated next Sunday. Next Friday evening the opera of Cindersella will be rendered by the children of the Lyceum, assisted by outside talent, and the young ladies and gentlemen of the camp. Cassadaga, Aug. 16th. E. W. T.

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 28, 1886.

Bible Interpretation.

The *Andover Review* for April last, coming from the Puritan school of the prophets, Andover Theological Seminary, and held as the organ of the most staunch and steadfast old-time New England orthodoxy, has an article on "The Bible a Theme for the Pulpit," in which are some remarkable admissions, which it is not too late to refer to. Heretics have sometimes said that the clergy did not half believe a good deal that they preached in support of the old dogmas, and here comes the testimony of a leading magazine of sound evangelical standing, confirming what they say.

The *Review* says that intelligent ministers have a "new notion of the Bible," and the question is how much they shall tell of this notion, which is unlike the old belief in Bible inspiration and infallibility. "The minister knows that his conception of the Bible differs considerably from that which holds some, perhaps many, of his people, and apprehends that the divergence of his view from theirs would seem greater and more serious to them than it does to him." The writer feels sure that "some of his people have enough scientific culture to know that neither history nor geology gives acceptance to all the statements found in the Bible narrative," and thinks that if clergy and people could be free and frank with each other real biblical truth might be more fresh and vivid in their minds, but the perplexity of the case makes the poor preachers halt and temporize.

In plain English this means that the Bible is not plenary inspired, that errors in fact and science are in its text, and that the preachers had best come out like men and say so,—to all which we give hearty assent.

On the other side of the Atlantic Canon Farrar, an eminent dignitary in the English Episcopal Church, gives his Bampton Lectures on Bible Interpretation, and lays down the ground that the book must be looked at as a progressive revelation, and approached with the same use of reason and critical scholarship by which any other book would be examined. The Archbishop says men must emancipate themselves from "that pretence of reverence for the errors of men who are no more illuminated than are men of to-day, who in knowledge were hundreds of years behind them." For the dogma of Verbal Inspiration he has no sympathy or unity.

Human knowledge and experience are to be brought to the study of the Bible. Revelation is to be viewed in the light of the knowledge of the present. The past has not been altogether unproductive. From each age "some element of elucidation, some fragment of knowledge, some flash of light" has been inherited. But so much evil also has arisen from false exegesis, that "he who would study Scripture in its integrity and purity must approach the sacred page with a mind washed clean from human opinions. Till we cease to palter and fudge with the words of Scripture in a double sense—till we cease to assume that the Trinity is revealed in the beginning of Genesis, and that Canticles furnish a proof of the duty of Mariolatry; till we abandon our 'atomistic' method of dealing with Scripture and the fragments of its sentences as though they were magic formulas; till we repent of the fetish-worship which made some of the Jewish theologians say that all the law was of equal importance, from 'God is one God' to 'Timna was the concubine of Eliphaz'; till we give up the late and humanly-invented theories which, with a blasphemy only pardonable because it is unconscious, treated the voice of human anger and human imperfection as the voice of God; till we admit that the Bible cannot and may not be dealt with by methods of which it gives no indication, and of which we see the absurdity when they are applied to every other form of literature, whether sacred or profane, we may promise improved forms of Rabbinism, or Scholasticism, at our pleasure and at our peril; but we shall never clearly understand what it is, and what is not, the purport of the Revelation contained in Scripture."

These are plain words from orthodox sources, so plain and forcible as to need no comment. Their significance is greater than we fully realize, for they are the beginning of the end of all bibliolatry, and foreshadow the good day when the soul shall be held greater than any book, the Bible shall be a help but not a master, its truths accepted,

but the load of its errors that now weighs them down be cast off.

Standing in the dawn of that day we can see that the Spiritualists are the only competent Bible interpreters. Without their method its spiritual significance is paltry. Its angel visitants, its visions and transfigurations, are held by liberal Unitarians and others as but irrational and mythical records of absurd and uncertain events,—as marvels not in accord with any law or in the line of any reasonable experience, and only fit to nourish decaying superstition and wonder-loving belief in miracles. The rational and intuitive Spiritualist measures them by his own knowledge and experience, and finds in them inspiring proofs of the glory of man's inner life, and of his being, indeed, in his highest hours, but little lower than the angels, with whom, then as now, he held communion. The facts of spirit-presence, known and believed by prophet and apostle as they now are by living men and women on earth, are the proof palpable of immortality. Thus, and thus only, can we have a rational yet inspiring Bible interpretation.

Shall the Heathen Burn Forever? Serious Congregationalist Troubles.

New England orthodox Congregationalism has been held as Puritan in its standards of thought, and Andover theological seminary as the school of the Puritan prophets, but a breath of nineteenth century air has reached the seminary cloisters and stirred the souls of Congregationalists, not only in New England but far over the land.

A new controversy is going on, not touching superficial matters, but in regard to things held as the foundations of faith. Since the hot old word, by which bad men still swear and by which good men made sinners feel and fear the wrath of God, has been banished from the revised version of the Bible, and the mild sheol has taken its place, the old notions of future punishment have greatly changed. Without taking the opprobrious name, many preachers of high repute, and many of the best occupants of the best orthodox church pews, have taken large steps towards Universalism. There is a "new theology" at Andover, and an irrepressible conflict between the old and the new there and elsewhere. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions represents, and stands for, the old way. That great Board has spent millions in efforts for converting the heathen, basing their efforts on the idea that these heathen were all doomed to eternal burning. Now come up doubts on that matter. From our very heart we honor the doubters of so horrible a dogma. As Dr. Gulliver, of Andover, states the case in the *New York Independent*:

The prudential committee of the American Board, while waiting more definite instructions from that body, decline to commission men who are not prepared to reject the hypothesis of a possible future probation for such heathen as die without a knowledge of the "historic Christ."

They are troubled by clerical applicants for missionary employ, who accept this humane hypothesis, and who really begin to think that it would be unjust in Deity to roast men eternally for being ignorant of a person whom it was impossible for them to know anything about while on earth.

A New Haven letter to the *New York Sun* tells of a leading theologian who portrays "dangers which threaten the cause of Christian missions from the course pursued by the Home Secretary of the American Board, in erecting a creed of his own selection into a standard of orthodoxy by which to test persons offering themselves for missionary service in foreign lands."

The reply made to this is that the Secretary has set up no creed "but has simply insisted that the missionaries be not tainted with the heretical and dangerously false doctrines now being promulgated by the Andover theologians." How are the mighty (at Andover) fallen, when such things are said of them!

The Chicago *Advance*, the western Congregational organ, charges these Andover heretics with using every method to force their peculiar views on the churches, "in the west as well as in the east. The *New York Independent* gives hearing to both sides, but leans toward the heretics, and the dispute especially in New England is so bitter as to threaten sore disaster to the Congregationalists. The Presbyterians look on complacently, and the *Interior*, in Chicago, says:

"Now the advocates of the future probation non-sense seem determined to raise a row in the American Board of Foreign Missions. The contention now on hand is whether a healthy or a pleasant one and because it isn't the devil probably sent it."

Dr. John Todd of New Haven has withdrawn from the Congregationalist Association and written a sharp letter rebuking them for endorsing clergymen who hold "unsound and unorthodox views on future punishment." Rev. Dr. Munger and Dr. Smyth of that city are the two new preachers of these unsound views, and seem to hold their own pretty well notwithstanding the wrath of their opponents.

It looks like undertaking the impossible to keep Congregationalism in Dr. Todd's old rule, but when a sect tries to enlarge its views its old D. D.'s make bigoted protest.

The old American Board finds its funds grow less, and the old zeal was cold, because the people do not, as of old, believe in the eternal punishment of all the heathen—especially since they are finding out that some good pagans are far better than some poor Christians. The dispute is grave and far-reaching, but good will come of it.

All calls set our way, and as dogmas die Spiritualism lives.

A clergyman in Augusta, Ga., has been on trial before the presbytery for heresy. His offense is that he has intimated a belief in Darwinism.

THREE TRAMPS ON THE TRAIL.

The Editor's Party Headed Northwest—The Start—The Road—Gossip on the Rail—Reminiscence—An August Night in a Wagner—St. Paul—First Impressions of Minneapolis—St. Louis Hotel—A Word about M. D. Shutter—Around the Lake—A Dilapidated Belle—Hay Fever—Land Sharks.

We are three—Mrs. Bundy, Curtis, and I. The purpose of the journey is to get beyond the stamping ground of that unconscionable summer stalker, Hay Fever. While Mrs. Bundy is the only one of the party who needs to keep clear of his track, the rest are glad of an excuse to get away. A big city, even when so exceptionally pleasant as Chicago, gets wearisome and uncomfortable as dog-days come along. It is Thursday, August 12th, and a steaming hot day; the trunks are packed for a two months' tramp; the office folks cheerfully urge our departure, declaring they can get on nicely without us; the thermometer struggles hard to reach an even 100°, and seems angry because it has to stop a few points short of the goal; the caravan takes up the line of march toward the passenger station of the Chicago & North Western Railway; the cavalcade reaches the first stage of its journey; hand baggage is deftly arranged, with the celerity that comes from practice, in a section of a Wagner car, and the party unanimously and spontaneously draws a long sigh of relief. Two-thirds of the JOURNAL's party are already known to most who will scan this, so let me introduce Curtis. He is an old traveller who has often been my partner in journeys pleasant and unpleasant, a sort of cranky fellow, some would say, whom one must know quite intimately before understanding. Sometimes, to a stranger or casual acquaintance, he may seem a bit cynical and pessimistic, but he isn't. He is only a constitutional protester against sham and pretense. He prods me severely at times, and I have caught myself thinking him a sort of human mustard plaster. He is a constant inciter to greater tasks, a close and critical observer whose eye takes in all within the scope of vision. Yet he is really a lovable character when the core of his nature is reached. I take him along with readiness, if not with unmixed pleasure, because I know he will never hesitate to remind me of professional work I am trying to shirk, and will give me no rest until I've accomplished my tasks. Then, too, he is ever ready to help me out by lending a hand, or furnishing an idea. I think a wave of genuine sympathy, a sort of fellow feeling for the intellectually and physically lazy, sometimes gently ruffles his heart, but no indication of this cardiac zephyr is ever shown in voice or face. I have refrained from mentioning him by name in former notes of travel because he prefers to remain unknown outside of his somewhat exclusive little circle. This time I intend to make him and my readers better acquainted—hence this introduction.

The first objective point is St. Paul, to which point Curtis checks our baggage. The big clock in the station tower strikes the quarter; the train dispatcher's gong sounds the starting signal and at 2:45 P. M. to a second, the train conductor cries "A-L-L aboard!" the engineer pulls the throttle, the pant up steam leaps to its task, the driving wheels turn, and off we go on a four hundred mile run. The farther we get away from Lake Michigan the hotter and more stifling grows the air. At Harvard Junction, sixty-three miles out, the people say the thermometer stood at 98° earlier in the afternoon, but console us with the assertion that it is now several degrees cooler. Mrs. Bundy is an excellent traveller and never frets under the dust of the trine comfort-destroyer—Heat, Dust, and Smoke. She glues her eyes to the last Atlantic and declares herself very comfortable. Curtis is restless, and doesn't reflect that perfect tranquillity so desirable in a travelling companion. I manage to survive without making life wholly unendurable to the rest—and that is about all I can say for myself.

To give myself a "metaphysical treatment" I take a retrospective glance and compare the transportation facilities of the day with those of my youth. I am not so very old (indeed, a would-be Christian gentleman has lately spoken of me as a "modern youth"), though when one is forty-five he can hardly call himself young. I distinctly recall the time when not a rod of railroad was built west of Chicago. Along about '49 or '50 the Galena line reached Fox River. From that small beginning thirty-seven years ago the railroad system west of and terminating in Chicago now reaches several times ten thousand miles. The Galena with some other lines is now known as the Great North Western Railway Company, owning and controlling more than six thousand miles of first-class road perfectly equipped and ably managed. In those early days Minnesota was an almost unknown wilderness, my first glimpse of a railroad train being synchronous with the organization of Minnesota's territorial government. Wisconsin had only become a State two years before and I clearly recall the feelings of awe with which I used to hear people talk of their intended trip to "the Territory," meaning Wisconsin. I recollect a long string of noble oxen which started out of our village one crisp fall day, headed for the Wisconsin prairies, and how later on I was made miserable by hearing the sad fate of one especially fine pair that had attracted my childish fancy—a tree had fallen on them and killed both. It seemed sad then, but now I wonder if it were not better to be killed and eaten, than overloaded and goaded through the deep snow all winter.

But let us get out of the woods and back to the railroad. The "North Western" now traverses a half-dozen States, each an empire of itself, and reaches into or through as many Territories; and the history of this corporation is but that of many another. With this retrospective work I lift myself entirely free from all sense of the day's discomfort, and get on famously toward a state of philosophical benitude, when I am aroused from my reverie by the frantic efforts of an Illinois politician to light a safety match. After watching his futile but vigorous attempts, I venture to meekly suggest that if he will desist from scratching the fire-compelling combination upon his boots, pants and coat, give over marring the polished woodwork of the car, and bring the match in contact with the chemically prepared side of its box, he will succeed. The quality of his gratitude is superior to the odor of his segar, and so I soon seek other quarters.

Beloit is reached at six o'clock and as we hurry through the brisk little city, catching a glimpse of its college buildings and the waters of Rock River, I suggest supper. No one dissents, and we go forward to the dining car which has been hauled with us all the way from Chicago to furnish this meal to the passengers. One may take his time in a dining car, and instead of bolting an ill-cooked meal at a way station we leisurely discuss the well prepared viands, and before supper is finished we are surprised to see the beautiful lakes about Wisconsin's capital. Madison lies to the left of us and the dome of the State building is bathed with golden hues by the last rays of the setting sun. We are now one hundred and thirty-nine miles from Chicago. The afternoon's ride has shown a country suffering from drouth, corn-fields hardly worth the labor spent on them, pastures nearly as parched and brown as those of California at this season. Yet where mixed farming is followed the farmers are on the whole in good shape. Oats are a heavier yield and much finer quality than last year. In a belt of country north of Beloit, the farmers favor tobacco raising and have a soil peculiarly well adapted for it. The quality is claimed to be finer than that grown in the Connecticut valley. The crop this year is nearly a total failure; a physician, resident in the section, tells me that fields which last year netted the owners a thousand dollars, will not pay the cost of planting this season. From a commercial standpoint this is disastrous to a considerable body of honest, industrious people, whatever view one may take of it from the side of health and morals.

The night grows apace and the porter grows tired; he has turned the cushioned seats into sleeping berths—upper and lower—has transformed the elegant sitting room into a sleeping apartment with a long narrow passage through the centre, guarded on either side by heavy curtains. Whatever saving of time and expense there may be in all-night travel, a sleeping car with the berths made up certainly isn't the most attractive place in the world on a hot August night—thus I soliloquize and am overheard by Curtis, who intimates that if I don't like it I can get off and wait until morning. This pertinent, and slightly pert, comment closes my mouth and starts me on the road to reconciliation with my environment. Toward midnight I essay the interesting but not graceful feat of climbing a step-ladder and settling myself in an upper berth. Fortunately I have no audience to witness the affair—there are times in the life of an editor when he craves large audience, but when he climbs a step-ladder to reach his bed on a car going forty miles an hour around sharp curves, he prefers to be alone; is glad, so to speak, to be unobserved. He can better endure the missteps, the collisions between his head and the sharp polished corners of the sleeping contrivance, and the involuntary contortions which form a part of the preliminary composing for railroad rest. Having got straightened out and given the signal for the approach of the Angel of Sleep, I suddenly realize that I am being rocked from side to side by the motion of the swift moving train, and tossed rooward by the spiral steel springs of the mattress. Just as I doze off the shrill whistle of the locomotive brings me back to the stern realities of life. Somehow, I get through the night, and in the morning feel quite sure I would not like to abolish the sleeping car. Just on the tick of seven we pull up in the Union Depot at St. Paul and in a few minutes are quartered at "The Ryan." Dennis Ryan—one may know he is not a Frenchman by the name—has built a monument for himself in this hotel, at a cost of nearly a million dollars. Though one's esthetic taste is ruthlessly trampled on in some of the interior decorations, especially in the dining room, yet the structure is a credit to the city and an honor to Dennis. The service is rather suggestive of a second-class house, but that can be remedied and Curtis says I needn't mention it. Not being in good form for calling upon friends I hasten to complete our transportation arrangements and then hurry away to the shores of far-famed Minnetonka. We are bound for the St. Louis Hotel, and for the reason that it is managed by I. D. Crawford. When I come to know a good hotel man I stick to him because it is my duty to encourage merit, but especially because it is more pleasant and safer than to risk new acquaintances in that line. We take the longest way around and, after a variety of amusing experiences, changing boats three times after leaving the train, the little steam yacht rounds a point and a huge mass of variegated light comes into view. We are too far off to see aught but brief rows of illumination, brought into bold relief by the background

of dark forest beyond. The clear tones of a cornet come softly across the moonlit bay bidding us welcome; the graceful little boat shoots through the water toward the dock, the full moon shows her face above the tree-covered hills, and smiling upon water and land they reflect the glorious light of her face and we rapturously exclaim, "The enchanted Summer-land!" Nothing in the world can be more lovely than this scene.

Five minutes more and we step on shore; a pleasant walk of two minutes brings us to the St. Louis hotel. This is a gala night; row upon row of Chinese lanterns decorate the front of the long building. Within, handsome women arrayed in ball dress flit through the halls, drawing rooms and corridors, escorted by brave men—I conclude they must be brave—dressed in the regulation evening suit. Crawford is in his glory; he is here, there, and everywhere at once. He greets our party warmly but casts an inquiring look from Curtis to me, as much as to say, "You didn't mention this friend in announcing your coming." I try to assure him with my eyes that it is all right and that my companion can sleep in a hammock if need be. The dinner hour is over, the dining room is cleared for dancing, and Crawford apologizes for being obliged to send meals to our rooms. Twenty minutes later and an elegant dinner is brought in: Mrs. Bundy wonders how it could have been prepared with such celerity and her respect for the resources of the house rises fifty degrees. Dinner over we go down and watch the dancers, stroll out upon the broad piazzas, and venture upon the lawn at the risk of inviting a hay fever scout to show himself.

Saturday, the 14th, is our first day at Minnetonka and we pass it quietly, listening to the fish stories of the usual size and decoration.

On Sunday we give the morning hours to correspondence, and in the afternoon listen to a discourse in the parlors by Rev. M. D. Shutter of Minneapolis. The sermon is a strong, manly, unsectarian effort, with more of an ethical than religious flavor. After service I make the acquaintance of the young preacher and find him headed in the right direction and looking for the shortest road to the Goal of Truth. Mr. Shutter is a young man, earnest, frank, conscientious and progressive. He studied for the Baptist ministry and preached for that denomination at Minneapolis, where he placed his society in good shape and completed a new church edifice for it. But while laying the foundations of the building he was gradually changing the basis of his faith, and before the church structure was complete he found himself no longer a Baptist. He staid with his society until the new home was completed and then in a straightforward, kindly way gave his reasons for severing his connection with the denomination, and resigned. Rev. Jas. H. Tuttle of the Universalist Church of Minneapolis, formerly of Chicago, read Mr. Shutter's letter of resignation, sent for him and gave him welcome to broader and higher grounds. Mr. Tuttle being in delicate health and needing some relief from his long service, Mr. Shutter was appointed assistant pastor. In a conversation extending to midnight I find Mr. Shutter in a frank and interested attitude toward Spiritualism. He is open to the truth, and knows he has not yet found it all. He seems to be clearer as to what he does not believe than as to just where he stands. But of the essentials, a wise, beneficent, guiding power and faith in a future life, he has no doubt, is strong and clear. In view of the fact that to my knowledge, the liberal churches of Minneapolis, both Universalist and Unitarian, have a large representation of Spiritualist among them; I look with special pleasure upon the attitude of this young seeker after spiritual truth.

Mr. Shutter is only one among hundreds, and possibly thousands, of preachers who feel the insecurity of the old faith and are constantly on the alert for a new and better basis of belief. This will come to them in time. The trend of the age is toward a universal, rational religion, and it will stand upon a foundation chosen from the quarry of Spiritualism.

Tuesday, the 17th, we take the conventional tour of the lake. The Belle of Minnetonka is the name of an enormous side-wheel steamer, making the daily round. She can carry two thousand passengers easily, and has had twenty-six hundred on board. She is nearly three hundred feet long and can run her nose fifty feet on to the beach and back off with ease. This enables her to pick up and land passengers anywhere along the deeply indented, irregular coast line. The boat is safe enough, and that is her only recommendation. The meagre, crude accommodations for comfort, the general air of shiftlessness, the dirt, want of paint, the whole en masse of this dilapidated Belle make her a disgrace to Minnetonka.

Nature has done grandly here, but the sordid, two-cent policy of those who came in and gobbled up the shores of this queen of all the ten thousand Minnesota lakes, is too mean and grasping to be tolerated. There are numerous comfortable hotels and boarding houses scattered around the two hundred miles of shore line, but the St. Louis, Lafayette, and Lake Park are the only ones that can be rated first class. The Lafayette is a huge affair with capacity for a thousand guests. It is owned by the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway Co., and is said to be admirably conducted. Its railroad facilities are excellent, but the location is less pleasing than that of the St. Louis or Lake Park. The St. Louis is easiest reached by the Minneapolis and St. Louis road from Minneapolis. The House is less imposing both in its interior and exterior than the Lafayette.

but is comfortable and pleasant. The magnificent groves of large trees lying on three sides of the hotel grounds afford the prettiest of walks and constantly feast one's love of nature. The hotel stands about seven hundred feet from the water, on a knoll seventy-five feet above the lake. The table is exceptionally good, the service excellent, and Manager Crawford and wife have in the three months of their stay here, grown to be the most popular hotel people on the lake. Should Mr. Crawford continue to supervise affairs in coming years, the house will no doubt have to be enlarged to accommodate patrons, although it now comfortably holds five hundred.

I am diligently investigating the merits of Minnetonka as a haven for hay fever sufferers. I interview all the resident physicians and hay fever people I can hear of. The Minnesota press declares Minnetonka proof against the disease, and the local testimony corroborates this to a large degree. Dr. E. R. Perkins, of Excelsior, has resided at the lake for nine years, and tells me he has never known a resident to have the disease; and, with two exceptions, all coming here afflicted were free from the trouble soon after arriving. The two exceptions were attributable to local causes, restricted to a narrow limit. Mr. and Mrs. Puckett, and son, of Winchester, Indiana, have summered here for some years, two of the family suffer severely at home from asthma and hay fever; here they are wholly free; and they prefer this location, after extensive travels and trials of other resorts. My present opinion, subject to revision, is that a sufferer from the disease who is in other respects fairly well and has strength and energy enough to keep in the open air much of the time, especially on the water, will be nearly or wholly free from the trouble. Extremely delicate people, with whom hay fever is only one of a combination of troubles would, possibly, have the disease in mild form. Mrs. Bundy has thus far escaped and seems likely to go through the season without trouble. Some may inquire, will not Minneapolis or St. Paul do as well? To which I answer, upon the testimony of competent authority, no!

When the owners of the two hundred miles of shore line and of the splendid sites for cottages all about this lake region inaugurate a decently liberal policy, sell lots at a fair price, and encourage cottage building and local improvements, then this locality will have a boom—provided these avaricious land sharks who now control, don't wait too long. There are too many desirable resorts and delightful places awaiting development for the owners here to bleed the public very severely. And this they will wake up to some day; let them have a care it is not too late.

Postal, telegraph, telephone and railroad facilities are excellent. Letters mailed in Chicago at 6 P. M., are delivered to me at 10:30 o'clock next morning. Minneapolis is only fifteen miles distant and St. Paul twenty-five miles; one can go and come at will. Of those phenomenal cities and robust rivals I shall have something to say before frost comes. To-morrow, Friday the 20th, we start for the place to which I have often been consigned by some orthodox preachers, as well as by not a few traffickers in commercial Spiritualism—Devils Lake. It lies four hundred miles north west. Next week I shall be able to speak from personal observation concerning this lake of ominous name and of the country thereabout; until then adieu.

St. Louis Hotel, Minnetonka, Aug. 19th.

GENERAL ITEMS.

J. Clegg Wright's time is all engaged for next year till the beginning of camp meetings. During September he will lecture in Philadelphia; October, Northampton, Mass.; November, Cincinnati, and the following months at Newton, Kansas. Mr. Wright is doing a good work for Spiritualism. His permanent address is Newfield, N. J.

John Edwards of Washington, D. C., writes: "Will you please allow me space just to say that I am in full accord with the broad and liberal views enunciated by Rev. James Freeman Clark, and Rev. Jones, Unitarian divines. They are more liberal, and less bigoted than many Spiritualists. The tendency of the times is to liberalize and bring people nearer together. If I understand it, that is the aim of Modern Spiritualism, in promulgating the new gospel. Creedal dogmatism of men will have to give way to sincere, honest, individual differences of opinion, leaving but one test, right action."

The World's Advanced Thought, says: "Spirit control is control of the mortal mind by spirits, as in earth life men struggle to control the minds of others to their interest. Teach the spirits who control the minds of mortals that their happiness is best secured by giving true thoughts to those they control, and thus sin will be driven from the world. Spirits who have not the truth must be taught, it from the mortal side. The more enlightened the mortal the greater is his responsibility to the Spirit-world. The majority of spirits communicating with earth's inhabitants are no further advanced than the majority of mortals, and the coarser the nature of the spirit the nearer it is to the earth-plane and the easier it is for it to communicate in sensual ways."

THE MILLENNIUM. The Golden Gate says: "The lady who recently lectured in San Francisco, and claimed to be one of the two prophets spoken of in Revelations—ninth chapter, third and fourth verses—does not seem to accept the part of Holy Writ relating to the end of the world. She says she

has had a direct revelation from God as to the precise time of the end of our world, but would only say the event is to occur in from one to five years. Now, the Bible says there shall be a millennium, and upon the beginning of this period there is considerable uniformity of opinion. Over one hundred works, written in the past century, all place the beginning of the reign of peace between 1855 and 1890. We find no difficulty in believing that the Devil is unchained, but that he is near the end of his tether is not so clear. If there is to be a millennium, this modern revealed prophet is something over a thousand years ahead of time. From the general state of things, it would indeed seem that evil is fast coming to crisis. We like to think so, at least. A season of peace and innocence is a joy to anticipate."

Dr. D. P. Kayner has opened an office at 175 Jackson Street, Chicago, where he can be consulted at 10 A. M. or 2 P. M. during week days. Direct by mail in care of this office.

Fletcher Crane, of Stone Bluff, Indiana, writes: "We have concluded to hold a seven days' meeting about the first of October, provided we can get suitable speakers. We wish to hold a revival, as it were."

Geo. H. Brooks has been spending some time lately at his native home in New York. He would like to make engagements with societies for fall and winter work. Address him at Munsville, Madison Co., New York.

Publisher's Notice.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, thirteen weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

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Specimen copies of the JOURNAL will be sent free to any address.

NOTES FROM LAKE PLEASANT.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

On Friday, August 13th, the morning and afternoon were both devoted to conferences. There are two great forces in the world, wind-power and water-power, or words and tears. The former is represented on all campgrounds. It is a great relief to blow off, occasionally. If wind-power has no other effect than to wear off the rust of our own mental machinery, it does its office probably. But we have no right to give them public expression. So, while there are noble utterances, fervid words of truth and sentiment, glowing appeals for the beautiful and the good, there are also hours when to listen is a weariness to the spirit. There are descriptions of experiences, puerile and insignificant, which only depress the hearer. Whom does it interest to know what "guides" and "controls" have to say and do? Certainly not a promiscuous audience. Such stories should be kept for private conversation. We should meet to rehearse the best and wisest that can be given or received. Spontaneous inspirations gushing fresh from the depths of a soul touched by the fire of living inspiration, all will welcome, not weary platitudes, awkwardly expressed. These whispering trees, the bending sky, these purple hills, have a deeper meaning to him whose spirit is alive to communion with high and holy influences, and to him such babble is the prattling of grown-up children. Not in speaking or hearing foolishness, is the soul made wise, profound or strong.

But, I am reminded, as I write these criticisms, made in sorrow, not in bitterness, that the average man must have just such expression. And I remember, vividly, that church camp-meetings give, on the whole, a wind-power to the public ear, not equal in the expression of truth, to what is heard here, and certainly not superior in point of form and rhetoric.

On Saturday morning the conference was rather poorer than usual, sometimes it is exceedingly interesting, it must be said, in justice. In the afternoon Miss A. M. Beecher read a lecture before a large audience, a synopsis of which will be sent you in due season.

Saturday afternoon was devoted to preparations for the grand illumination of the evening. People from the surrounding country began to pour in, and at tea time an elegant tall-ho coach from Northampton drove up to the hotel, laden with spectators. It was still and pleasant as the sun went down and the full moon rose upon a charming scene.

Doubtless the Japanese were made for the express purpose of furnishing the rest of the world with decorations. And the Lake Pleasant camp had a good share of them. There were lanterns by thousands, of every color and size depended from wires and supports made in every device possible. When lighted the effect was enchanting. The soft, rich, mellow transparencies gleaming among the pines and maples, gave forth a radiance which affected the eye as fine music affects the ear. Thousands of people wandered about, uttering exclamations of delight, happy and social, and nothing marred the beauty and harmony of the scene. There has never been anything so beautiful here, before. These lanterns were arranged in pyramids, chains, stars or groups, sometimes high up among the trees. Sixth avenue, the residence of our Brooklyn friends and of Mr. Jones of the Olive Branch and the rest of the Utes delegation, was resplendent, and the cottage of Mr. A. T. Pierce on the bluff, was decorated with nearly two hundred large Japanese lanterns. Near by, the dancing hall was filled with a crowd of young people, and all went "merry as a wedding bell."

Sunday, the 15th, was a perfect day. Excursion trains began running at an early hour, and long before noon about eight thousand people were on the camp ground, as large a number as have ever been gathered here. Evidently the people of Massachusetts and other New England States are not afraid of Spiritualism. The very best and most intelligent classes are well represented at Lake Pleasant. On an average the heads and faces

of men and women here compare very favorably with any similar gathering. During the morning lecture by Mr. Charles Dawbarn on "Our Duty to the Nineteenth Century," the silence maintained by so many persons was something remarkable. In it he clearly defined religion and worship, and showed the difference of belief between the Aryan and Semite races. The former thought matter was "uncreated," that is, had always existed. The Semite race to which the Jews belong, assume that in the beginning nothing existed save God, to whom was accorded the power of creating the universe. But the Aryan thinker of to-day, in questioning nature and counting her answers as scientific discoveries, finds an intelligent maker working in matter through law to produce results intended and foreseen.

Man, a religious animal, studying these laws of evolution, dreams dreams and sees visions, while the materialistic philosopher erects a party wall, outside of which every thing is declared unworthy of this age.

The speaker proceeded to arraign the modern philosopher before the bar of spiritual science. The classical scholar insists on teaching languages filled with uncleanliness; he declares that, unless we have wasted many a year over their learned ignorance and poetic dreams, we are not "educated."

The intellect of the present is thus wearing shackles forged in the past, until man evolves energy enough to break away, and has the freedom to seek spiritual wisdom in present conditions. He finds that the mortal brain is not the limit to human capacity, but that great teachers can return from beyond the grave, and borrow a brain through which to dispense what Faraday calls "the twaddle of a country parson." But the returned traveler talks no twaddle to a Crookes, or a Wallace or an Ames Sargent. And we may set this down as a law that "for three parts of the twaddle that comes from a higher to a lower life, look in the glass, O mortal! and behold the cause."

Mr. Dawbarn speaks with eloquence and the power born of earnest conviction. We may not always agree with him, but he is provocative of thought and he always has something to say worth hearing, which is grateful, when one has had a surfeit of platitudes. But, as he is going West before long, the platforms of that section of the country will have the pleasure of rightly estimating the ability of one of the strongest men now before the public.

In the afternoon J. Clegg Wright gave one of his trance lectures upon Spiritualism, which has been much discussed, pro and con. He dealt sturdy blows upon the theory of reincarnation, and upon fraud of every description which passes under the guise of this latest and most important belief or philosophy. Fraudulent materializations he characterized in fitting terms, and asserted that a multitude of deluders catered to a larger number of the credulous deluded. The controlling influence held the audience over an hour, and if iconoclasm is capable of making people think and examine for themselves, then will that audience be awakened. It must be said, in justice, that materialization was not pronounced impossible, nor denounced, but the larger portion of it adjudged counterfeit.

August 18th.—Mr. Dawbarn's lecture, on Tuesday afternoon on "Possibilities of Spirit Culture," caused more discussion than any other which has been delivered. It is a subject on which mediums are sensitive and audiences apathetic. But it must be agitated if there is to be any growth among Spiritualists.

It is impossible to give even a brief outline of the discourse, which I hope many other societies may have the opportunity to hear. Mr. Dawbarn declared that everything our senses can grasp is composed of three elements: matter, force and intelligence, each existing as elements. Brain-matter responds to the vibrations impinging upon it; the brain and nerves of the medium grow exceedingly sensitive and respond to vibrations of great rapidity. The law of harmony limits interchange and comprehension of a person, to his fellows upon the same plane of vibration. How, then, can man prepare himself for a higher expression of intelligence? The savage is distinguished from the man of profound wisdom by the slower movement of the atoms of his brain. And yet there may be a volcanic eruption of force to a very small proportion of intelligence amidst vibrations that stand to mortals as spirit-life. A man may explore an unknown country, and yet exhibit less intelligence than his brothers and sisters who never left the old home.

How far can we develop the spirit powers in man mortal? When we use intelligence through matter at a very increased rate of vibration, we call it "spirit," by which we mean that intelligence is at work outside the scope of our five senses.

Yet there is no necessary relation between an increased rate of vibration and a higher manhood. Sitting for development will never raise the race one inch toward a higher manhood. Mediumship increases sensibility to vibration much beyond the ordinary standard, yet mediums are not, in consequence of that, better men or women than the average of humanity. The first step toward culture of higher manhood and womanhood, is to prepare ourselves to receive a new truth. Growth is not possible under mental stagnation; it depends upon accretion or unfolding. Our higher senses will be unconsciously evolved by a higher manhood, and in no other way. The profitable cultivation of man's spirit faculties in earth-life, depends upon and demands the utmost development of his normal powers. What does this mean to the Spiritualist? It means that he should teach the child to realize the existence of spirit-faculties as his birthright, but at the same time he should also teach the child that those spirit-faculties will be of little real value to himself or the world until he has cultivated his mental faculties to their utmost extent. Let a love of science, philosophy and truth exercise the powers of the soul, and progress follows. Development does not mean sitting still with some one else to do the work. The true progress of the individual must be based on his own effort and the cultivation of his spirit-faculties proceeds from the active development of his mortal manhood. This poor summary must do for the present.

The conferences are growing much more interesting and instructive. At that which met on Wednesday morning, Mrs. Carrie Thwing brought forward the subject of developed womanhood and said many excellent things in an original manner. Mr. Barnham advocated that materialization should be subjected to, and proven or disproven by tests, administered in a dispassionate manner. This state of mind is growing at Lake Pleasant. Mr. Albert E. Tiedale, the blind medium, gave a stirring plea for religious liberty. He is a growing, eloquent young man, who deserves a prominent place in the lecture field. And J. Clegg Wright gave utterance to a masterly inspiration on the

place which Christianity has occupied and must occupy as a factor in human progress.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, Aug. 18th, Mrs. Emma S. Paul of Morrisville, Vt., gave a lecture entitled, "A Plea for the Commonplace," which we listened to with delight. She showed, with great ingenuity, that whatever is rare and divine can be found in common things. We go abroad to seek in vain for that which exists at our own fireside, even in our hearts. Not in the priesthood, but among the laity, the common people, has vital religion been preserved. The trouble is that we do not see the truth in common-place things. Galileo saw in the swinging of a lamp, a common-place motion of a common article, the germ of astronomy which revolutionized science. And yet the world had witnessed the same thing billions of times, with vacant eyes. Are we in pursuit of wisdom, excellence, beauty? We must seek and find it in the unthoughtful waters of our own consciousness or look for it in vain.

Mrs. Paul speaks with remarkable fluency, and with great elegance of thought and diction. It is a literary as well as spiritual treat to hear her. And it may be pardonable if the editor of the Woman's Column, remembering how many centuries one half the race has obeyed the injunction, "keep silence in the churches," is proud of those representatives who have dared to break away from theological shackles and represent a refined and spiritualized womanhood upon this platform.

In my strictures last week, given, not in the spirit of criticism but of helplessness, nothing was said having a reconstructive bearing. Let me have a word on that subject here.

Spiritualism is now old enough to be planted on a substantial basis. Its initial work has been crude, as all great movements are. It has swept over the religious world like a whirlwind, drawing into its vortex a cloud of dust and debris. But it has cleared the air of mist and doubt and now it is subduing into a strong, refreshing, purifying wind, bringing health and healing to the exhausted traveler along life's hard and stony pathway.

Why not set that wind to grinding out golden grain? Why let it be wasted when so many need the bread of life which it might prepare?

There is no reason why there should not be a School of Spiritual Philosophy established at Lake Pleasant. There are specialists in psychometry, psychology, clairvoyance, magnetism, magnetic therapeutics, etc., who would be glad to give a series of lectures or conversations on these and kindred topics. These should be illustrated and experiments made through which the teachers themselves would be able to more fully comprehend the laws under which they act.

It may be said that Spiritualism is not a science, but such a school would help to make it one. Such men as Crookes, Wallace and Zöllner have done much in other countries, why should not the work be continued here? Lake Pleasant has many advantages for such a purpose, which can hardly be found elsewhere. What these are we will consider in another letter.

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WISCONSIN SPIRITUALISTS.

The Wisconsin Association of Spiritualists will hold its third Annual Meeting in Orem, Wisconsin, Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th, 1896.

Prof. A. B. French and other speakers are expected to be present. A number of first-class mediums will be in attendance. The Music Corps and Vocalists will furnish the music. Officers will be elected for the ensuing year. RAILWAYS.—The Wisconsin Central will return for one-fifth fare-all that pay full fare to Orem on this line. Those coming via Wis. Central will take trains due at Orem on at 2:30 P. M. The Orem stage will be at the depot and will carry passengers the round trip for 75 cents. Those coming via the C. M. & St. Paul, C. & Northwestern, and Lake Shore & Western will buy round trip tickets.

The Northwestern Union will board all delegates at \$1.00 per day.

Please notify the Secretary if you expect to attend, that necessary arrangements can be made for all.

Prof. Wm. M. LOCKWOOD, Pres. DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Orem, Wis., Aug. 17, 1896.

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On a farm on the Choptank River in Maryland is a stalk of corn growing from a fish-bone's nest in the top of an old dead tree. The stalk is more than five feet high and in a flourishing condition.

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Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York. The Society's Spiritual Meeting of New York City has removed to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M. No vacation for hot weather.

FRANK W. JONES, Conductor. Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street. Mrs. T. B. Striker, services Sundays at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice-President; Dr. George H. Fortie, Secretary; F. S. Maynard, Treasurer.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Grand Army Hall. W. R. MILLIS, President. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.

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Mary F. Davis,
(Died at Orange, N. J., July 18th, 1886.)

EMMA TUTTLE.

But, with reference to this incident, my friend added that after Dr. R. had left her that morning, A. W. and she had remarked to each other how very strangely Dr. R. had behaved when he entered the room. Miss E. said, "He did not look at us at all, he did not seem to see us at first, but then he sat down and talked, and was all right."—*F. J. Theobald, in Light.*

J. P. HUNTING.

A Heroine's Death.

The bill that has been passed by Congress in accordance with the recommendation of the Postmaster General, instead of restricting the special delivery service to offices in towns of 4,000 inhabitants or more, extends it to every office in the country, and to all classes of mail matter as well as letters. The postmasters are to receive 6 cents for each letter, and are to be allowed to make what arrangements or contracts they may desire to secure the prompt delivery of this class of mail matter.

To the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*:
I see that our friends in Volusia county have made brief mention, through the *JOURNAL*, of their move towards a winter resort near Lake Helen, for Spiritualists. This is a subject that lies near my heart.

What I am anxious to see started is a permanent settlement upon some plan of a colony, where congenial society all the year round can be assured, and measures adopted for co-operative industries to increase the amount of living, and add greatly to the pleasure of life by saving more time and inclination for the welfare of the whole man, physically, mentally and spiritually.

This can and ought to be accomplished, and if a few enterprising friends at the North would agree upon a stock plan, and send one of their number to "sout the land" in the West, where there is plenty where good land can be had at fair price and in a healthy locality, they would meet a hearty welcome, and find warm friends ready to co-operate and assist them. I think a colony of friends, as permanent

S. RIGLOW

using railroads to and through that country will be
 unable to handle the business offered first from the
 United States and then from Europe. The country has
 a year or two, the product resulting from the com-
 bined employment of capital and labor with which
 that country would be flooded. Give us annexation
 and the stock of the American railroad companies
 would mount in price to a range approximately
 that of the stock of the American sugar com-
 panies. In ten years the population would double, and in
 twenty years there would be scarcely "a trace" of
 the present inhabitants. In this right and just may
 be asked, Why not? No wrong, I trust would be
 done. The people would be free to sell their lands
 and their personal property and rights would be re-
 spected, and only nature would be the direct cause of
 the change of race.

CARROLL.

Divers in thirty feet of water at Holyoke dam, near Hartford, have kept up a communication with the men at the pumps by means of telephones. The wire runs down and through the helmet to a small telephone, so that the diver can direct the work of the hoisting engine more directly than by the old system of signals by jerking a life line.

Czar Alexander's Death.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The Mexican steamship Esteban de Antuñena, now at New Orleans, has been seized by English bankers who advanced money on her construction, and when representatives of the new owners undertook to raise the British colors the Mexican sailors on board drove them from the ship and refused to permit the lowering of the Mexican flag.

For the past two or three years the continent of Europe has been deluged with forged Bank of England notes executed in a style defying detection, even by the most experienced. It is evident that the forgers have either access to the bank paper or have found means of copying it exactly. For the strictest comparison of the real and forged notes fails to show any difference in the water mark or quality of the paper, and in fact, high authorities in the Bank of England say that it is impossible to detect the difference except by signs and numbers known only

